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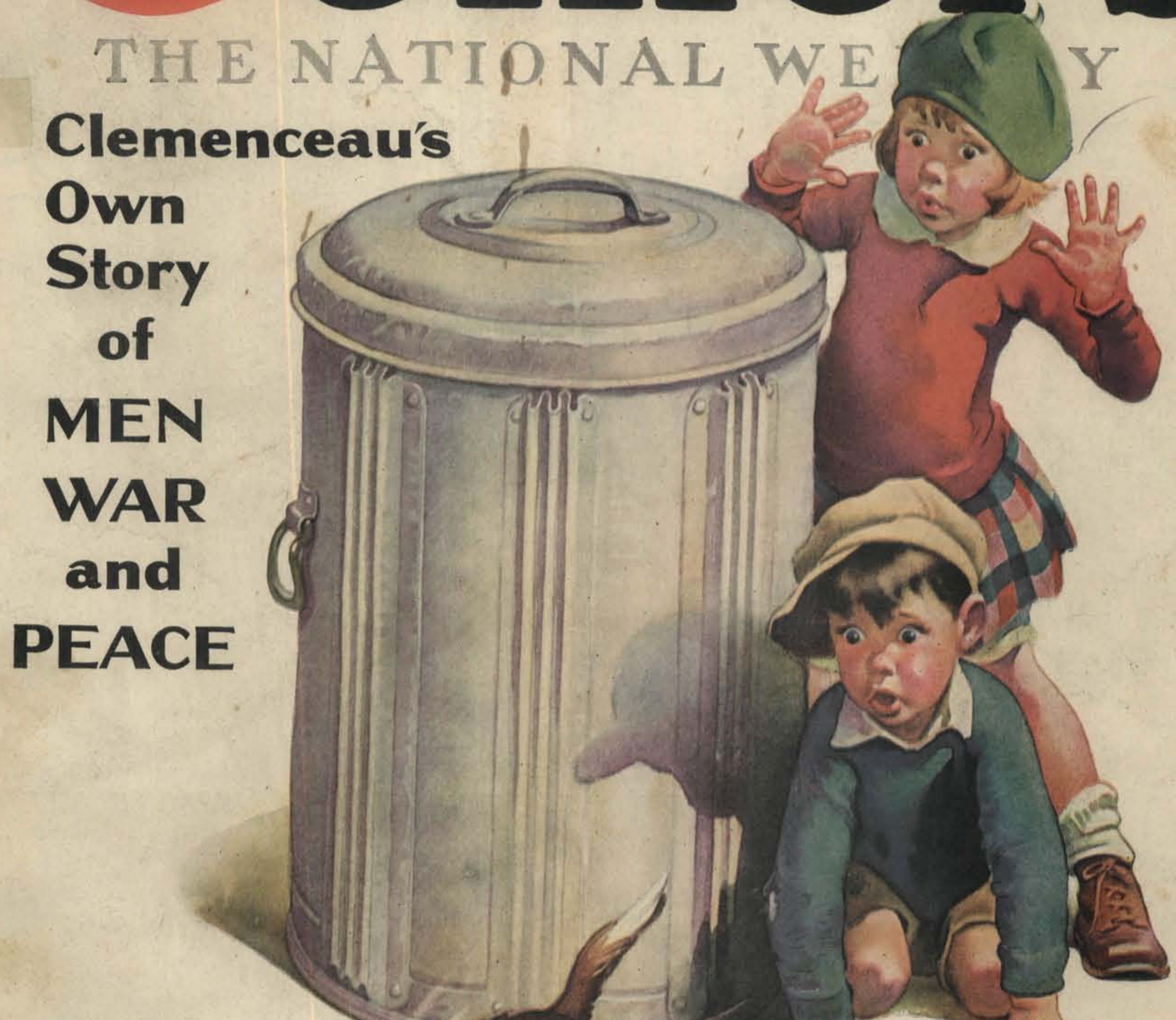
April 5, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WE Y

Clemenceau's Own Story of MEN WAR and PEACE


Frances Tipton Hunter

PRIL 5, 1930

April 1930

Non-Stop Writing in place of Pen-Dipping Lifts You out of the Lost Motion Class

See what $10 will do

Dozens of great concerns like the Stout Air Lines, United Fruit Co., and Integrity Trust Co., are leading the way. They are sweeping desks clear of old-fashioned pen-and-inkwell clutter and in its stead are putting these beautiful Parker Duofold No-dip Desk Sets.

The Integrity's new bank quarters alone contain 96 Parker Sets headed by this mighty Leviathan with its battery of 12 Parker Duofold Pens. *(Photograph right)*

Only $10 now brings you a Parker Convertible Duofold Pen, including a handsome onyx desk base to hold it, and a cap with clip to change it to a pocket pen on leaving the office. New Streamline shape sets low in pocket.

A pen that writes without stopping every two seconds out of ten to be dipped. A pen that doesn't have to be forced by pressure, because it responds with Pressureless Touch! A pen that's guaranteed for life—that carries your supply of ink in the barrel—far more than average, size for size.

A Streamline barrel of lustrous jewel-like non-breakable Permanite—Jade Green, Lacquer Red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Mandarin Yellow, or Sober Black and Gold.

For a shorter way and a more productive day, see these handsome Parker speed writers at any nearby dealer's. But look with care for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," on the pen barrel. That's the guarantee that means business.

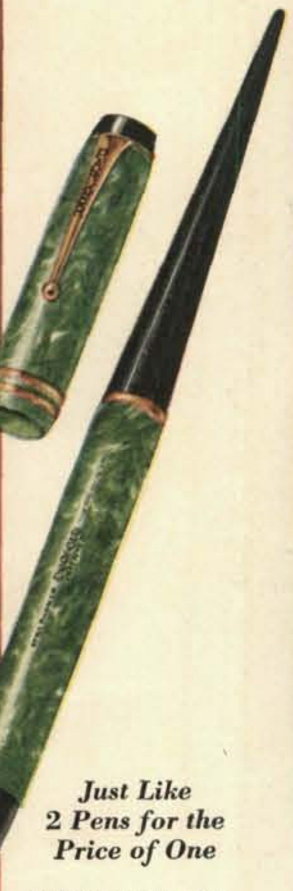
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wis.
Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco, Toronto, London, Heidelberg

Pen Guaranteed for Life

Parker

Duofold Desk Sets

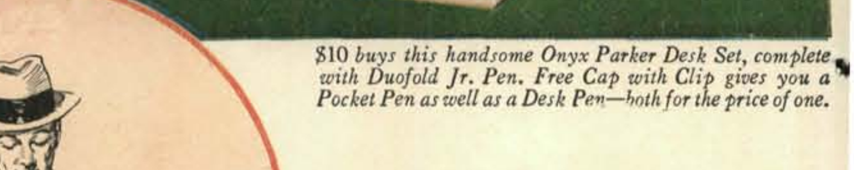
This Leviathan of Desk Sets equipped with 12 Parker Duofold Pens forms a monumental pillar in the palatial quarters of the Integrity Trust Co., Philadelphia. Parker was also chosen when this bank selected 95 additional Desk Sets.



Just Like 2 Pens for the Price of One

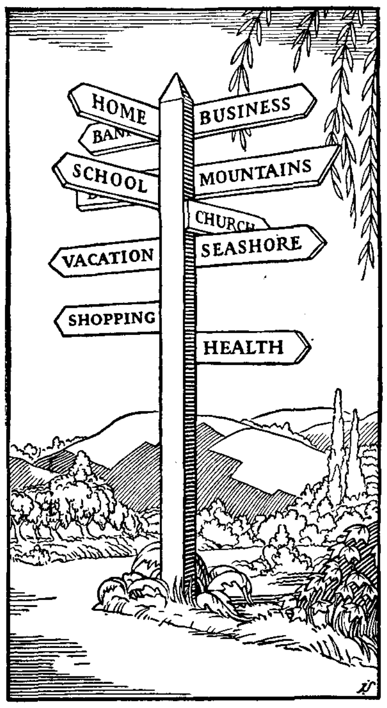
Pocket Cap with clip included with every Parker Desk Pen—was extra—now no charge. Removing the tapered end changes it to a pocket pen, or, adding a taper to Parker's Pocket Pen makes it a Desk Pen. Parker's exclusive convertible feature saves you the price of an extra pen.

Gone are pen-dipping days from the offices of the United Fruit Co., Boston. Beautiful mural paintings of tropical harbors overlook fine desks adorned by Parker Duofold Pens of colorful Permanite in Parker's handsome onyx bases. Here is order, convenience, beauty and efficiency no desk can have without a Parker Desk Set.



$10 buys this handsome Onyx Parker Desk Set, complete with Duofold Jr. Pen. Free Cap with Clip gives you a Pocket Pen as well as a Desk Pen—both for the price of one.

In your pocket or on your desk—the same pen and the same point—always the one you prefer.



MILLIONS OF MILES TO BE REPLACED

AN automobile has an active life of between six and seven years, which means that between one-sixth and one-seventh of the nation's cars must be replaced every year.

An annual *replacement business alone* of more than three million cars!

Every year the population of the United States is more than a million greater than it was the year before, thus bringing many brand new buyers into the market for automobiles.

National income too has been growing, more than two billion dollars a year. Paralleling this has been a steady increase in families owning two or more cars—estimated today at three million.

Abroad the demand for passenger cars and trucks is growing steadily. Today overseas sales are greater than the total domestic sales of only a few years ago.

These three factors—replacements, growth of population and income, and export demand—assure the permanence of the automobile industry and its steady contribution to prosperity.

General Motors, by building "a car for every purse and purpose" and by establishing itself in more than 100 countries, has had the privilege of contributing to the progress of the industry. It is in a position to share proportionately in the years that lie ahead.

GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

General Motors Trucks • Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs • Frigidaire—the automatic refrigerator
Delco-Light electric power and light plants and water systems
General Motors Radio • GMAC plan of credit purchase

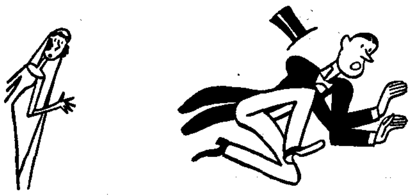
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT IS more than eleven long years back to the Armistice but can you forget the exultation of it? Live it again with the man whose courage and genius guided France through the dark hours, the man who thought he saw on that November day the realization of his dearest hopes—Georges Clemenceau. "They have written that when the Armistice was declared," he says, "I could not restrain my tears. I freely confess it."

Next week's article, the second of three taken from Clemenceau's last work, discusses the "disagreements" about the use of the American contingents, the "stubbornness" of General Pershing, the personalities of the Peace Conference.

These articles are a part of the history of our times written by a man cast for a leading rôle in the world's most stupendous production. Agree with him or not, as you will, but admire this grim old fighter who knew men and life so well.



SITTING in our inglenook watching life go by we've had many a chuckle over the antics of the altar-bound. We affect to see nothing deeply significant in the phenomenon, however, and in this we differ from Arthur Somers Roche, the gifted soul-searcher. He takes a highly proper young man who breaks his engagement on the day of his wedding—invitations out and presents in—and lets us see how his mind works. Mr. Roche knows also just how the young woman feels, and if you think he doesn't know how to make it come out right then you don't know Mr. Roche. The title is "Men Are That Way." Omniscience, that's all it is.

—

AND then you will be in the right mood to consider the difficulties of Mr. George Finch, who is making little or no headway in his love affair with Audrey, that girl from Washington. He has the unpromising nickname of Blimps and a social blight named Winslow Moult is hanging around trying to do a John Alden. Audrey wants a man who can take charge and Blimps doesn't seem to fill the bill. You will be as sorry for him as we were—do what you can. You'll find them in B. L. Jacot's amusing story, "Frogs Don't Grow Feathers."

"THE WINDED CITY," by William G. Shepherd, is, naturally enough, about Chicago. Digging to the root of Chicago's notorious troubles, Mr. Shepherd fastens the blame upon unequal taxation, an ancient cause of ructions and one guaranteed to produce results. Every member of the capitalist class—that is, anyone with a dollar and a quarter—will understand just what happened.

—

SO MUCH to be garrulous about and only room enough to warn you against "Fu Manchu's Daughter," and casually mention "Reckless Cinderella," Grantland Rice, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Walter Davenport, John B. Kennedy, James Aswell, the Gentleman at the Keyhole and others. We're only pretending to be casual, of course.

THIS WEEK

April 5, 1930

Cover—Frances Tipton Hunter

Page 7—Georges Clemenceau

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY: It has nothing to do with this article, but did you know that Clemenceau once taught school in Stamford, Conn., and married an American girl in New York in 1869?

Page 10—Ferrin L. Fraser

SKYSCRAPER: A love story which ends in the air.

Page 12—Oscar Graeve

PORTRAIT OF A HUSBAND: Merciless.

Page 13—Grantland Rice

THE FIREBRAND: To wit, one McGraw.

Page 14—Sax Rohmer

FU MANCHU'S DAUGHTER, Part V: Get someone to hold your hand.

Page 16—William Pickett Helm

FIGGERIN' FOOLS: The smart kid grows up.

Page 17—John B. Kennedy

A STAR BY RIGHT: Evelyn Laye. It's a pleasure.

Page 18—Stephen Morehouse Avery

GIRL ABOUT TOWN: An up-to-date love story.

Page 20—Roark Bradford

THE HOG HOISTERS: Some can and some can't. Mr. Bugaboo Jones can.

Page 22—The "King's Up" Ending

INCLUDING THE NAMES OF THOSE RECEIVING THE WITWER AWARDS

Page 24—May Edginton

RECKLESS CINDERELLA, Part II: A new romantic novel.

Page 26—Owen P. White

THE APACHE KID: The story of a very bad man.

Page 29—David Thibault

CUPID'S FOLLOW-UP: The Short Short Story.

Page 30—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

PRIDE OF THE PARTY

Page 42—Colliergraphs

Page 46—Word Hunt

Page 73—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

FOR at least six months we've firmly ignored letters from readers demanding that we tell them what Al Smith, as President, would have done in Mr. Hoover's place. For example: What would Al have done in the unemployment situation? Wouldn't Al have had a tariff passed and operating by now? Would anyone have complained that Alfred E. Smith failed to make clear his views on prohibition? That gives you the idea.

All right. Goaded beyond endurance, we release the long-awaited words of wisdom: "We don't know."

—

PALE with exhaustion, we finish reading a seven-page letter from Mr. Orrin E. Weblow of Jackson, Mississippi. Starting with the cover page, Mr. Weblow goes through Collier's with a machine gun, killing off every character, subject and illustration as "betrayals of the high ideals of the Collier's of my youth." He concludes, however, with the following probability:

"But maybe you know more about getting up a magazine than I do."

Who knows? Who knows?

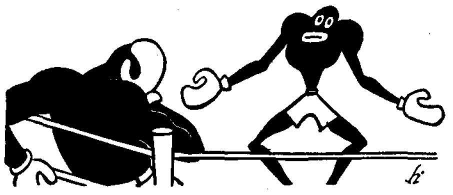
—

AFTER giving some thought to the matter, we conclude that sympathy is about all we can offer Mr. F. M. Umlauft, 784 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey. After reading Collier's thoroughly, including all the advertisements, Mr. Umlauft, impressed by the sales appeal of a manufacturer of a famous razor, took up singing while shaving.

"And with what result?" demands he. "My landlord raised my rent, thinking that if a man can sing so early in the morning he must be making a lot of money."

—

THE rest of this morning's mail is about prohibition. But who's interested in that subject?



JUST because we wanted to, we ambled into a gymnasium the other day where Mr. Harry Wills, a great heavyweight boxer in his recent day, was instructing an ebony giant in the art of eliminating other heavyweights. Clearly, Mr. Wills was not optimistic.

"Is he any good, Harry?" we asked.

"Well, suh," replied Mr. Wills, "there's no tellin'. Most boys is good fo' somethin'. . . . 'Bout this boy, I dunno. Maybe he's good to his mother, I dunno."

—

FROM there we went to a movie theater which exhibits nothing but newsreel pictures. One of these showed a herd of circus elephants being rehearsed for the impending season. An unbelievably beautiful young lady—the trainer—was gently picked up by one of the lucky brutes and there in the loop of his trunk she reclined, reading a magazine.

AND what justly celebrated weekly magazine do you think it was? Yes, indeed. Yes, indeed.

Volume 85, Number 14. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1930, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

If you live beyond the city gas mains

..Cook with DELCOGAS

Heat water with it, too

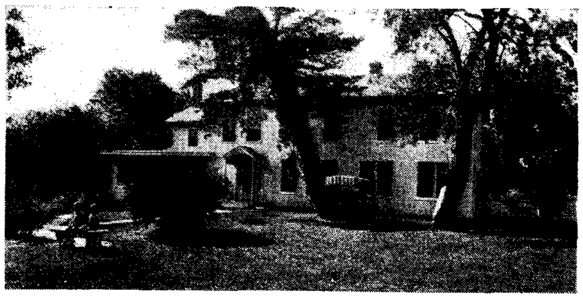
HERE'S real news for those who live or operate a business beyond the city or suburban gas mains. You can now have dependable, safe *gas*—and you can have it at *surprisingly low cost.*

Think of it—gas for cooking, for heating water, for taking the chill from certain rooms in your home.

Gas for use in hotels and restaurants, refreshment stands, filling stations, tourist camps; for any one of many other commercial uses. Gas that is ready instantly at the turn of a knob. Gas that has been proved by actual test to be hotter, safer, more efficient, and absolutely dependable.

Delcogas Entirely Automatic

Don't confuse Delcogas with "gas machines" of the past. It's new. Back of it is the integrity, the engineering genius, the practically unlimited resources of General Motors Corporation.



"Delcogas Will Save Its Cost in Two Years"
C. A. GONDERT

"*. . . I then installed Delcogas and I find it has cost me only about one-third as much as any other systems used and your plant has worked perfectly without any care on my part.*"

Delcogas is automatic. There's nothing to do but turn on the gas and use it. Of course there's a fuel tank but it's underground, beyond the foundation walls of your house. A simple mechanism converts this fuel into Delcogas *as you use it,* and provides the necessary low pressure to carry it where you want it. No gas is stored in your house.

Get the Facts About This New Product by General Motors

We've given you only the high lights. And so we want to send you a booklet which will give you all the details. If you live in the country or the suburbs, if you can use gas for any commercial purpose, fill out the coupon now. You will be amazed to learn how economically Delcogas can be operated. We want you to know that one of 2,200 dealers is ready to install your Delcogas now and to insure you of a reliable fuel supply. Send the coupon today.

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DEALERS!—Delcogas with its economy, dependability, safety and ease of installation is meeting with enthusiastic approval everywhere. Many profitable territories are still available. Write or wire us today for full details.

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Please send me, without obligation, complete information about Delcogas. Check here if interested in dealership. ☐

Name..

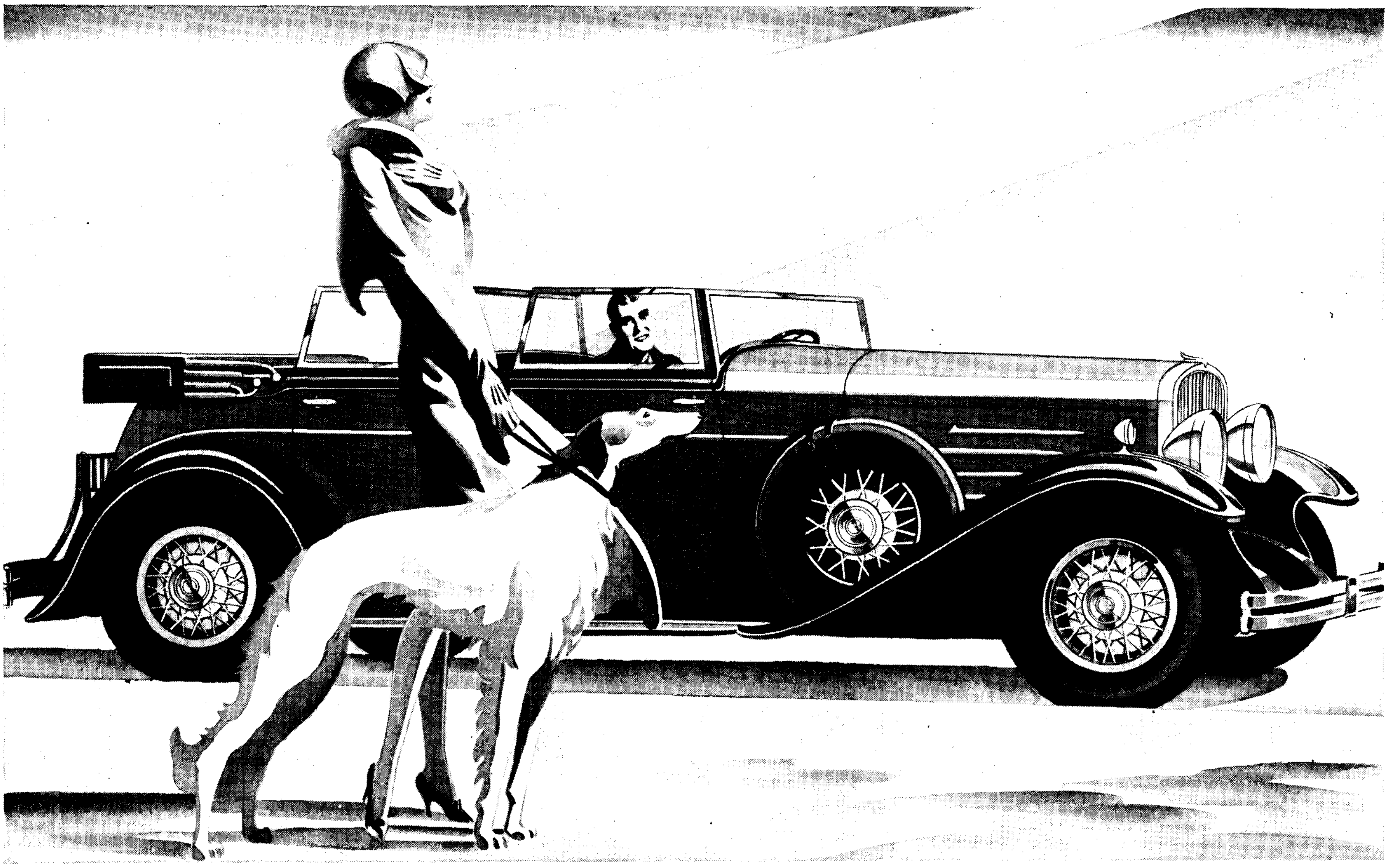
R. F. D...........................*Town*..........................

County..............................*State*......................

☐ Check here if for commercial use. 9-68

DISTINCTION. . . Everywhere in America where great achievement is appreciated, people are unhesitatingly acclaiming Franklin. The introduction by Franklin of the first *airplane-type engine in a motor car*—an engine which in tests has flown an airplane—is heralded as a great forward step in the automobile's march of progress. A vision of the future—the turning point of a new era.

Even more important and dramatic is this engine's tremendous power-ability. Delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automotive power plants, it brings air-cooling engineering into undisputed leadership. It throws down the bars and sweeps aside all previous conceptions of motor-car performance. Sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour are quickly, quietly and comfortably reached without the slightest engine exertion. Now riding is gliding. You get a new thrill every time the Franklin does things you thought impossible before. Last year Franklin gained the distinction of holding all major road records. This year many of these same records have been sensationally re-broken by the new Franklin.



Distinguished for its airplane performance, the new Franklin also enjoys nation-wide distinction for its authoritative appearance. Darting-arrow horizontal louvres, each lower and behind the other as if shot consecutively from a bow. Modishly fashioned embossed paneling—the streamlining of aircraft reflected in the low hung doors concealing the running boards—the gracefully arched hood front, ribbon-wide with slender skyscraper effect of its highlighted vertical shutters—the whole ensemble is modern, smart, fleet-looking.

When you see the car—when you drive it—when you are thrilled by the performance of its airplane-type engine you will enthusiastically award Franklin highest motor car honors for 1930. Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, New York.

AIR-COOLED

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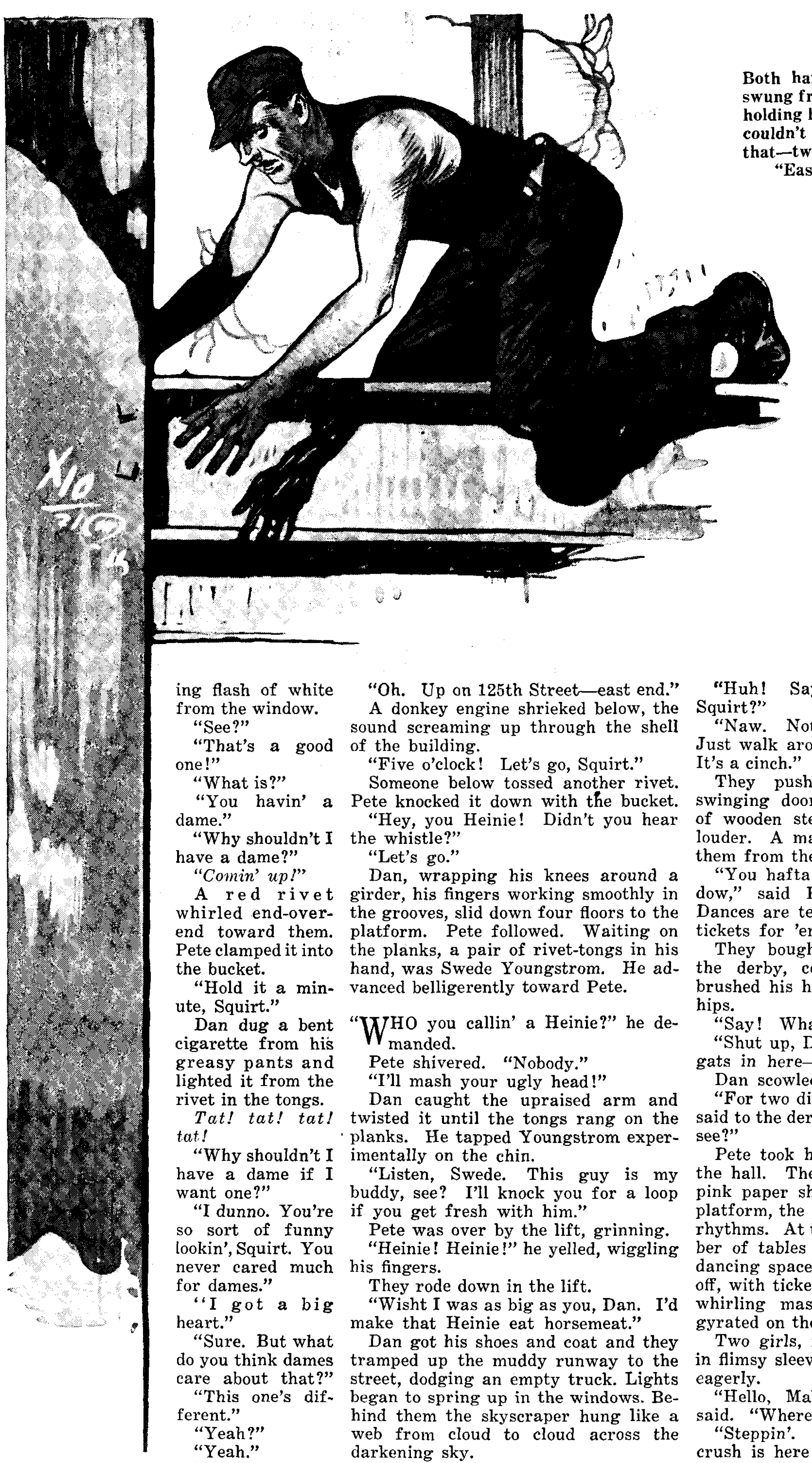


Both hands slipped and he swung free.... Someone was holding him by one arm. He couldn't hold him long like that—two hundred pounds! "Easy, Dan! Easy!"

ing flash of white from the window.

"See?"

"That's a good one!"

"What is?"

"You havin' a dame."

"Why shouldn't I have a dame?"

"Comin' up!"

A red rivet whirled end-over-end toward them. Pete clamped it into the bucket.

"Hold it a minute, Squirt."

Dan dug a bent cigarette from his greasy pants and lighted it from the rivet in the tongs.

Tat! tat! tat! tat!

"Why shouldn't I have a dame if I want one?"

"I dunno. You're so sort of funny lookin', Squirt. You never cared much for dames."

"I got a big heart."

"Sure. But what do you think dames care about that?"

"This one's different."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

More glowing metal swinging up. *Clang! tat! tat! tat! tat!*

"What's her name, Squirt?"

"Molly Leary. She's a 'hello-girl' over there. You know—plugs in phone calls. She works nights up to Danceland. Ten cents a dance."

"Good looker?"

"And how!"

Tat! tat! tat! tat!

"Give me a drag, will you, Dan?"

"Sure."

The cigarette changed hands. Pete puffed, looking out over the river.

"Where's she live, Squirt?"

"Who?"

"Who we been talkin' about? Don't be dumb. Molly."

"Oh. Up on 125th Street—east end."

A donkey engine shrieked below, the sound screaming up through the shell of the building.

"Five o'clock! Let's go, Squirt."

Someone below tossed another rivet. Pete knocked it down with the bucket.

"Hey, you Heinie! Didn't you hear the whistle?"

"Let's go."

Dan, wrapping his knees around a girder, his fingers working smoothly in the grooves, slid down four floors to the platform. Pete followed. Waiting on the planks, a pair of rivet-tongs in his hand, was Swede Youngstrom. He advanced belligerently toward Pete.

"WHO you callin' a Heinie?" he demanded.

Pete shivered. "Nobody."

"I'll mash your ugly head!"

Dan caught the upraised arm and twisted it until the tongs rang on the planks. He tapped Youngstrom experimentally on the chin.

"Listen, Swede. This guy is my buddy, see? I'll knock you for a loop if you get fresh with him."

Pete was over by the lift, grinning.

"Heinie! Heinie!" he yelled, wiggling his fingers.

They rode down in the lift.

"Wisht I was as big as you, Dan. I'd make that Heinie eat horsemeat."

Dan got his shoes and coat and they tramped up the muddy runway to the street, dodging an empty truck. Lights began to spring up in the windows. Behind them the skyscraper hung like a web from cloud to cloud across the darkening sky.

"What are you gonna do tonight, Squirt?"

"I dunno."

"Let's go some place, huh?"

"All right. Movie?"

"Naw. I'd like to go where there was lights and music. 'Member that dump we got into in France?"

"Yeah. You beat up two M. P.'s."

"Some place like that." Dan spat thoughtfully toward the gutter. "Say, Squirt, how about goin' up to this Danceland place, huh?"

DANCELAND! Red and green lights blinked it alternately. *Dance—land.* A flicker of yellow bulbs chased one another around the edge of the sign. Above the roar of taxis and surface cars the blare of a dance orchestra drifted across 125th Street.

Dan and Pete stopped for a minute on the curb. Scrubbed clean, their faces shiny with soap in the glare of the lights, they looked up at the sign.

"This looks like a swell dump, Squirt."

"Yeah. It is."

"You been here much?"

"Yeah. Every night for a month."

"Huh! Say, is it hard to dance, Squirt?"

"Naw. Not if you don't get fancy. Just walk around in time to the drum. It's a cinch."

They pushed their way through swinging doors and mounted a flight of wooden steps. The music sounded louder. A man in a derby grinned at them from the top.

"You hafta buy tickets at this window," said Pete. "A dollar apiece. Dances are ten cents a trot. You get tickets for 'em."

They bought tickets. The man in the derby, coming up from behind, brushed his hands swiftly across their hips.

"Say! What the—"

"Shut up, Dan. They don't allow no gats in here—that's all."

Dan scowled down.

"For two dimes I'd bust you one," he said to the derby. "I don't need no gats, see?"

Pete took his arm and they entered the hall. The lights were dimmed by pink paper shades. At one end, on a platform, the orchestra pounded out its rhythms. At the other end were a number of tables and willow chairs. The dancing space in the center was roped off, with ticket-takers on each side. A whirling mass of blacks and colors gyrated on the floor.

Two girls, red-faced and red-lipped, in flimsy sleeveless dresses, approached eagerly.

"Hello, Mabel. Hello, Lena," Pete said. "Where's Molly?"

"Steppin'. That bootlegger with the crush is here again, tonight."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Meet Dan, Mabel—my buddy. Dan, this is Lena."

The girls grinned.

"How about a dance, big boy?"

"Naw. I'll wait for Pete," Dan said.

They moved over to the ropes and regarded the dancers. Pete, standing on his toes, tried to see over the swaying heads.

"Here she comes!"

A girl in a green dress whirled past them. Her hair, above her partner's broad black shoulder, flamed red. She saw Pete and smiled and nodded.

"That's Molly."

"She *is* a niftie, Squirt."

"Yeah. And how!"

"And how! Say, who's that bozo she's dancin' with?"

"That gorilla? He's a wop named Barona. Ain't he a pain?"

"You said it."

"He comes around here every once in a while and spoons up to Molly."

"Does she like him?"

"Naw."

"What's she dance with him for then?"

"She hasta. She gets paid."

"Maybe I oughta bust him one."

"He's got a gang, Dan. They'd bump you off."

"Don't make me laugh!"

"Yeah. He's a bad man—Barona."

"Huh! Think I'm afraid of a gang?"

"They got guns, Dan."

"They had guns in France, didn't they?"

"That's different. Barona's wops shoot in the dark. Let him alone. There—that dance's over. Let's find Molly."

THEY edged through the crowd to a break in the ropes where the dancers pushed from the floor.

"Here she comes. Hello, Molly!" Pete's eyes were bright.

"Hello, Pete."

"Say, Molly—I want you to meet my buddy, Dan Healy."

Molly took in Dan's six feet two with approving green eyes. Her red lips smiled.

"Hello, big boy."

"Hello."

"How about the next dance, Molly?" Pete asked.

"I'm sorry, Pete. I got the next ten with Barona. He give me the tickets."

"I'll say you have," said Barona. He laid a big hand on Molly's arm. "There's the music, kid. Let's go."

The orchestra burst into a bellowing discord.

"Just a minute," said Dan. His hand was on Barona's shoulder. "This girl's got this dance with me, see?"

"She has?" Barona's eyes were hard.

"Yeah."

"Take your paw off my shoulder!"

"If I do," said Dan, "I'll put it in your face. Get goin'—wop."

He gave Barona a push that sent him staggering. Barona, his head down, came back fast. Dan's fist arched up like a hammer. Barona hit the floor and slid on his back.

"C'mon, kid."

THEY went on the floor, Dan moving awkwardly.

"I don't know much about dancin'," he said.

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"Who cares! I wish you'd hit him twice!"

"Don't you like him?"

"No."

"What do you dance with him for?"

"Got to. It's my job."

She snuggled close.

"I saw you today," said Dan.

"Where?"

"In the window. That was me on the girder with Squirt."

"Squirt?"

"Pete."

"Oh!" She laughed. "Was that you, big boy? I'll sure be lookin' for you tomorrow."

"I'll be there."

They moved about in a slow circle.

"Who said you couldn't dance?"

"Aw, I can't. We're just walkin', ain't we?"

"Huh!"

The pink lights dimmed and a spot played across the floor from the ceiling.

"Like moonlight, ain't it?"

"Yeah. That's a swell tune. What is it?"

"Sweeter Than Sweet."

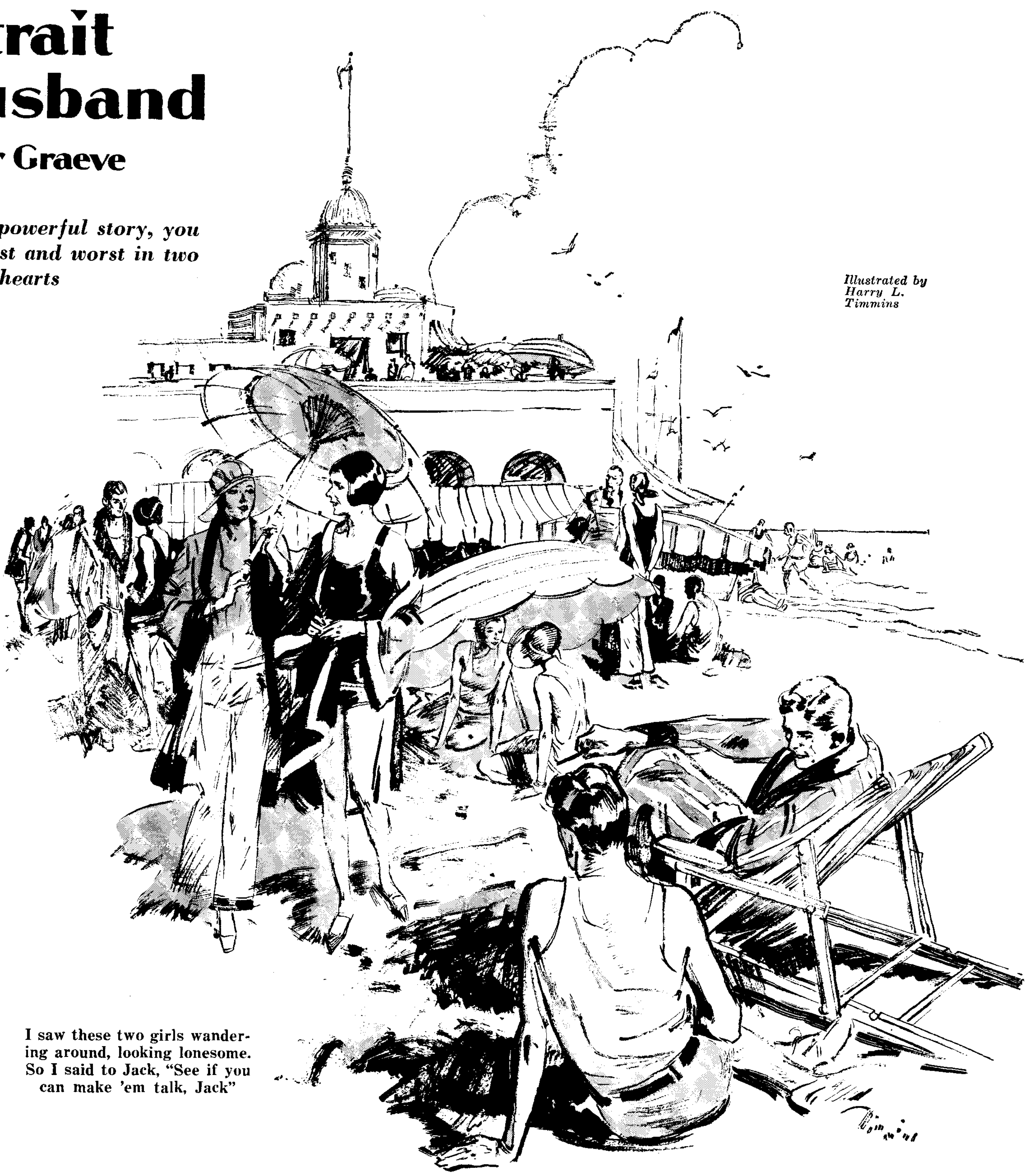
"It's swell."

(*Continued on page 41*)

Portrait of a Husband

By Oscar Graeve

When you read this powerful story, you will see all that is best and worst in two human hearts



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

I saw these two girls wandering around, looking lonesome. So I said to Jack, "See if you can make 'em talk, Jack"

THE two men gave their hats and coats to the girl who stood before the booth at the head of the flight of steps. Inside, partly screened by dusty velvet curtains, was the large room where people were dancing.

But as the two men stood there, surveying the scene before entering, one clutched the other's arm spasmodically. "We can't go in there, Stan!" he said. "Come on! Let's beat it."

The second man was surprised. "What's the idea?" he asked.

"I don't want to see that girl in there."

"Which girl?"

"The one with light hair in the pink dress"—half hidden he peered from behind the curtains. "She's leaning against that fat guy with the black mustache. See? Over near the orchestra."

"Do you know her?"

"Do I know her! I knew her for years. She was a nice kid once. Funny how women like that go to pieces, ain't it? Come on. Let's go!"

"Let's go home," Stan said.

"Aw, what's the use of going home yet? It ain't more than two. And it isn't every night I can get out like this. Not no more. I know another place just down the street. Come on!"

They asked the check girl for their hats and coats, but while they were putting them on, the man who ran the night club, aggrieved, slipped out upon them from a side door.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Ain't going so soon, are you? Why, you just come."

Stan nodded at Jim. "He don't feel right. Too much bad liquor maybe."

"Well, you didn't get it here, did you? Come on into the bar and have a drink on me."

"Not tonight, thanks, Eddie," Jim said. "Come on, Stan!" Then, as if despite himself, he asked Eddie, "That girl in the pink dress, does she work here?"

"Which girl?"

"The girl in the pink dress with light hair. Her name used to be Dorothy."

"Oh, Dorothy! Yeh, she works here. Friend of yours?"

"No, not now, but I used to know her once. What does she do here?"

"Just one of the hostesses. She's a nice girl. Don't you want to say hello to her if you knew her once?" Eddie winked at Stan. "She'll be friendly. She likes old friends."

"No, not tonight," Jim said. "Come on, Stan!"

They clumped down the dimly lighted stairs and the man who stood watch at the door below unlocked it and let them out. It was a side street and it seemed deserted except for some taxicabs waiting silently at the curb. But in dark doorways there were the lights of cigarettes and subdued voices.

"Aw, let's go home," Stan said again.

"What's the matter with you?" Jim asked, and he slid his hand through Stan's arm and held him fast. "This other place is just down the street and it's a nice little place. I was there last week with Frank Martin. Do you know Frank? He's a nice guy and this is a nice place. We had a swell time."

"I thought you couldn't get out so often now?"

"Once a week isn't often, is it? It isn't like when I was a bachelor. God, what a time I had then!" Jim sighed. "But I guess it's better for us when we got to settle down. Why don't you get married, Stan?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it would be the making of you. If you get the right girl there's nothing like it. Mabel and I, we understand each other, get along fine. She supplies the refinement and I bring in the cash. Come on! This place is just down here."

THEY stood before another dark door. Jim rang the bell and again the door was opened noiselessly and a man scrutinized them intently.

"You know me," Jim said, "I was here last week."

"Got a card?"

"No, but I was here last week with Frank Martin. You know him."

"Yeh, I know him. I guess I remember you, too, now. All right, gents. Go on up."

They climbed another flight of steps dimly lighted and gave their hats and coats to another check girl.

The headwaiter escorted them to a table against the wall. The orchestra, as usual, was at the far end on a platform. In the center was a cleared space for dancing.

The two men ordered whiskies.

"That kid, Dorothy," Jim said, "it's a damned shame about her, ain't it?"

"Who?"

"That kid, Dorothy, at Eddie's. She used to be such a nice kid once. And now a hostess in one of these rotten dives. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Did you know her well?"

"Did I? Do I know my right hand well? It was that summer Jack Turner and I used to go down to Asbury Park so often. Remember? We used to go down there a lot over Saturdays and Sundays. And Jack was always out for a good time. What a guy he was! He didn't care what he did.

"Well, Jack and I were in our bathing suits. We used to spend nearly all day on the beach, lying around, going in for a dip when we felt like it, and I saw these two girls wandering around looking lonesome. So I said to Jack, 'See if you can make 'em talk, Jack.' And Jack was always game. The first thing I knew he was talking to them like he'd

(*Continued on page 54*)

The Firebrand

For nearly thirty years John J. McGraw has been trying to make the Giants' opponents feel that baseball is much worse than Sherman's name for war

By Grantland Rice

TO HIM baseball was a cross section of war. All rival ball clubs were hostile tribesmen, enemies to be fought. He carried the idea of war up to the stands where opposing fans were crowded. I have seen him taunt them into a fury of hatred and invective. He rode the umpires and his harsh call from the bench frequently popped like machine-gun fire.

On the coaching lines he could take the hide off a rhinoceros, to say nothing of some temperamental athlete. He was the firebrand of the game and fans in other cities came out in thousands to see his Giants beaten. His teams played to greater crowds than any other old-time ball clubs because there was always the feeling of a personal feud in the spring and summer atmosphere.

Big league baseball for him had no soft spots, no friendliness on the field, no interchange of courtesies. It was all fight, to give and take no quarter.

That was the John J. McGraw before the years finally mellowed him a bit. Today you see him after nearly thirty years of leadership, gray, portly, quieter, but still quick of tongue and keen of brain.

McGraw gave his spirit to his ball clubs. He made them believe they were better in every way than any other team. They were Giants, McGraw's Giants, and therefore superior. I still recall his pennant-winning team of 1905.

Then Frank Chance and his fighting Cubs came along in 1906, another fighting manager and a fighting club.

The rivalry between these two clubs, the Giants and Cubs, for the next six or seven years, was an epic of raw hostility, on and off the field. Part of that feeling still survives, but the old blaze has lost its early fire.

Bumping the Umps

McGraw never had any deep respect for the thinking powers of most ball players. He did their thinking for them. He could always overlook an error but a bone play brought a tongue-lashing that made the player squirm.

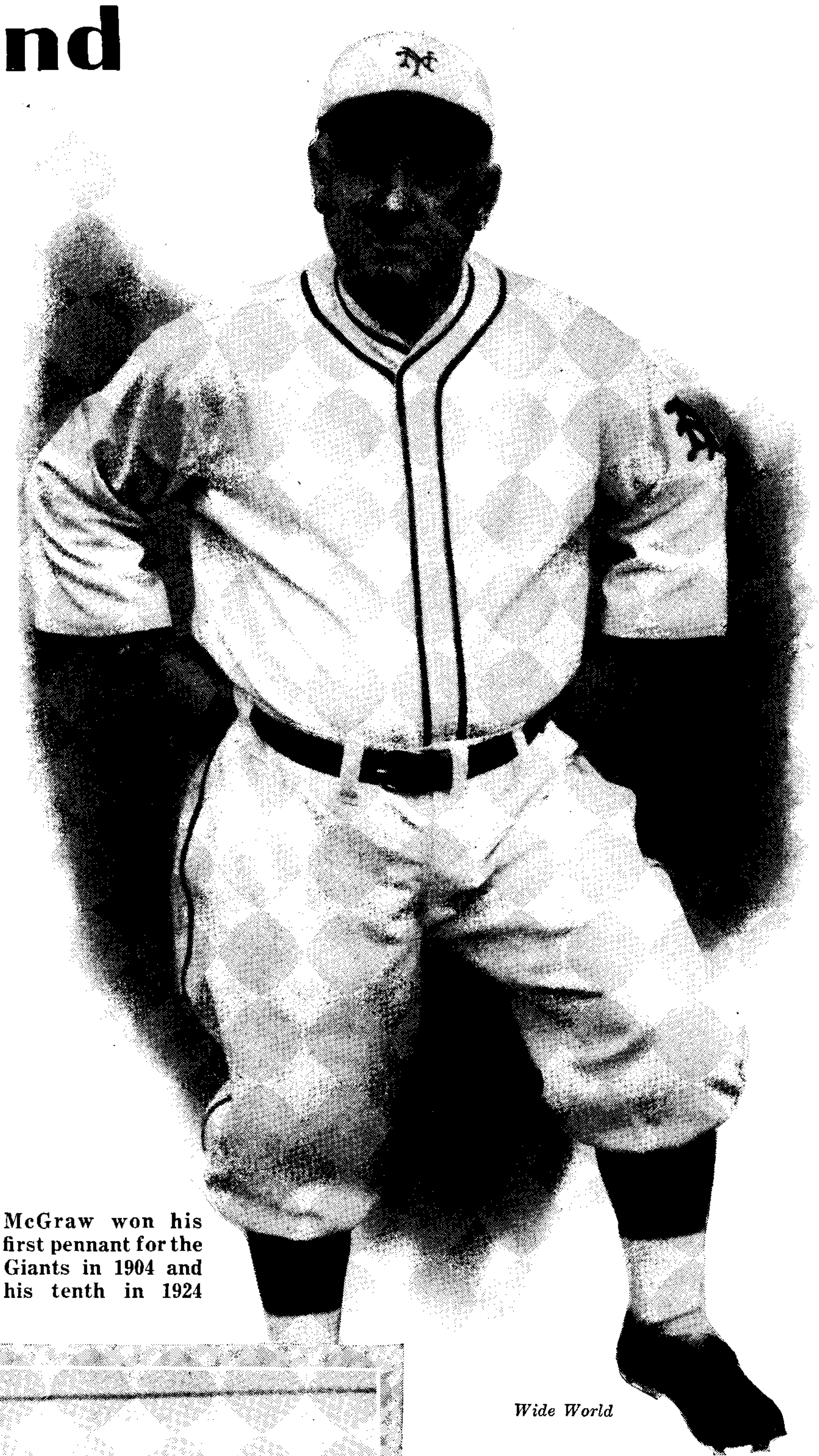
McGraw worked out a system of locating the weak spots of rival players or umpires. He prodded these weak spots with an endless run of jab and gibe until the explosion took place. In the case of umpires the explosion usually blew John J. right off the field into the club house where he would still be shouting his uncensored opinions back across the field.

He had a deep fondness for his early Giant team—not only because it boasted the great Mathewson, but also because it carried the fighting spirit of Bresnahan, McGann, Bowerman, Donlin and others who also considered baseball to be about ninety-eight per cent war. The Giants have been accused of about every crime under baseball's sun, except quitting or loafing.

I took the last road tour with the Giants of 1911 when they started from home apparently beaten and won a pennant on the way. McGraw's rasping tongue lashed this club into action and kept it fighting until the race was over.

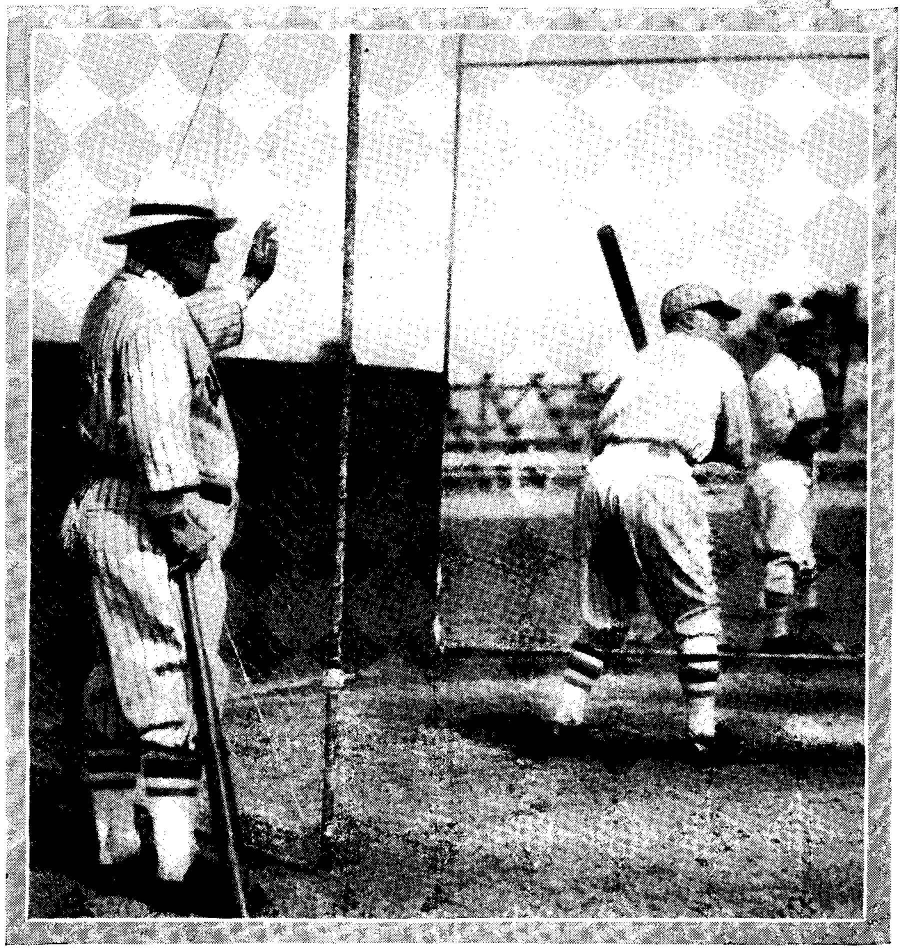
He was a great manager for any baseball writer to travel with because he always had a story or an opinion worth printing. He was completely outspoken in these opinions.

McGraw won his first pennant for the Giants in 1904 and his tenth in 1924. In all those years he made his share of mistakes in trading, selling and buying players, but he made few mistakes in handling his club in action.



McGraw won his first pennant for the Giants in 1904 and his tenth in 1924

Wide World



His old shrewdness and his ability to handle a ball club still remain

McGraw always went after ball players he thought could win games for his team. He took one or two of them from jail, practically, and he took others who were supposed to be bad actors no other manager could handle.

He brought Hal Chase to the Giants in spite of ugly rumors, because he thought Chase was a great ball player. He took over Bugs Raymond and later he had to appoint private detectives and keepers to follow Raymond around. He had more than his share of trouble with Shufflin' Phil Douglas, but he was willing to face the trouble as long as Shufflin' Phil could help lift his team a few notches up the percentage ladder.

He was the first of the big showmen. He went after Indians, Cubans, Mexicans, provided they were good for publicity. He would have signed up a Singer midget and Carnera, if they had been around.

McGraw's greatest friendship in baseball was given to Christy Mathewson, his greatest pitcher and his most famous player. His pick as the best of all players still stands as Hans Wagner, the old Pittsburgh shortstop. His deepest admiration went out to Ty Cobb, because Cobb was another firebrand always out to win. The first two qualities he looked for were fight and brains because he knew they were game-winners.

McGraw came to the Giants nearly thirty years ago and his average over that long stretch has been remarkable. In that span of time there have been various club owners—Andy Freedman, John T. Brush, Harry Hempstead and Charley Stoneham. There have been hundreds of players, but there has been only one manager.

His old shrewdness and his ability to handle a ball club still remain. He is still many years younger than Connie Mack, who last year had one of his greatest seasons—his greatest season in view of the long uphill fight to reach the top again. McGraw and Mack have always been two entirely different types. Each in his way has contributed a series of chapters to the history of the game that will not be forgotten.

Even up through 1928 McGraw kept his team in the pennant race up to the finish. He has another uphill fight to tackle this year, but his pennant days are far from being over.

Some time ago I mentioned two minor league ball players to a well-known manager. He had never heard of either. I spoke about them to McGraw. "They won't do," he said. "One is too slow and the other has a bad arm." He knew all about both. No other manager in the game, except possibly Connie Mack, has kept in as close touch with the available material in minor lea
and colleges. Baseball to Mc
been something more th
It has been a big part

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE digging in Egypt's great Valley of the Kings, trying to excavate what is known as the Tomb of the Black Ape, Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous archæologist, dies—under mysterious circumstances.

But is he really dead? In Cairo, Dr. Petrie, one of his oldest friends, receives an unsigned telegram informing him that Sir Lionel is merely suffering from catalepsy and urging him to "bring antidote, if any remains." The meaning of that message Petrie well understands. "We are dealing," he says, "with the agents of Dr. Fu Manchu!" He then explains that the sinister Fu Manchu—thought to be dead—could, when he so desired, produce artificial catalepsy. "And I alone," he adds, "possess a drop of the antidote!"

But, if Sir Lionel is still alive, that antidote must be used quickly. With Shan Greville, who tells the story and who has rushed to Cairo to get him, and Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service, Petrie hops in an airplane and flies to Sir Lionel's camp.

There startling news awaits the party: Sir Lionel's body has disappeared!

Strange beings—murderers and professional thieves known as dacoits—hover about the camp. And in the shadowy background lurks a strange and menacing figure: the mysterious Madame Ingomar, about whom little is known, but who is, apparently, deeply involved in the plot to get rid of Sir Lionel. . . . The whole camp arms. Guards are placed. Then the search for the body, and the plotters, begins.

While searching in one of the excavations Weymouth and his companions hear footsteps. *They put out their lights*—and wait. Madame Ingomar slips in—and vanishes! After which the body of a dacoit—murdered—is found. Weymouth recognizes the man. He was once a servant of the terrible Dr. Fu Manchu! . . . Near by is an old mummy-case In it the searchers find the body of a man in a state of coma but still alive. The man is Sir Lionel Barton!

Using his remarkable antidote, Petrie awakens the sleeper—but only for a few fleeting moments. The antidote does not work as it should!

Suspecting a tall Arab (who has been lurking about the camp) of being one of the plotters, Greville and Petrie follow him to his hotel room and meet him. To their amazement the "Arab" is Sir Denis Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, who at once informs his callers that the whole world is in danger. "But," he says, "if we can strike swiftly enough the peril may be averted." After which he refers to "the most dangerous woman living"—Madame Ingomar, who, he tells his astounded listeners, is none other than *Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter!*

V

"THE trail led me from Cairo to Luxor," said Nayland Smith. "Information with which I was supplied from day to day clearly pointed to some attempt on Sir Lionel Barton.

"Professor Zeitland, I had learned, from facts brought to light after his sudden and mysterious death, had been studying the problem presented to Egyptologists by Lafleur's Tomb, or the Tomb of the Black Ape. He had contemplated excavations. He deeply resented what he looked upon as Sir Lionel's intrusion. Did you know this?"

He turned to me suddenly. His skin, as I now realized, had been artificially darkened. Looking out from that brown mask, his eyes were unnaturally piercing.

"Perfectly well."

Superintendent Weymouth, whose unexpected meeting with Sir Denis had reduced him to an astounded silence, now spoke for the first time since he had entered the room.

"Probably some of the Professor's notes were stolen," he said.

"They were!" rapped Nayland Smith: "which brings us to Barton. Are his notes intact?"

He shot the question at me with startling rapidity.

"He made few notes," I replied. "He had a most astounding memory."

"In short, his memory was his notebook! This explains much. . . ."

He paused for a moment, and then:

"I immediately adopted the device which you know," he went on. "Fletcher installed himself here, and I used these rooms as my base of operations. I had first to track Fah Lo Suee to her lair. I use the term advisedly, for she is the most dangerous beast of prey which this century has known."

"I simply cannot understand," cried Petrie, "why Sir Lionel never suspected this woman!"

Nayland Smith shook his head irritably.

"I think he did—but too late. However—naturally I distrusted everybody, but I decided to take Barton into my confidence. It was on that occasion, Greville, that we met for the first time. I bear you no ill will, but I could have strangled you cheerfully. Short of revealing my identity, I was helpless . . . and I decided to stick to my disguise. . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders.

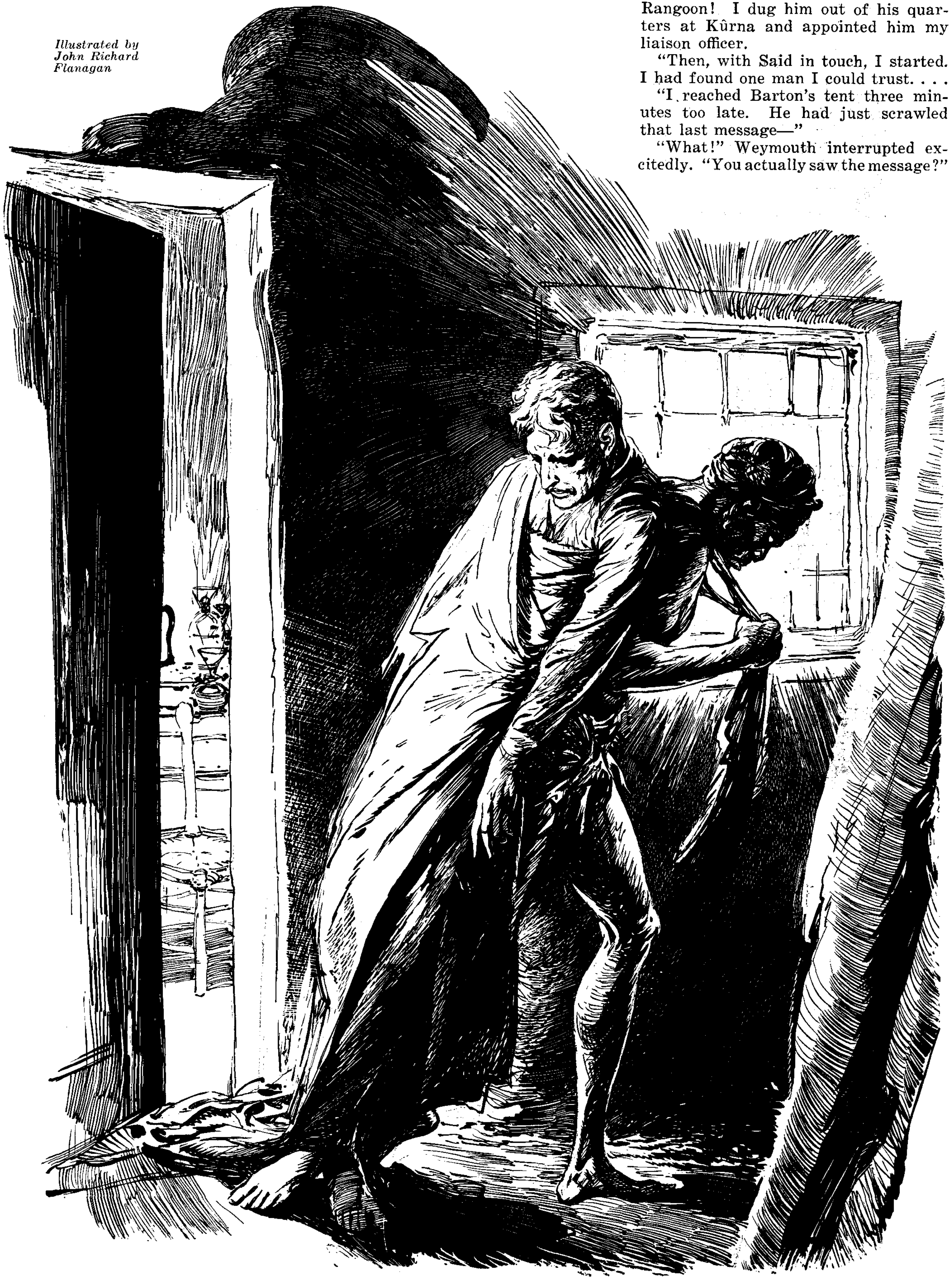
"I was wrong. The enemy struck. Forthright action might have saved him. I would have failed to do even what little I did do, for all the odds were against me, were it not that that very night I made up my mind to try to get to Sir Lionel secretly whilst the camp was sleeping.

"In one of your workmen, Greville—Said by name—I recognized an old friend! Said was once my groom in Rangoon! I dug him out of his quarters at Kûrna and appointed him my liaison officer.

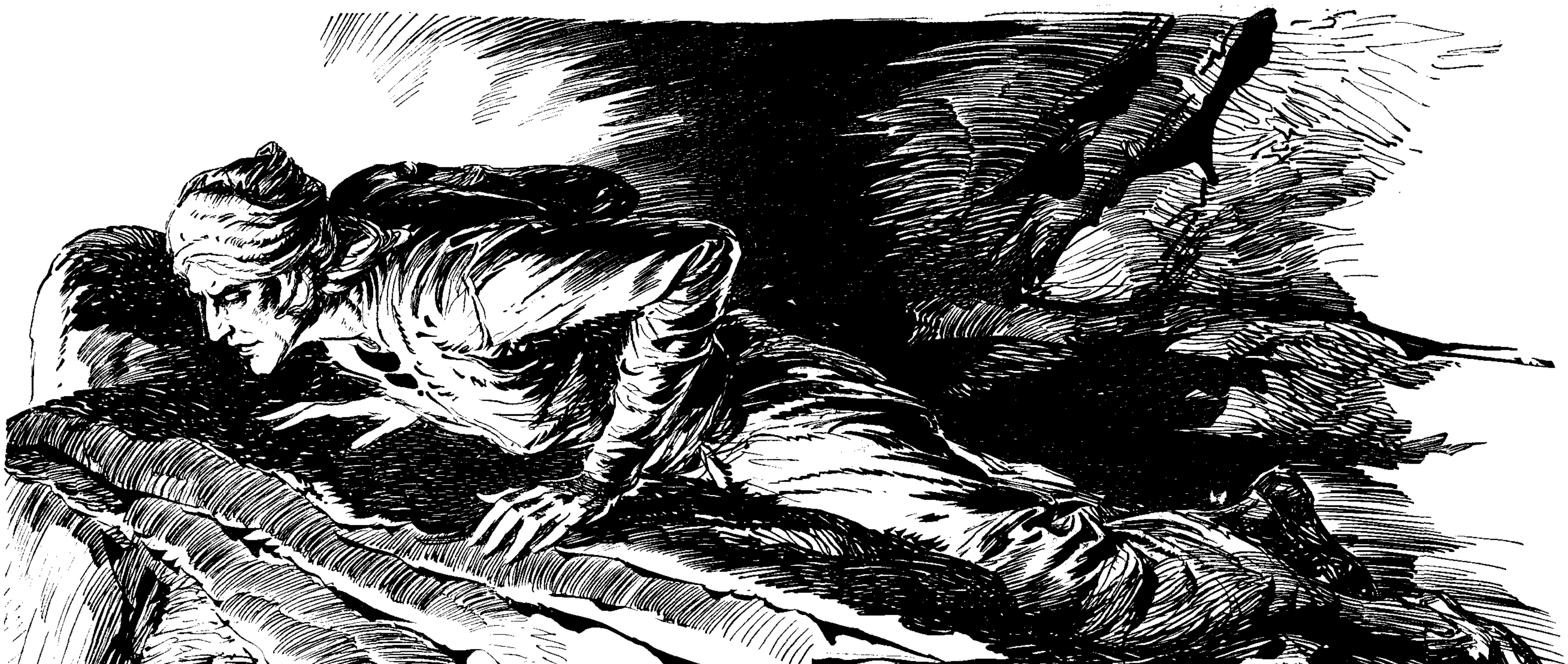
"Then, with Said in touch, I started. I had found one man I could trust. . . .

"I reached Barton's tent three minutes too late. He had just scrawled that last message—"

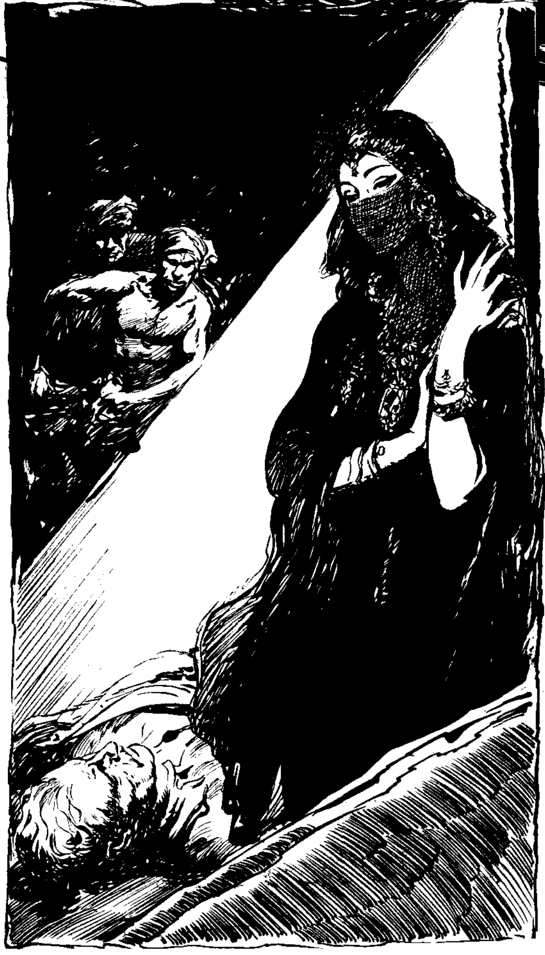
"What!" Weymouth interrupted excitedly. "You actually saw the message?"



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



"I dropped flat, wriggled to the edge and looked down. . . . A brown man, naked except for his loin cloth, came out, carrying on his shoulders the body of Sir Lionel wrapped in a blanket!"



"Undoubtedly Fah Lo Suee. She was questioning Barton . . . *and Barton was answering her!*"

"I read it," Nayland Smith replied quietly. "Barton, awakened by the needle, miraculously realized what had happened. I am prepared to learn that he expected it . . . that, at last, he had begun to distrust 'Madame Ingomar.' It had just dropped from his hand as I entered.

"It was *my* voice, Greville, not his, that awakened you. . . ."

Nayland Smith ceased speaking and, stepping up to the table, began to knock ash from the steaming bowl of his briar whilst I watched him in a sort of stupefaction. Petrie and Weymouth were watching him too. Truly, here was a remarkable man.

"I slipped away as quietly as I had come. I watched for developments . . . then I set out for the head of the wadi, where Said was watching. And Said had news for me. Someone had passed his hiding-place ten minutes before—someone who slipped by rapidly. Said had not dared to follow. His orders were to wait . . . but I guessed that he had seen the agent of Fah Lo Suee who had entered Barton's tent ahead of me, and who had done his appointed work. . . .

"'He was *Burmese!*'" Said assured me . . . 'And I saw the mark of *Kâli* on his brow.'

"In a deep hollow, by the light of my torch, I wrote a message to Fletcher. Said set out for Luxor. I was taking no chances. The result of that message, Petrie, you know—you also, Weymouth. Fletcher dispatched two telegrams.

"Then I returned and, from the slope above Sir Lionel's tent, overheard the conference. I still distrusted everybody. As early as Lafleur's time a certain person was interested in the Tomb of the Black Ape. Of this I am confident. The nature of his interest it remains for us to find out. In the meantime, a member of the family of that great but evil man has penetrated to the Tomb—"

"Smith!" Petrie interrupted—"some age-old secret—probably a ghastly weapon of destruction—has lain there for thousands of years!"

Nayland Smith stared hard at the speaker; then:

"Right!" he snapped—"as regards the first part. Wrong as regards the second."

Giving us no chance to ask him what he meant:

"My point of vantage regained," he went on rapidly, "I saw all that took place. I saw the hut opened and two lanterns placed inside. I realized that it was proposed to carry Sir Lionel there. I saw the body placed in the hut, and the door locked. I could do no more—for Barton."

"Since it seemed fairly certain that the objective of these mysterious crimes was the Tomb of the Black Ape, I now made my way round to the enclosure. The door was locked, but I managed to find a spot where I could climb up the fencing and look over. I stared down into the pit and listened intently. In that silence, any movement below must have been clearly audible. But I could not hear a sound.

"I WAS mystified—utterly mystified. I began to wonder if poor Barton had been mistaken in his own symptoms. I began to think he might really be dead! Perhaps the man whom Said had seen had had no connection with the matter. For I confess I could imagine no object in inducing that form of artificial catalepsy of which we know Dr. Fu Manchu to have been a master.

"Crawling above the camp like a jackal, I taxed my brain to discover some line of action.

"None of you slept much that night, and I had to watch my steps. It was a nerve-racking business, especially as I suspected that a trained assassin was prowling about somewhere—and possibly covering my movements.

"Failure seemed to threaten me again. I had failed in London. I had failed here. But I was expecting the return of Said at any moment, now, and presently I heard our prearranged signal: the howling of a dog.

"He, at least, had done his job. I replied.

"Perhaps my imitation was a poor one. All I know is that you, Greville, and others, came out into the wadi with lanterns, and began to search all about the camp."

"We did," I interrupted. "That howling was unnatural. Dogs never came as near to the camp at such an hour."

"You found nothing," Nayland Smith went on; "and when all was quiet again, I crept round and rejoined Said. He had more news. As he had pulled across from Luxor to Kûrna, and in sight of the landing-place, a motor boat had passed, heading *upstream.* Note that, Weymouth. Standing in the bows was the Burman whom Said had seen near Sir Lionel's camp!

"THIS set me thinking. I came back here and turned up some recent reports. I discovered, Weymouth, that a certain Sheik Ismail—who once slipped through our fingers in London—was living in the Oasis of Khârga. This venerable gentleman, for he must be well past eighty, I believe to be the present holder of the title of Sheik al Jébal, or head of the murderous sect of the *Hashishin!*"

"A member of the old group!" said Weymouth excitedly—

"Exactly! And an associate of Dr. Fu Manchu! As a result, after a few hours' rest, I started for Esna. And I spent a very profitable day there."

"Esna!" I exclaimed. "Why, Esna?"

"Because the old caravan road to the oasis starts from there, and because Esna is *upstream.* But whilst I was so employed there's little doubt, I think, that Fah Lo Suee and her party, operating from Lafleur's Shaft, were completing the work begun by Barton. . . ."

"Amazing," I interrupted, "but fate, I suppose, that not a soul went down all day! The men, of course, were given a holiday."

"I know," Smith said. "Said was with *me!* However, I got back just before dusk and went straight to the camp to see how the land lay. Everything seemed to be quiet, and I was following the edge of the wadi and had reached a point just above the hut in which Sir Lionel's body lay, when I pulled up. . . .

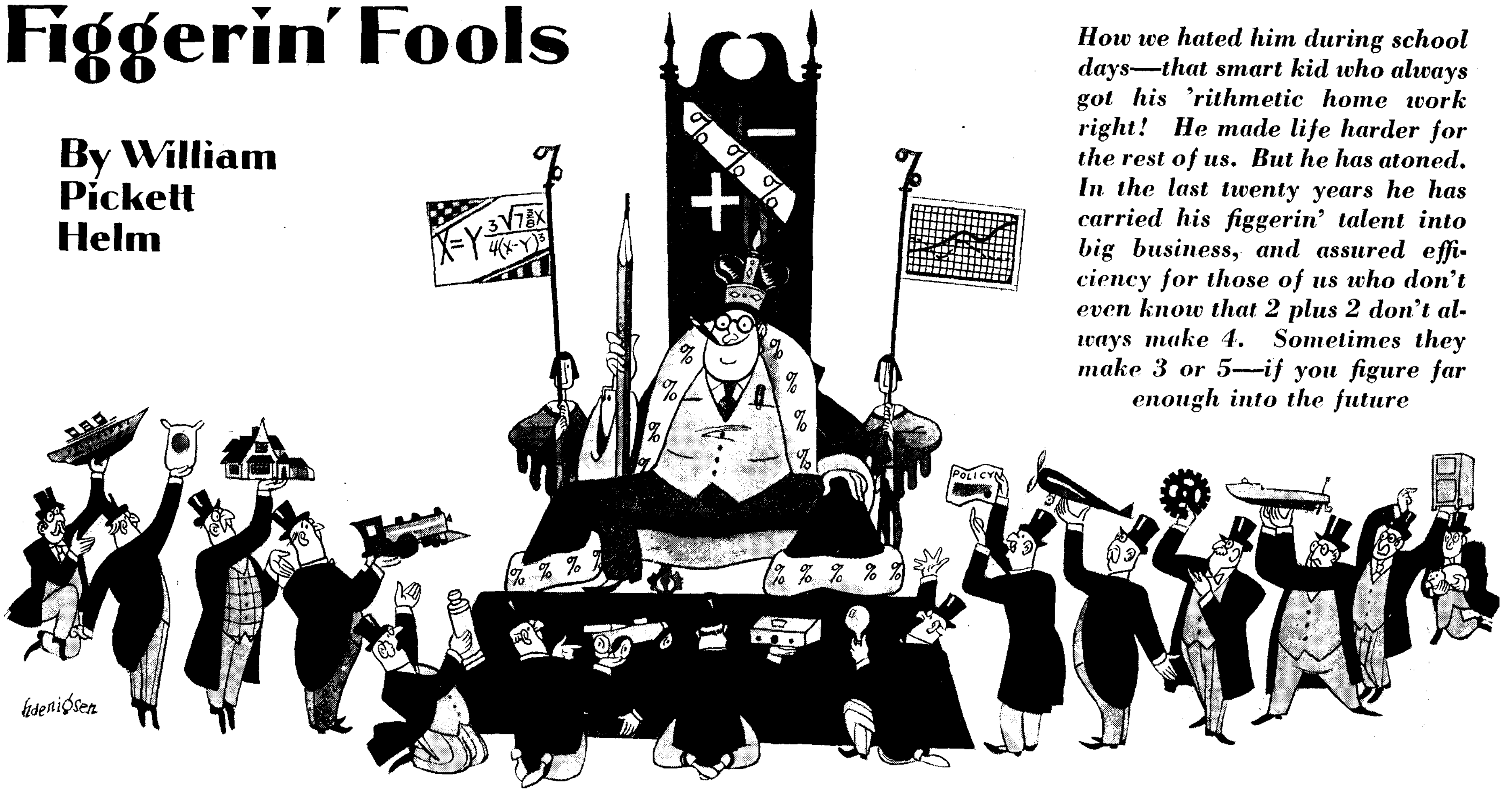
"It must have been inaudible from the tents. It came from directly below me—a soft, wailing cry! But I knew it! Good God! how well I knew it! . . .

(*Continued on page 51*)

Figgerin' Fools

By William Pickett Helm

How we hated him during school days—that smart kid who always got his 'rithmetic home work right! He made life harder for the rest of us. But he has atoned. In the last twenty years he has carried his figgerin' talent into big business, and assured efficiency for those of us who don't even know that 2 plus 2 don't always make 4. Sometimes they make 3 or 5—if you figure far enough into the future



Industry's captains, kings, and chancellors are today turning to him with eternal problems. . . . His pay envelope is bulging, like his waistline

A MIDDLE-AGED man sat at his desk in a New York skyscraper five years ago, studying a column of figures on a paper pad. Presently he put down his pencil, pushed the pad aside and muttered a gentle cussword.

"There won't be enough to go 'round," he said.

"Enough what?" an assistant asked.

"Enough girls. Not in 1950."

The assistant grinned. "We should worry about 1950," he volunteered. "There'll be enough, all right."

"No, sir," replied the man at the desk, "you're wrong. Not enough of the girls I have in mind—eighteen to twenty-five, healthy, educated, English-speaking. What's more, we really should worry. We've got to do something about it. Now."

He got up and went to the general manager's office. There he broke the news, and soon things began to happen. The general manager passed the word on to the vice president; the vice president told the president; the president told the directors at their next meeting. And not long thereafter New York City looked up from its morning newspapers and said:

"Well, I see we're going to have dial telephones installed."

Cause and effect: the story told by the figures on the paper pad, and the new dial telephones in New York City. The man with the pencil had found that there wouldn't be enough telephone operators in 1950. By putting down five and carrying two, he had projected himself a quarter of a century into the future.

Not Enough Girls

Girls unborn in 1925, he knew, would be answering calls in 1950. The map of New York probably would be redrawn in the meantime. Population would shift, industries change, and whole sections of the city would be torn down and rebuilt. Those and many other things lay ahead, undone. It did not matter; he had visualized them all in the figures before him, made allowance for them, and with the instinct of a bloodhound on a fugitive's trail he had run the facts of that far day to cover.

There would be many girls in New York in 1950 but not enough. To be exact, there would be only twice as many as the telephone company would need for its work alone. Twice as many, that is, meeting with the company's rather stiff requirements. For that inadequate supply of girls telephone companies and offices, stores and factories would compete. Miss New York of 1950 would have far more work than she could do.

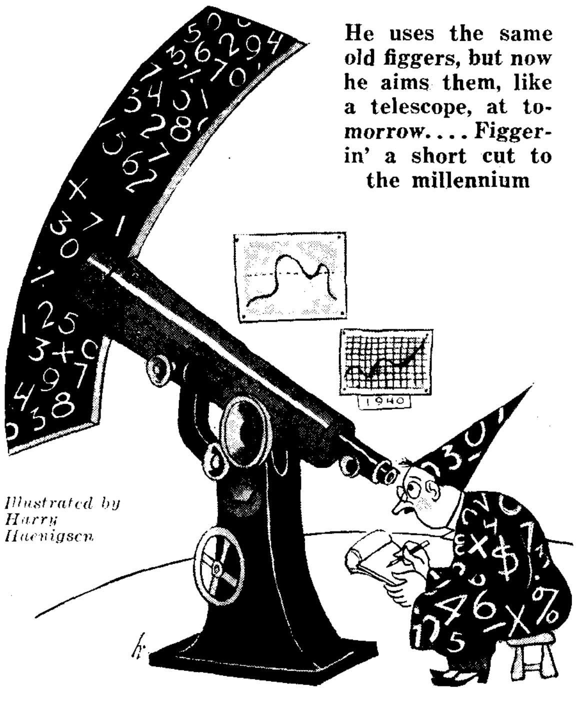
Something, of course, had to be done. What? Obviously, Miss New York's work would have to be lightened. How? By shifting some of it to others. What others? Well—how about mechanical devices? In the case of the telephone, a mechanical device that would enable the company to get along with hundreds of girls instead of prospective tens of thousands. Good! The very thing was already at hand—the dial telephone.

They called his kind Figgerin' Fools back in the days of the little red schoolhouse. There was at least one of him in every school, humped down over tedious figures on slate or pad. He was teacher's mathematical pet, the chap who knew the multiplication table backwards; the queer bird who went in for algebra and geometry and such while the real, regular fellows were playing baseball—or hooky.

Behind those serried columns on his broken slate lay a dim world of high adventure which only his eyes could see. In the years since then he has broken through the encircling fog and entered that world; and today the Figgerin' Fool directs the industry, the commerce and the finances of the globe. Within the span of twenty years he has come to power. The rest of us, straining forward with the burden of the world's affairs, turn to the right or the left at his command.

Figgerin' all the time, that was the Figgerin' Fool of yesterday. He hasn't changed; he's the same old fool, now sleek and prosperous. And he uses the same old figgers, but now he aims them, like a telescope, at tomorrow. Figgerin', always figgerin'. Figgerin' a short cut to the millennium. That's him.

To this freckle-faced, bespectacled kid of yesterday, industry's captains, kings and chancellors are turning today with eternal problems for him to figure out on his little paper pad. He has multiplied like the English sparrow and his pay envelope is bulging, like his waistline.



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

He uses the same old figgers, but now he aims them, like a telescope, at tomorrow. . . . Figgerin' a short cut to the millennium

Because of him the whole railroad map of the United States may be made over ere long. Ten years or so ago he got busy with charts and diagrams and tables to find the way to better railroading. Into his notebook went dry-as-dust entries about industries and population and trends and communities and their needs and whatnots throughout the entire country. These he projected into the future, bespangling a not far distant tomorrow with new groupings of great rail systems for efficiency and economy.

Efficiency and economy are his pet obsessions. And whether his problem concerns the country's twenty-five-billion-dollar railroad system or a parked automobile on a city street, the Figgerin' Fool finds the answer. If it weren't for him and his endless figuring we would be stumbling along still in the twilight of uncertainty.

Traffic congestion in Chicago, for instance, became a problem of acrid acuteness not long ago. They called in the Figgerin' Fool. He got busy and presently spoke up.

"Abolish the parked car in the Loop," he directed. There was a deluge of protest. The man who left his car on the street all day was a vigorous objector.

"There isn't street enough to go 'round," was the Figgerin' Fool's reply. "You're hogging more than your share." He showed a crystal-clear chart or two and shut his opponent up completely. Then the merchants had their inning.

"We can't do away with parking," they complained. "Why, these people come downtown in their cars to buy our goods."

The Figgerin' Fool looked at another chart. "Not so," he answered. "I've checked up on that; out of every two hundred cars parked in the Loop only three are shoppers'."

Finally they tried it out. And the Figgerin' Fool was right. He had the answer.

Early in his rise toward supremacy the Figgerin' Fool was called into conference by one of Chicago's coal barons—fifteen years or so ago.

"Why is it," the coal man asked him, "that I have to sell my slack coal here

(Continued on page 71)

A Star by Right

By
John B.
Kennedy

Rising from a dingy background of seven years' trouping Evelyn Laye completely captured London and New York. Sudden wealth after monotonous poverty finds her golden head unturned

Evelyn Laye, or the English invasion, in three moods. At the left, as she appears in Bitter Sweet

Alfred Cheney Johnston

A GOLDEN-HAIRED lady sat in her boudoir. A pretty room with reciprocating mirrors that showed an extremely pretty face wherever that face turned. Pert of mouth, retroussé of nose—a nose, indeed, like that of one of the minor angels in a moment of irreverence for an archangel. And wondering eyes of crystal blue—translucent, not transparent. More than wondering, at this precise moment. Brooding.

Not far away, near enough to be seen, her name sprang in lights over one of London's finest theaters. She had hauled herself by sheer charm of person and brilliance of talent from the slums of the stage to stardom. The first glorious hours of realization were passed. She was profoundly unhappy. Alone, with bitter thoughts, the elf-like beauty whose name was literally the toast of the town speculated after the manner of Hamlet: "To be or not to be—" The terrible question that at some moment disturbs every intelligence capable of asking—and answering it.

The lady contemplated suicide.

If you have seen Miss Evelyn Laye in Bitter Sweet you will subscribe to a statement that can be duly sworn to by at least one hundred thousand reputable citizens and attested by a like number of notaries public, that it would have been a slightly different world, one not as good to live in, had she committed what the boys call the big bump.

"I don't know," says Miss Laye in a voice that has the pace and fresh-water tinkle of a rushing brook, "how I ever got into the doldrums when success was upon me. Heaven knows I had been through blue and black years of failure without surrendering for a minute.

"Perhaps it was a flashing realization of the emptiness of effort that comes to everybody now and again. But there I was, despondent, not caring a rap for life."

She lifted her head and the sun, pouring through a window that framed Central Park, struck an edge of fighting chin—dainty, but firm.

"I said to myself, 'You're tired, that's all. You had far more courage when you had far less to live for. Buck up. Get out and work!'

"I took my own advice—and here I am."

Decidedly, she is. Considering this slim and fragile youngster, it becomes a task to believe in her background of suffering labor and living in mean streets.

Yet what the staid old New York Times calls the greatest triumph of a European since Patti's golden voice enthralled America is Evelyn Laye's—much less than ten years after she was starving on six dollars a week as a third-rate soubrette in the English provinces.

It began with her being a dunce.

At Rothsay College near Folkestone, a seaport perched on the white cliffs cross-Channel from Boulogne, cliffs which all distrustful Frenchmen envision when they denounce "perfidious Albion"—there were two gangling girls. Molly Shine was one, Evelyn Laye the other. Molly peeps into this narrative long enough to pair with Evelyn Laye and to prove that Miss Laye qualifies as a real person, for Molly Shine is still her closest friend. Not often does loyalty mark the conduct of the great to those who "knew them when."

A Convertible Dunce Cap

Evelyn could make no progress in class. She and Molly were rivals for the lowest rating at examination time. Arithmetic was her pet failing. The institution of a dunce's cap—a paper bag inverted on the head—had been discontinued as humiliating. So thorough was Evelyn's incompetence that a teacher revived the practice.

Catching Evelyn slyly reading history—of a period not within her class range—back of a camouflaging Euclid, she was signaled, stood in a corner and crowned with the mortifying dunce hat. That very afternoon a most important person was visiting the school. As the dignitary passed through the classroom, pausing to bow and speak a word to the fidgety girls while unaware of the outcast in the corner, Evelyn took rapid thought. A bag that could be inverted and used for a hat might be more versatile. She took it off, cupped its mouth, blew into it, and, when it ballooned, held it for a tantalizing moment. Just as the great personage made his bow Evelyn banged her bag.

The personage was astounded, the teacher outraged. The dear little girls, we regret to report, burst into riotous laughter.

Since, she argued, she could never become distinguished in studies, something else must be tried. She flung herself heart and soul into an amateur theatrical performance the girls were organizing. It was not an artistic success. Evelyn gave an imitation of Pauline Chase in Peter Pan, which could have been improved by a little trouble—for instance, the trouble of going to see Pauline Chase before she attempted to imitate her.

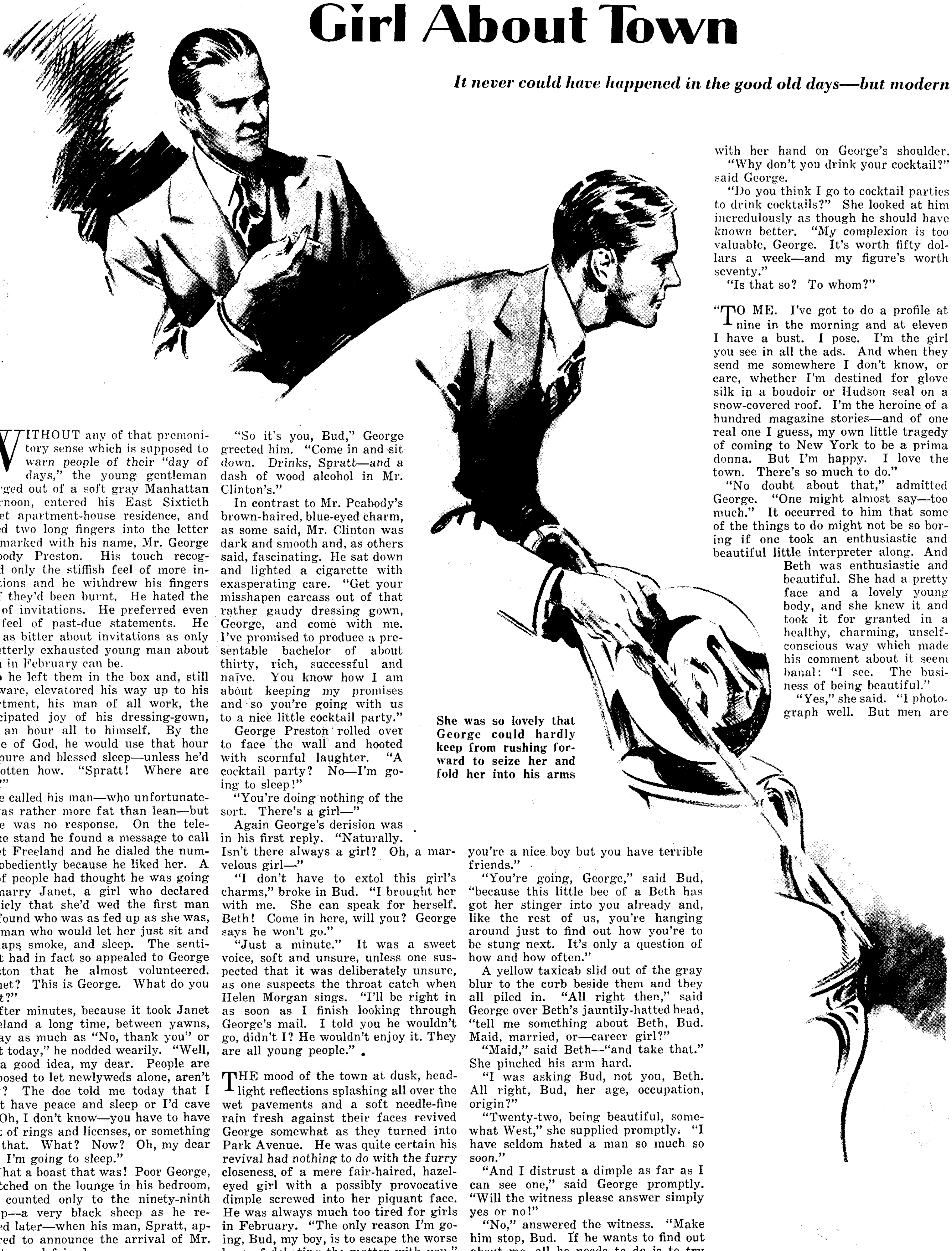
As a reward she received an enormous box of chocolates from Miss Chase, then renowned as America's pink pajama girl and accepted by Sir James Barrie as his ideal of Peter Pan. Miss Laye's father, an experienced trouper, was stage manager for Miss Chase. He brought Evelyn from school to see her heroine; and she went back to school with a thimble—the one Miss Chase used in the play—and an idol. She determined to become another Pauline Chase.

Miss Laye still treasures that thimble. With another cherished relic, a frayed copy of "Buster Brown" cartoons which her father took back with him to

(*Continued on page 44*)

Girl About Town

It never could have happened in the good old days—but modern



She was so lovely that George could hardly keep from rushing forward to seize her and fold her into his arms

WITHOUT any of that premonitory sense which is supposed to warn people of their "day of days," the young gentleman emerged out of a soft gray Manhattan afternoon, entered his East Sixtieth Street apartment-house residence, and poked two long fingers into the letter box marked with his name, Mr. George Peabody Preston. His touch recognized only the stiffish feel of more invitations and he withdrew his fingers as if they'd been burnt. He hated the feel of invitations. He preferred even the feel of past-due statements. He was as bitter about invitations as only an utterly exhausted young man about town in February can be.

So he left them in the box and, still unaware, elevatored his way up to his apartment, his man of all work, the anticipated joy of his dressing-gown, and an hour all to himself. By the grace of God, he would use that hour for pure and blessed sleep—unless he'd forgotten how. "Spratt! Where are you?"

He called his man—who unfortunately was rather more fat than lean—but there was no response. On the telephone stand he found a message to call Janet Freeland and he dialed the number obediently because he liked her. A lot of people had thought he was going to marry Janet, a girl who declared publicly that she'd wed the first man she found who was as fed up as she was, any man who would let her just sit and perhaps smoke, and sleep. The sentiment had in fact so appealed to George Preston that he almost volunteered. "Janet? This is George. What do you want?"

After minutes, because it took Janet Freeland a long time, between yawns, to say as much as "No, thank you" or "Not today," he nodded wearily. "Well, it's a good idea, my dear. People are supposed to let newlyweds alone, aren't they? The doc told me today that I must have peace and sleep or I'd cave in. Oh, I don't know—you have to have a lot of rings and licenses, or something like that. What? Now? Oh, my dear girl, I'm going to sleep."

What a boast that was! Poor George, stretched on the lounge in his bedroom, had counted only to the ninety-ninth sheep—a very black sheep as he recalled later—when his man, Spratt, appeared to announce the arrival of Mr. Clinton and friend.

George sat up hopelessly. "Bring him in, Spratt," he said. And presently in came Mr. Clinton.

"So it's you, Bud," George greeted him. "Come in and sit down. Drinks, Spratt—and a dash of wood alcohol in Mr. Clinton's."

In contrast to Mr. Peabody's brown-haired, blue-eyed charm, as some said, Mr. Clinton was dark and smooth and, as others said, fascinating. He sat down and lighted a cigarette with exasperating care. "Get your misshapen carcass out of that rather gaudy dressing gown, George, and come with me. I've promised to produce a presentable bachelor of about thirty, rich, successful and naïve. You know how I am about keeping my promises and so you're going with us to a nice little cocktail party."

George Preston rolled over to face the wall and hooted with scornful laughter. "A cocktail party? No—I'm going to sleep!"

"You're doing nothing of the sort. There's a girl—"

Again George's derision was in his first reply. "Naturally. Isn't there always a girl? Oh, a marvelous girl—"

"I don't have to extol this girl's charms," broke in Bud. "I brought her with me. She can speak for herself. Beth! Come in here, will you? George says he won't go."

"Just a minute." It was a sweet voice, soft and unsure, unless one suspected that it was deliberately unsure, as one suspects the throat catch when Helen Morgan sings. "I'll be right in as soon as I finish looking through George's mail. I told you he wouldn't go, didn't I? He wouldn't enjoy it. They are all young people."

THE mood of the town at dusk, headlight reflections splashing all over the wet pavements and a soft needle-fine rain fresh against their faces revived George somewhat as they turned into Park Avenue. He was quite certain his revival had nothing to do with the furry closeness of a mere fair-haired, hazel-eyed girl with a possibly provocative dimple screwed into her piquant face. He was always much too tired for girls in February. "The only reason I'm going, Bud, my boy, is to escape the worse bore of debating the matter with you."

The girl took her gloved fingers from his arm. "Go home," she said. "Bud and I don't like you anyway. Bud, you're a nice boy but you have terrible friends."

"You're going, George," said Bud, "because this little bee of a Beth has got her stinger into you already and, like the rest of us, you're hanging around just to find out how you're to be stung next. It's only a question of how and how often."

A yellow taxicab slid out of the gray blur to the curb beside them and they all piled in. "All right then," said George over Beth's jauntily-hatted head, "tell me something about Beth, Bud. Maid, married, or—career girl?"

"Maid," said Beth—"and take that." She pinched his arm hard.

"I was asking Bud, not you, Beth. All right, Bud, her age, occupation, origin?"

"Twenty-two, being beautiful, somewhat West," she supplied promptly. "I have seldom hated a man so much so soon."

"And I distrust a dimple as far as I can see one," said George promptly. "Will the witness please answer simply yes or no!"

"No," answered the witness. "Make him stop, Bud. If he wants to find out about me, all he needs to do is to try and do it."

On the arm of a divan in the living-room corner of somebody's suite she sat with her hand on George's shoulder.

"Why don't you drink your cocktail?" said George.

"Do you think I go to cocktail parties to drink cocktails?" She looked at him incredulously as though he should have known better. "My complexion is too valuable, George. It's worth fifty dollars a week—and my figure's worth seventy."

"Is that so? To whom?"

"TO ME. I've got to do a profile at nine in the morning and at eleven I have a bust. I pose. I'm the girl you see in all the ads. And when they send me somewhere I don't know, or care, whether I'm destined for glove silk in a boudoir or Hudson seal on a snow-covered roof. I'm the heroine of a hundred magazine stories—and of one real one I guess, my own little tragedy of coming to New York to be a prima donna. But I'm happy. I love the town. There's so much to do."

"No doubt about that," admitted George. "One might almost say—too much." It occurred to him that some of the things to do might not be so boring if one took an enthusiastic and beautiful little interpreter along. And Beth was enthusiastic and beautiful. She had a pretty face and a lovely young body, and she knew it and took it for granted in a healthy, charming, unself-conscious way which made his comment about it seem banal: "I see. The business of being beautiful."

"Yes," she said. "I photograph well. But men are

girls are different!

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

like the camera—they never see as deep as one's soul. I wonder if I shall ever meet a man who will care for my soul. Well, come on. We're late. It's clear up on Broadway, about Seventieth."

"What is? Who's late?"

"For my fencing lesson. I have to keep down to fourteen size, George. Haven't you noticed my hips? Let's go. Aren't you going with me?"

George gulped. From across the room he saw Bud Clinton grinning at him satanically. "Well, I hadn't planned to, my dear. As a matter of fact I intended to see about getting married."

"Oh, let's not bother about that," she said. "Not yet anyway. You couldn't realize I have a soul in this little time. Come on up and watch me fence."

Bud Clinton made it a point to stand idly by the door as they departed. "Oh, by the way, George, may I borrow your apartment for an hour? I think I'll sneak in a little sleep."

George watched her fence. He wasn't bored. In fact he fenced with her himself after a while and was so busy trying to peek into her mask and bothered by the swish of her short blue fencing skirt that she put the button of her foil rather sharply on his floating rib in almost no time. "*Touché!*" she cried out, flushed and radiant and full of glee. "Oh, George—shame! Well, that ought to do us. I'll be dressed in ten minutes and we can go eat."

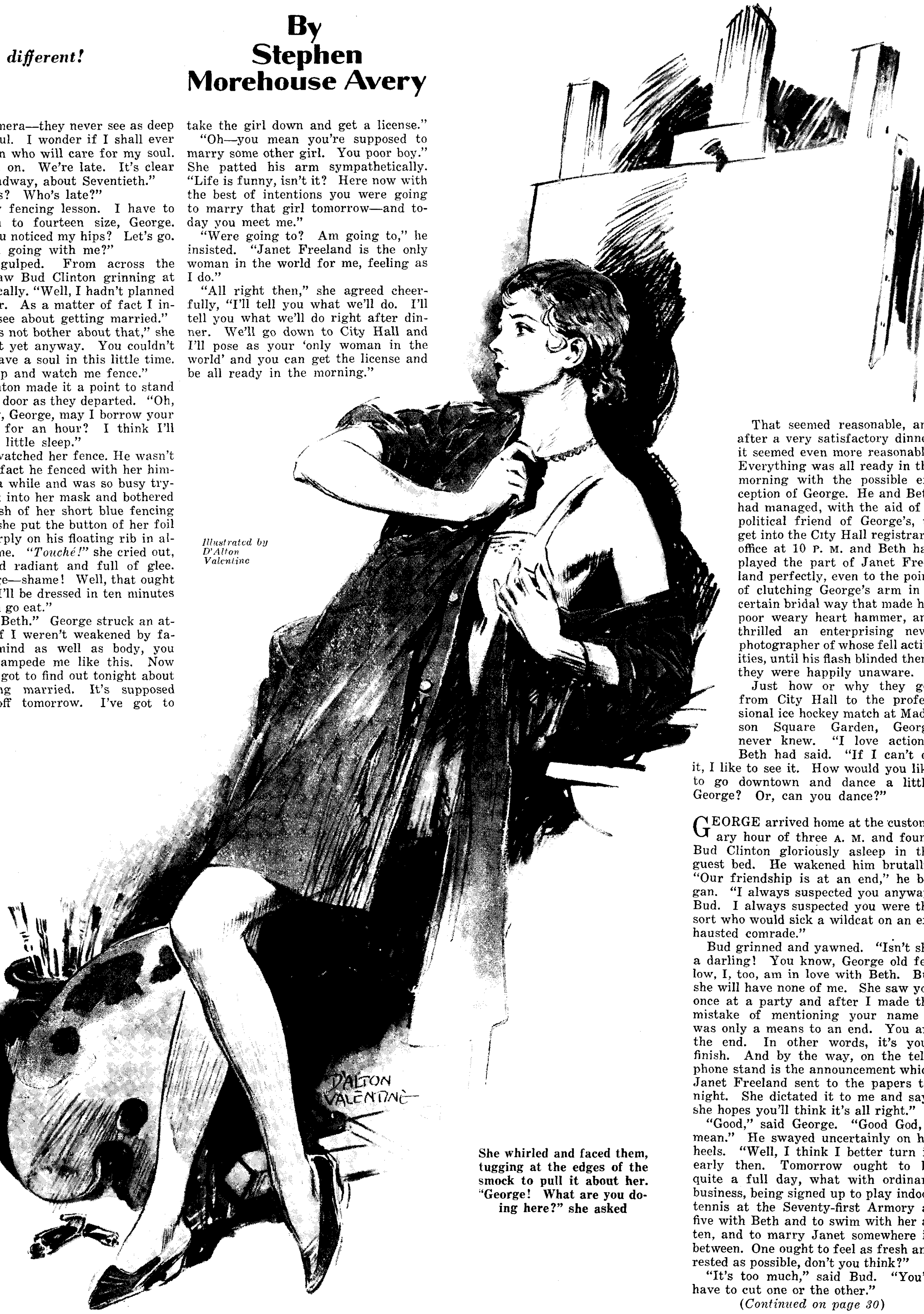
"Listen, Beth." George struck an attitude. "If I weren't weakened by fatigue of mind as well as body, you couldn't stampede me like this. Now I've really got to find out tonight about this getting married. It's supposed to come off tomorrow. I've got to take the girl down and get a license."

"Oh—you mean you're supposed to marry some other girl. You poor boy." She patted his arm sympathetically. "Life is funny, isn't it? Here now with the best of intentions you were going to marry that girl tomorrow—and today you meet me."

"Were going to? Am going to," he insisted. "Janet Freeland is the only woman in the world for me, feeling as I do."

"All right then," she agreed cheerfully, "I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll tell you what we'll do right after dinner. We'll go down to City Hall and I'll pose as your 'only woman in the world' and you can get the license and be all ready in the morning."

Illustrated by D'Alton Valentine



She whirled and faced them, tugging at the edges of the smock to pull it about her. "George! What are you doing here?" she asked

That seemed reasonable, and after a very satisfactory dinner it seemed even more reasonable. Everything was all ready in the morning with the possible exception of George. He and Beth had managed, with the aid of a political friend of George's, to get into the City Hall registrar's office at 10 P. M. and Beth had played the part of Janet Freeland perfectly, even to the point of clutching George's arm in a certain bridal way that made his poor weary heart hammer, and thrilled an enterprising news photographer of whose fell activities, until his flash blinded them, they were happily unaware.

Just how or why they got from City Hall to the professional ice hockey match at Madison Square Garden, George never knew. "I love action," Beth had said. "If I can't do it, I like to see it. How would you like to go downtown and dance a little, George? Or, can you dance?"

GEORGE arrived home at the customary hour of three A. M. and found Bud Clinton gloriously asleep in the guest bed. He wakened him brutally. "Our friendship is at an end," he began. "I always suspected you anyway, Bud. I always suspected you were the sort who would sick a wildcat on an exhausted comrade."

Bud grinned and yawned. "Isn't she a darling! You know, George old fellow, I, too, am in love with Beth. But she will have none of me. She saw you once at a party and after I made the mistake of mentioning your name I was only a means to an end. You are the end. In other words, it's your finish. And by the way, on the telephone stand is the announcement which Janet Freeland sent to the papers tonight. She dictated it to me and says she hopes you'll think it's all right."

"Good," said George. "Good God, I mean." He swayed uncertainly on his heels. "Well, I think I better turn in early then. Tomorrow ought to be quite a full day, what with ordinary business, being signed up to play indoor tennis at the Seventy-first Armory at five with Beth and to swim with her at ten, and to marry Janet somewhere in between. One ought to feel as fresh and rested as possible, don't you think?"

"It's too much," said Bud. "You'll have to cut one or the other."

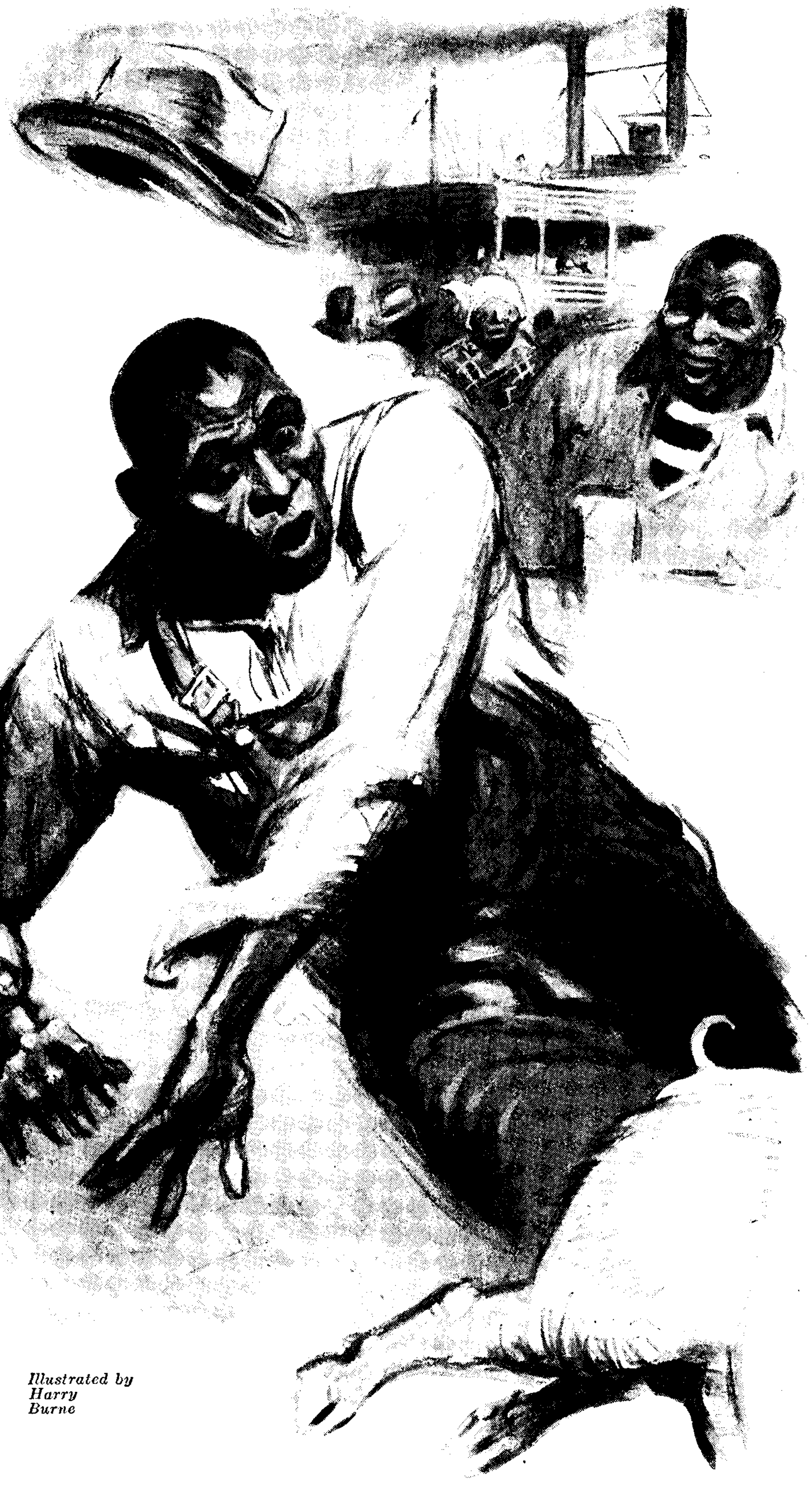
(*Continued on page 30*)

Another Bugaboo Jones Story

The Hog Hoisters

Munroe was the boastin'est man ever! "I knows all about hogs," he boasted. "I knows all about ev'ything. And de reason I don't know no more den I do is because no more ain't happened yit"

By Roark Bradford



Illustrated by Harry Burne

ANYBODY with steel muscles in his back and a song in his legs can roll cotton and tote sugar and rice down the gangplank. And with a little nerve or with Cap'm Sam Cotton hot in behind him, he can tote live wild hogs down the plank, too. That was why the big mate of the John D. Grace hired Munroe as a roustabout for one of the periodical trips up the tributaries into the Black River country.

But getting that live wild hog out of the pen and upon the shoulder of a roustabout—getting him there, belly up, with his hind quarters forward so the rouster can balance him upon that certain ticklish point of his backbone and keep him from wiggling or even squealing—yes, hoisting a hog out of a pen is quite something else to do. You either can, or you can't.

Bugaboo Jones and his friend, Iron Man, could. Bugaboo and Iron Man comprised the best team of hog hoisters that ever rousted up and down the Black River where the descendants of the old razorbacks ranged wild over the overflow lands, were rounded up occasionally by farmers with carefully trained dogs, penned upon the river bank, toted aboard the steamboat, and finally unloaded in New Orleans where they were turned into pork chops and ham and sausage and middlin' meat to boil cabbage with. And because these two roustabouts were the best hog hoisters in the world, and because they were permanent fixtures on the John D. Grace, that steamboat turned its nose into Black River occasionally to collect the hogs.

"Now, you take dat big old rusty he-hog I and you h'isted outn dat pen at Crabtree's," Bugaboo said to Iron Man. The Grace had just left New Orleans for a trip into the hog country. "I bet he weighed three hund'ed pounds."

Iron Man was on the verge of exercising a new harmonica he had bought in New Orleans, but he interrupted the process, and grinned at Bugaboo. "I don't know how much he weighed," he said, "'cause I'm so stout de weighin' don't make no diffunce wid me. But dat scound'el had tushes mighty nigh as long as my finger! And sharp? Ah, Lawd! Dat beggar been spendin' all his life, I bet, slobberin' on dem tushes and whettin' 'em down with his jaws!"

"And efn I hadn't a thowed him jest right," continued Bugaboo, "I bet he'd chopped yo' leg off wid dem tushes."

"Naw, he wouldn't a chopped my leg off," corrected Iron Man. "Not *my* leg. 'Cause when you grab a bad hog I watches you. And efn you don't grab him right, I jest natchally sprouts wings, and I rises over dat fence like a skyrocket at Christmas."

They were not bragging, these hog hoisters, although they would have been justified. The way Bugaboo grabbed a hog's left hind leg with his right hand and snatched it from under him so quickly that the hog fell flat upon his back, and the suddenness with which Iron Man seized the upturned hog's ears and, with Bugaboo raising the hind quarters, hoisted him over the fence and upon the back of the waiting roustabout, was an accomplishment worth bragging about. You either could do it or you couldn't. And Bugaboo and Iron Man could. They weren't bragging. They merely were stating facts for the benefit of Munroe, the new roustabout.

They didn't like Munroe. As soon as they saw Cap'm Sam giving him a ticket for the trip, Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged glances. "Big nigger," said Bugaboo.

"And smart," added Iron Man.

"And stout," continued Bugaboo.

"And flashy" — from Iron Man. "Look at dem gold teeth."

But the thing that riled them both was the confidence with which Munroe went aboard the boat. He had never steamboated, he told the mate, but he had done "mighty nigh ev'ything else." And then he walked on, singing confidently, as though he had never done a thing but steamboat:

"Oh, de sidewalks is wet and de streets
is dry,
And ef hit wa'n't for me all de women
would die!
And dat's de shot dat got him and laid
him away!"

AS SOON as the boat pulled out, Bugaboo and Iron Man began their hog talk in the presence of Munroe. But Munroe was not overly impressed.

"Big old rusty he-hog, hunh?" he asked with derision. "Big old rusty he-lie, I bet."

"You knows a heap about hogs, don't you, son?" Iron Man asked, and winked knowingly at Bugaboo. They had experienced these mouthy niggers before. But when it came to action, they were merely mouthy—fat-mouthy at that.

"Me?" demanded Munroe. "I knows all about hogs. I knows all about ev'ything. And de reason I don't know no more den I do is because no more ain't happened yit. 'Cause why? 'Cause I ain't spent all my time on a steamboat, ridin' up and down de river. Boy, I been around."

"You been around, hunh?" Bugaboo grinned at Iron Man before throwing a shaft of his wit at the new roustabout: "Son, you might er been around, but about de time me and Iron Man sets a three-hund'ed-pound boar shote on yo' shoulder you gonter go 'round and 'round!" He chuckled. "Ain't dat right, Iron Man?"

"Three-hund'ed-pound hog make me go 'round and 'round?" Munroe snorted at the idea. "Listen, you country niggers. I been in de hog yards in Chi. I seed hogs so big hit'd sink dis boat did one come on. Three hund'ed pounds? Little pigs weigh three hund'ed pounds in Chi."

Bugaboo and Iron Man exchanged furtive glances. Munroe talked hog talk, all right. And he wasn't finished, either:

"And you tawkin' about wild hogs wid tushes," he added. "Boy, y'all ain't never seed no hogs wid tushes. Over in de Islands—I was in Uncle Sam's army for three long years over in de Philippines—dey got hogs wid tushes as long as yo' leg! And sharp? Dem sapsuckers cuts theyse'f a path when they runs through de bramboos. And dey's so bad de fo'ks don't even call 'em hogs. Ba-booeys. Dat's what dey calls 'em. Pu-yerker babooeys. Dat's Spanich. Dat's de way dem people tawk over in de Islands. Spanich."

Munroe won. Chicago hogs disconcerted Bugaboo and Iron Man. But the Philippine Islands and Uncle Sam's army and Spanish literally took their breath. Bugaboo turned upon his back and began gazing wearily at the blue sky overhead. Iron Man proceeded to exercise his new harmonica. And Munroe walked off, triumphantly.

IRON MAN hunched forward, cupped his hands about the harmonica, opened his mouth wide and breathed gently. He frowned and shook his head when he heard what came from the harp. He changed the position of his hands, and tried it again. But the result was not satisfying. He experimented further, until he finally found a high, wailing note, and he began blowing upon that single note. He long had learned the trick of inhaling through his nose while blowing through his mouth upon the reeds, and by doing so he was able to sustain a note indefinitely. And he went to work on that single, gurgling, wailing note.

Bugaboo rolled over on his side, facing Iron Man. "Whyn't you hysh dat racket?" he demanded. "Dat ain't no song you blowin'. Dat ain't nothin' but pyore noise comin' outn dat harp."

Iron Man ceased blowing, spat expertly over the side of the boat ten feet away, fanned the harp gently against the palm of his hand, and then looked at it intently.

"Harp," he said, "efn I didn't know you c'd do better den dat, I'd th'ow you in de river. But you kin. You jest ain't used to my style er blowin', maybe, or else you ain't limbered up, yit."

"I bet hit wouldn't sink, even did you th'ow hit in de river," offered Bugaboo. "Hit's too rotten to git shut of dat easy."

Iron Man ignored the observation. "Or maybe," he continued, "I ain't been chokin' you down hard enough. I'm gonter choke you hard and try." He "choked" it, breathing soft, sputtering gusts upon the single reed. He blew continuously, occasionally moving his tongue to allow air to pass through the bass notes also. This gave balance to the steady, wailing whine. It worked.

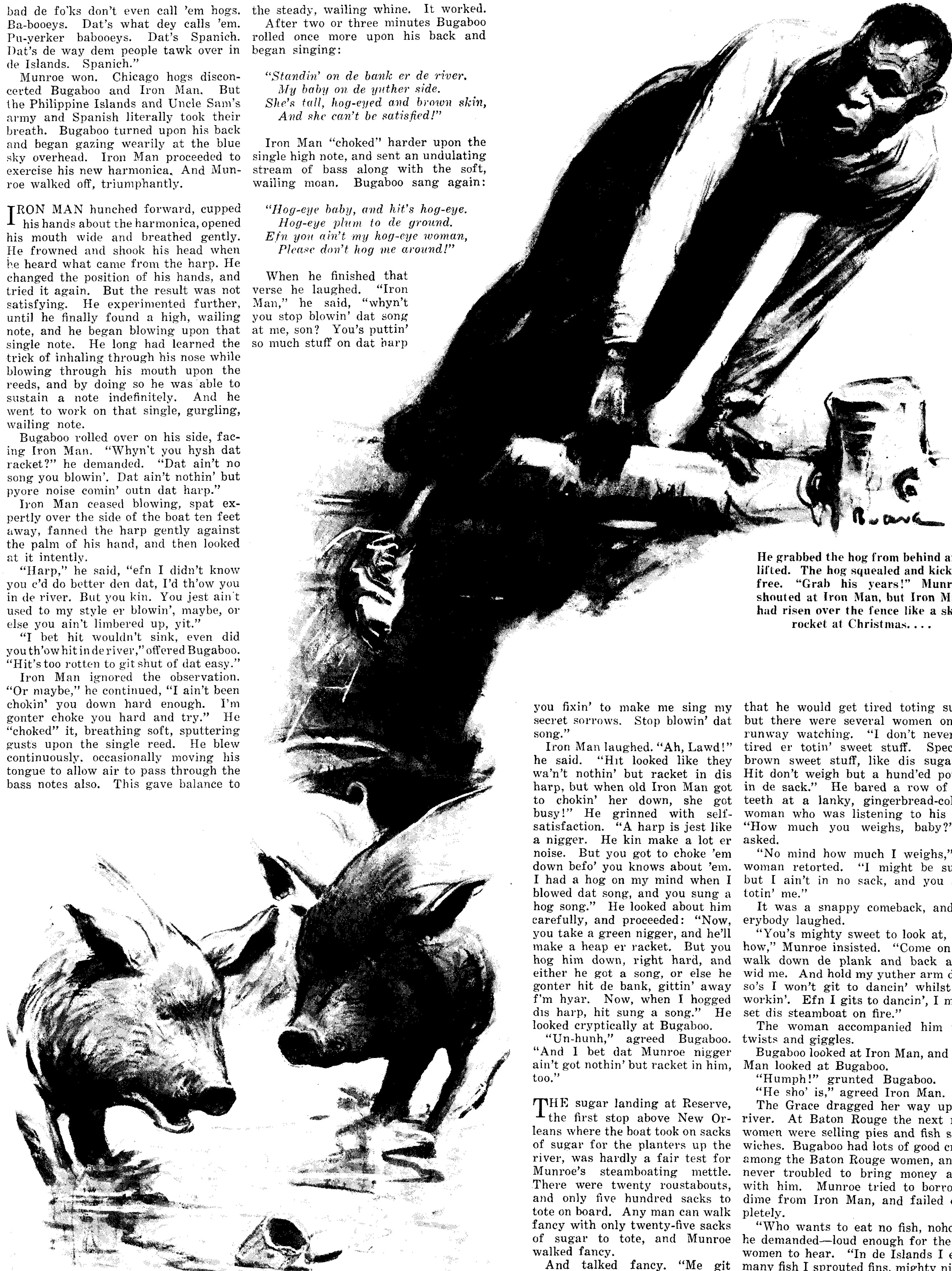
After two or three minutes Bugaboo rolled once more upon his back and began singing:

"Standin' on de bank er de river,
My baby on de yuther side.
She's tall, hog-eyed and brown skin,
And she can't be satisfied!"

Iron Man "choked" harder upon the single high note, and sent an undulating stream of bass along with the soft, wailing moan. Bugaboo sang again:

"Hog-eye baby, and hit's hog-eye.
Hog-eye plum to de ground.
Efn you ain't my hog-eye woman,
Please don't hog me around!"

When he finished that verse he laughed. "Iron Man," he said, "whyn't you stop blowin' dat song at me, son? You's puttin' so much stuff on dat harp you fixin' to make me sing my secret sorrows. Stop blowin' dat song."



He grabbed the hog from behind and lifted. The hog squealed and kicked free. "Grab his years!" Munroe shouted at Iron Man, but Iron Man had risen over the fence like a skyrocket at Christmas. . . .

Iron Man laughed. "Ah, Lawd!" he said. "Hit looked like they wa'n't nothin' but racket in dis harp, but when old Iron Man got to chokin' her down, she got busy!" He grinned with self-satisfaction. "A harp is jest like a nigger. He kin make a lot er noise. But you got to choke 'em down befo' you knows about 'em. I had a hog on my mind when I blowed dat song, and you sung a hog song." He looked about him carefully, and proceeded: "Now, you take a green nigger, and he'll make a heap er racket. But you hog him down, right hard, and either he got a song, or else he gonter hit de bank, gittin' away f'm hyar. Now, when I hogged dis harp, hit sung a song." He looked cryptically at Bugaboo.

"Un-hunh," agreed Bugaboo. "And I bet dat Munroe nigger ain't got nothin' but racket in him, too."

THE sugar landing at Reserve, the first stop above New Orleans where the boat took on sacks of sugar for the planters up the river, was hardly a fair test for Munroe's steamboating mettle. There were twenty roustabouts, and only five hundred sacks to tote on board. Any man can walk fancy with only twenty-five sacks of sugar to tote, and Munroe walked fancy.

And talked fancy. "Me git tired er totin' dis sugar?" he snorted. No one had suggested that he would get tired toting sugar, but there were several women on the runway watching. "I don't never git tired er totin' sweet stuff. Specially brown sweet stuff, like dis sugar is. Hit don't weigh but a hund'ed pounds in de sack." He bared a row of gold teeth at a lanky, gingerbread-colored woman who was listening to his talk. "How much you weighs, baby?" he asked.

"No mind how much I weighs," the woman retorted. "I might be sugar, but I ain't in no sack, and you ain't totin' me."

It was a snappy comeback, and everybody laughed.

"You's mighty sweet to look at, anyhow," Munroe insisted. "Come on and walk down de plank and back again wid me. And hold my yuther arm down so's I won't git to dancin' whilst I'm workin'. Efn I gits to dancin', I might set dis steamboat on fire."

The woman accompanied him with twists and giggles.

Bugaboo looked at Iron Man, and Iron Man looked at Bugaboo.

"Humph!" grunted Bugaboo.

"He sho' is," agreed Iron Man.

The Grace dragged her way up the river. At Baton Rouge the next noon women were selling pies and fish sandwiches. Bugaboo had lots of good credit among the Baton Rouge women, and he never troubled to bring money along with him. Munroe tried to borrow a dime from Iron Man, and failed completely.

"Who wants to eat no fish, nohow?" he demanded—loud enough for the fish women to hear. "In de Islands I et so many fish I sprouted fins, mighty nigh."

The women paid no attention to that

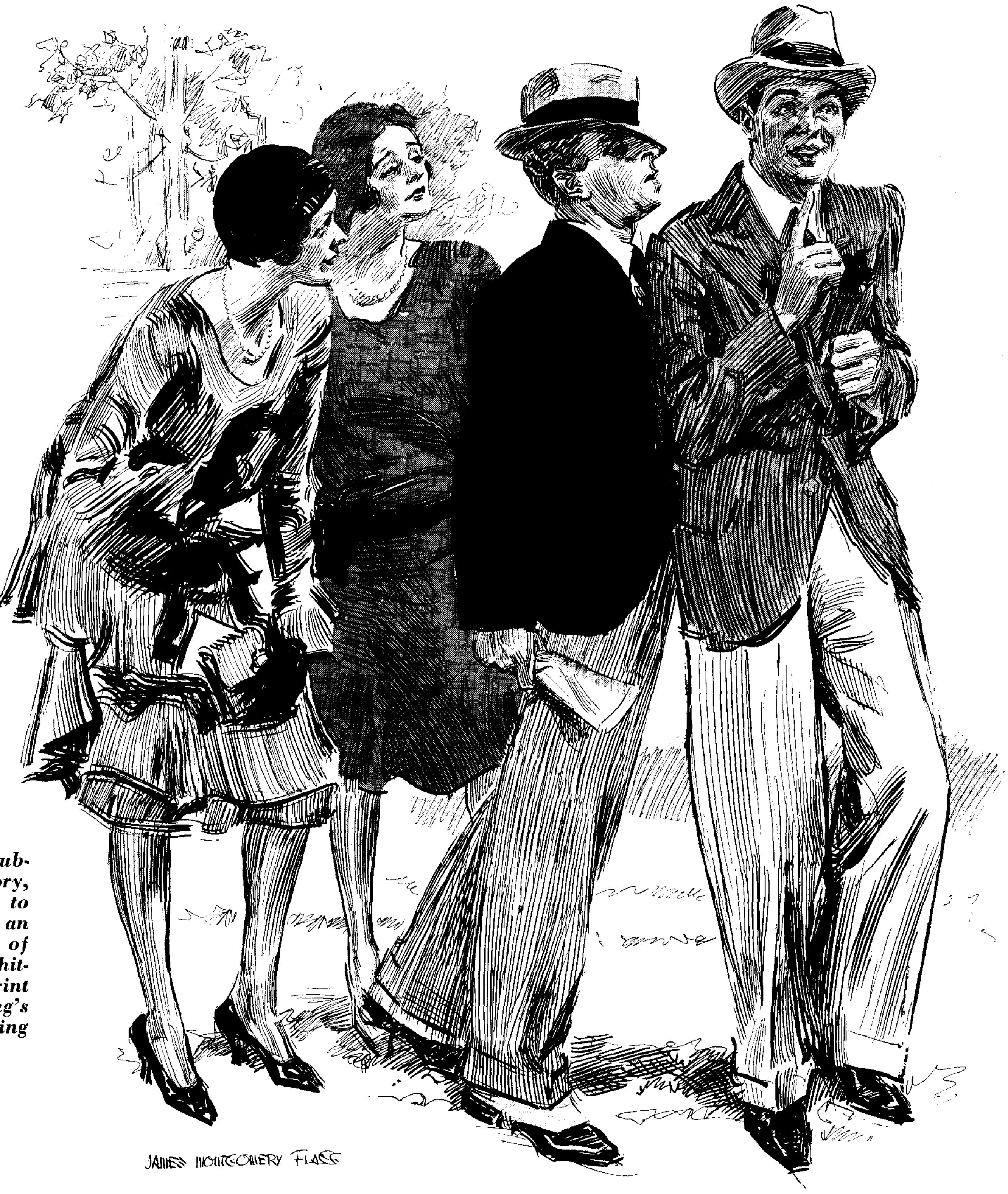
(*Continued on page 56*)

M. J. Whitmar of Cincinnati, Ohio, who received the first award for the King's Up ending

King's Up

By H. C. Witwer and M. J. Whitmar

In Collier's for December 14th we published H. C. Witwer's unfinished story, King's Up, and invited our readers to test their narrative skill by writing an ending. The result was a deluge of 5,221 manuscripts—of which Mr. Whitmar's was adjudged the best. We print below a condensed version of King's Up followed by Mr. Whitmar's ending



Before I can squawk, he says, "I've got the title for the new talkie!"

MY NAME, as you may not know, is Joe (Handsome) Green. I pilot the Wildcats, a baseball team which ought to cop all the pennants but does not, due to frequent visits from Mr. and Mrs. Grief. In our happy home, beside me and Alice, my beauteous bride, dwell my sister-in-law Lily, Alexander Hanley (my Alice's cousin), and that gent's worshipful spouse, Eve.

That's the line-up, folks. But let's have the lowdown on Brother Hanley. Some boy, that! Calling himself a "Success Developer," he deals in nothing but misfits and guys which have got a shellacking from life. The square peg in the round hole is his meat, and making sows' ears out of silk purses is his pastime. He has a indestructible love affair with himself, and I am his no-man. The eminent Success Developer and yours truly get along much like a glass of water and some baking soda.

But the femmes think this Miracle Man is a platinum Buddha. What he says goes. And whenever he sees fit to send out a consignment of bushwa (which is every time he opens his mouth), my beauteous bride, the lovely Lily, and Mrs. Alex Hanley think he is grand.

Now, our Lily is suffering from the idea that Life is a comic strip, and acts accordingly. Every time she feels so inclined (which is often) she loses her job; and the eminent Success Developer always gets her another. He has set her up in a baker's dozen of different trades, arts and professions—the latest being a catsy beauty parlor, a "salon of facial esthetics."

But is my lovely sister-in-law satisfied? She is *not!* She yearns to crash the mumbling snapshots, known to the public as talkies. And, as usual, the Family Hero thinks the idea is hot. He opines that the best way for little Lily to break into the squawkies is to land a job in a night club and win fame.

Then he tells the worshipers (and yours truly) about a nice, quiet little night club which has a revue that would just grab our Lily. That gives me a laugh, and I ask the Master Mind why he thinks our Family Pet can get a job in that revue. And what do you think he tells me? That baby would of baffled the guy which first baffled description. He says to me: "Why, Joseph, my boy, I own fifty per cent of that night club!"

So it comes to pass that Alex flicks Lily into the revue at the "Club Distingué," and—would you believe it, folks?—in almost no time she is warbling a very abba-dabba song number which wows 'em from the start!

Early one morning our happy family picks the star up, after she is through her fame-collecting labors, to take her home. The driver (which is me) almost hits a milk wagon, whereupon the pompous equine attached to the wagon loses his presence of mind and heads for a plate-glass window. The driver having hit the ground, the situation begins to look serious.

And then, folks, kind Fate sends us a hero. And this time (for a change) it is not Mr. Hanley. It is a strange gent, who leaps out of the haze, shimmies onto the horse, and stops him dead within a inch of the window!

By the time I am fairly normal again, our Preserver comes up to the audience, and I see he is just a kid, about eighteen, and a good-looking one, too. He is so small that two of him would barely make a midget, and he is as thin as a starving safety-razor blade. I observe that his clothes are a bit aged, whether in the wood or not I don't know. But one thing is sure, folks: He has what it takes to stop horses!

Our happy family thanks him for the rescue, and he says it was a pipe, winding up with the following: "I know horses like Mellon knows arithmetic."

All this time our Success Developer has been sizing him up. When the ladies have quit chirping, he suggests that the young man call on him, at once or sooner, at his office. "I think," he emits, "I have a proposition worked out that will mean fame and fortune to you, if my deductions are correct."

The young gent promises to call on the Great Man at two o'clock; and before even Lily has got his name, he vanishes away in the shadows. . . . But he shows up okay, as per promise. And Mr. Hanley opens fire by asking his name.

"My name's Bill," he shoots back, "but they call me William Adalbert Ignatius King for short."

"What do you do for a living?" remarks Alex, scenting a victim.

"I'm a dishwasher in a all-night restaurant," pipes Willie, "and I started with nothing, too."

"My lad," remarks the Family Pride, "you'd make a great jockey!"

"Nope," replies William, "I've galloped and trained a flock of stake winners, but I never wore silks in my life. My brother does all the ridin' in our family. You know him, of course—Eddie King."

Do we know Eddie King? Sure, we know him. Everybody knows him—one of the greatest jockeys which ever got gay with a starter!

Alex shoots the kid a sneer. "Your brother," he barks, "had the stuff to go ahead to international renown, while *you're* satisfied to be a menial. What did you say you were—a porter?"

That hits the kid hard. He squirms in his chair. He coughs—and not with a cold. He mops his brow—and not with the heat. Then he swings around, and busts out through quivering lips:

"Me and Eddie was raised with horses! We come from Maryland, where we was stable and apprentice boys together. But always I had to take Eddie's mud. At home it was the best of everything for Eddie, and it was the same way in the stables—first thing you know I got in the habit of waiting on—"

Now read Mr. Whitmar's ending

"DID it ever occur to you," interrupts the Great Man, "that people who permit themselves to be waiters achieve nothing but flat feet?"

The little bit opens his mouth and snaps it shut. Alex begins a long song and dance with "What made Cæsar a conqueror instead of a buck private?" and when I leaves about a hour later, him and the squirt is pooh-poohing guys like Earl Sande.

During the next week while spending my sleeping hours in the Club Distingué and my wâking hours in bed, I sees an occasional press notice on the half-pint horse lover. Alex has got him a job as a rider and the boy is set to turn the turf world upside down at Albemarle Park when the meet opens in a fortnight—and that last word, boys and girls, is duck soup for Little Joe.

"His brother, Eddie's, in the same race," says Alex one night. "It's a great idea for the lad's first race. It'll bring out the stuff in him."

"Think it up all by yourself?" I asks.

"Alex thinks of everything," snaps my ballast.

"Yeah," I pegs it back, "everything but the overhead in our partial-payment palace."

My opponent is coming out of her corner when Lily comes ricocheting onto the floor with her Costly Cuties and the band strikes up the abba dabba number. This making the forty-ninth time I've heard it, I try to snatch a wink between crashes. Not a chance with Alex and the femmes doing their stuff.

LILY ankles over to our table for the second grind of the chorus to "Let's Do What the Dewdrops Do," or something like that. That don't sound quite dumb enough for a popular song, though. She seems to be trying to tip us off that one of the cash customers is worthy of note. She makes a lot of funny faces and rolls her glims. No soap.

"What does she mean, Joe?" asks Alex. "Do you see anybody of note?"

"Sure thing, brother," I says. "Now, over at that table by the palms is Oscar J. Triffle of Milwaukee, one of the shrewdest hosiery buyers in the Middle West. Look at the attention he's giving Lily's chiffon. You can't fool a horsefly or a hosiery buyer. And, take—"

"Be serious, Joe," interrupts my fair one. "Maybe there's a big movie man in the house."

"What's funny about that?" I asks. "Didn't Alex say that the vermin fairly overrun the place in their off hours?"

"I believe you're right, Alice," says the Success Expert, getting up. "Pardon me, while I run back and see Lily."

"Sure," I says. "Take as long as you like."

Well, the little woman and I hardly had got a start on what looked like a fair-to-middlin' joust, when Sonny Boy is back.

"Listen," he says, in a low tone, "do you see that gentleman at the third table? Well, who do you think he is?" Alex is all a-titter. And the girls are paralyzed with anxiety.

"That is Evers Chance!"

"That's two men," I says. "And Tinker belongs in there some place."

"He's the man in back of the Chance-Jordan Super Productions Company," says Alex, paying me no mind, as they say in Savannah. "I'm going over and talk to him."

Introductions is something that Alex considers excess baggage in a civilized world. In a few ticks of the clock, him and the gloomy Evers Chance is talking like a couple of delegates to an American Legion Convention. By the time the discussion is over the Club Distingué is ready to call it a day. When Alex comes back to our table and while we're waiting for nature's gift to the squawkies the Great Man gives us the low-down on the gloomy producer. Imagine my surprise when the lad announces that he's signed the celluloid magnate up for a fling at one of the Hanley Courses on How to be the Life of the Party.

It seems that Chance is one of the producers of the old school which went into the art of the silents on a huge scale and finds themselves on the rocks with the invention of the noisies. In fact, the great showman is losing money on his silent productions to the extent that he has mazuma left that will just produce one more picture and if that don't click, the well-known wolf will have pups in the kitchen of the Chance hut.

Set-ups like that are dead combinations for the cue of Alex Hanley. It looks like our Lily is due for her bedlam début and Evers Chance is about to get a consignment of Hanley's Horsefeathers.

I spend ten awful days watching the Wildcats do everything on the diamond but play baseball. My boys muff balls that would be a cinch for Grandma's lap and strike at things they don't even see. I rave and tear my hair and they listen. And go right out and do it all over again. The slaps we'd got from Miss Fortune has took all the pep out of them. And me—well, subscribers, no head of hair will last a season of tearing, so I calm down and watch the ship go down. The last day of the season, we have no game. I've swallowed our fourth place wind-up and, wanting something to do, I go to Albemarle Park with the home folks.

WHILE the Wildcats has been falling, Alex has been fixing. On the way to the track in the family bus he sandwiches the status quo of things between bits of self-approval. I wouldn't be surprised if that guy sent himself mash notes.

"It's absolutely imperative to our plans that King win this race against his brother. "I've got the story all ready to be splurged by the papers. The story of how he wins over his brother after the years of giving in to him. Why, in twenty-four hours the name of Willie King will be known from coast to coast."

"You didn't buy a news service agency, did you?" I asks, timidly.

"No," says old Personality Plus, "but I've seen the newspaper boys and they have assured me that it will be a real feature sure to reach at least the sporting pages of every worth-while newspaper in the country. The boy's fame will be just what we need to put Chance's new picture over with a bang. Chance has agreed to take my advice if Willie wins."

"What advice?" I asks.

"That he produce a super musical extravaganza built around a boy with a natural aptitude for horses and the daughter of a rich stable owner. Willie will be the hero and our own Lily the heroine. The picture will be a talkie epic—ten theme songs instead of one, ten jazz orchestras instead of one—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupts. "I thought this King person was a jockey?"

"He is," smiles Alex, "but you ought to hear him sing tenor!"

And there I was, friends of Radioland, floored again!

"Alex," pipes Lily, "you're an old dear. When I meet a man like you, I'll lead him right to the altar."

"Lily's in all the big night club scenes as the singing lead," says my halter.

"Who wrote the story?" I asks, wondering if the better movie people had given that practice up. "Or is Alex going to make it up as he goes along?"

"I've got most of it in my mind now," says the Bright Boy. "Say, Joe, that's the second parking place you've missed."

"Keep on countin' 'em," I snarls. "I'm too busy finding 'em."

Finally I anchor the bolt-flinger about a quarter of a mile from the stands. We walk back to the tune of "Great Grief! Why not leave the bus at home?"

The stands is packed for the classic of King *vs.* King. Everybody is telling everybody else about the two brothers. That and the fact that this is the gem of the meet makes high excitement. Little Joe joins in.

Horse racing used to be my weakness before I got responsibilities and took

(*Continued on page 70*)

Here's where the Money went

1st Award—$1,000 to M. J. Whitmar

Mr. Whitmar is twenty-three. In the course of his career he has found time to be: soda jerker, office boy, shipping clerk, ledger clerk, circus banner man, and bookkeeper. At present he is employed as a sales analyst by a Cincinnati public utility.

He was born near Jackson, Ohio, and spent his first six years in visiting some thirteen states. At the University of Cincinnati he took a course in commercial engineering. He is married and lives at 460 Lloyd Place, Cincinnati.

2d Award—$500 to Jean Liebeler

Mrs. Liebeler graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1922. She is twenty-nine years old and has three children—two girls and a boy. At present she is employed in the membership department of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

3d Award—$300 to H. F. Ellis

Mr. Ellis was born twenty-nine years ago in Norfolk, Nebraska. He is a commercial artist and has lived in Montana, Washington and California. He is married and lives at present in Spokane, Washington. His favorite pastimes are reading and radio.

4th Award—$200 to Leo Cosby

Mr. Cosby is thirty-eight. He was born in Kentucky and did newspaper work there. Then he drifted West, served as justice of the peace in Arizona, was cashier of the Bank of Gilbert, practiced law, married, edited the Santa Cruz Patagonian and finally settled in Pasadena. He is employed by a moving picture company.

And Ten Awards of $50 each to—

A. F. Timme

Mr. Timme, fifty-two, lives in Milwaukee and was president of that town's baseball club in 1913-1918.

Herbert Jeffries

Mr. Jeffries lives in Cincinnati, is twenty-four, married and employed as a bank clerk.

Charles Russell Clausen

of Lansing, Michigan, claims to be "an ordinary duck figuring costs for motor wheels." He is thirty, married and has one son.

C. J. Lynch

Mr. Lynch is an attorney in Flint, Michigan. He is thirty-two years old and married.

Fred Price

Mr. Price served in the navy during the war. He is thirty-four and is postmaster in Gurdon, Arkansas.

Edna Botsford

Miss Botsford is a music teacher of Syracuse, New York. She is twenty-seven and a graduate of Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Marion Blackstock Hoag

Mrs. Hoag is twenty-six years old. She lives in Rochester, New York.

A. M. Sedgwick

Lives in Honolulu where he is engaged in advertising. Mr. Sedgwick was born in Peoria, Illinois, in 1901.

Hazel G. Sullivan

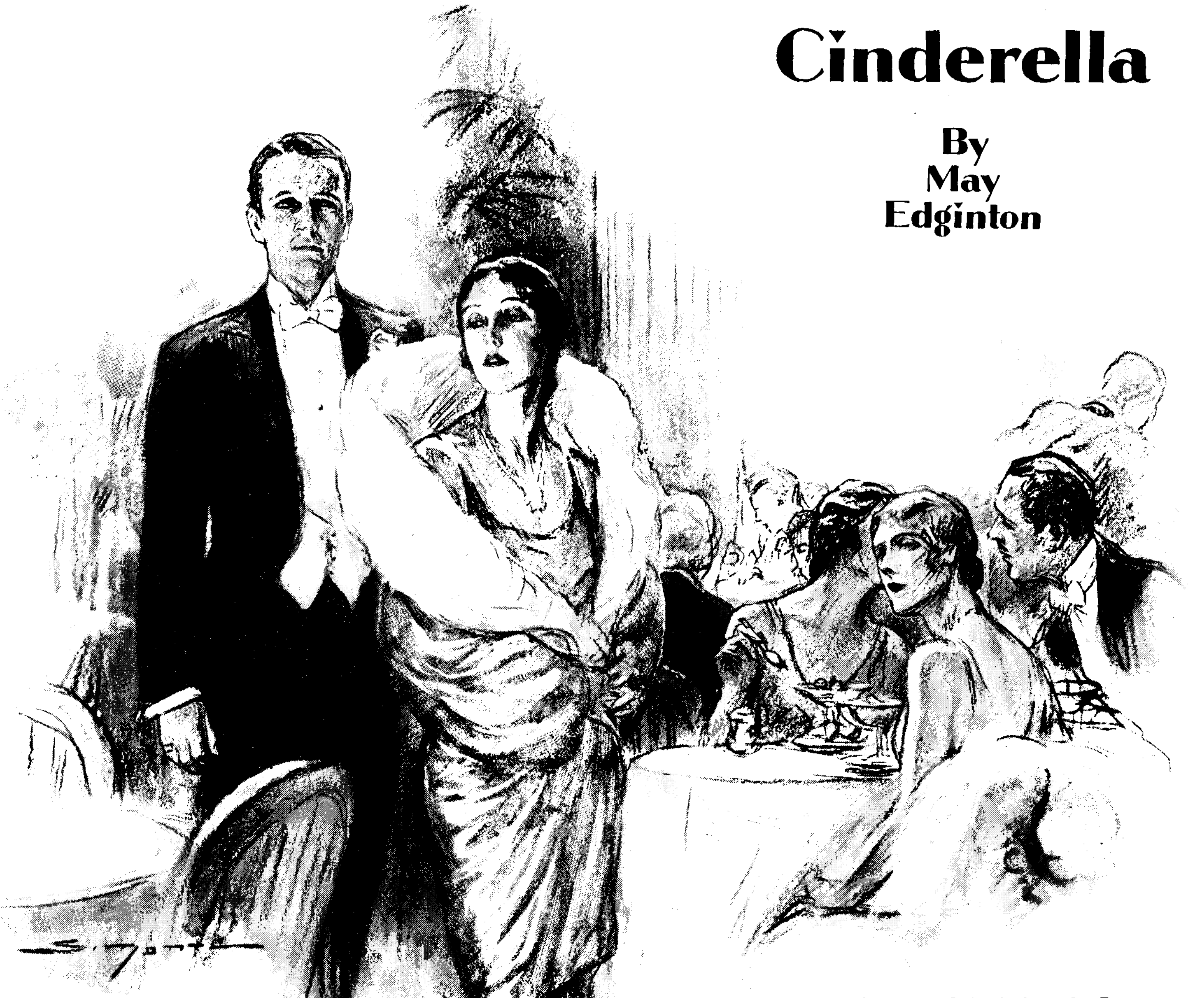
Mrs. Sullivan lives in New Orleans, has one son, and writes articles and verse.

Lee Bostwick

Mr. Bostwick, thirty-six, is sports copy reader on the Oregonian, of Portland.

Reckless Cinderella

By May Edginton



They entered the Ambassador Restaurant. She assimilated its dignity and its amenities with the sharp quickness of a woman on her social guard

The Story Thus Far:

LORD TIMES, a distinguished visitor from England, and Westward, a young New York lawyer, are motoring along the Hudson when a girl hails them. She is young, smartly garbed, beautiful. She asks for a lift to New York.

The two men welcome her. They find her charming. They question her; and, nestled between them in the car, she tells them much concerning herself. They gather that she is wealthy; that she lives in Virginia, *in a lovely old Southern home; that,* although the Poinsetters (wealthy New Yorkers, to whom she is related) are in Florida, she is occupying their palatial Fifth Avenue home. Her name, she informs the two men, is Ray Bowfor. "Spelt the usual way: B-e-a-u-f-o-r-t?" Times asks. "Oh, yes," says Miss *Bowfor.*

It is Sunday. Times is sailing for England on Wednesday. Fascinated by the girl's personality, and anxious to see her again, he invites her to dine with him Tuesday evening. The girl accepts.

At the Poinsetter residence a timid little woman—apparently the only servant—appears. She *is "Darling Aunty" to the girl.* She serves cocktails. After which the two guests, thoroughly charmed by their little hostess, make their departure.

A few minutes later the girl steals out. She goes to the luxurious home of Frank Wittheimer, on East Eightieth street. Oscar, a manservant, admits her. Wittheimer, fat, soft, dissolute, enters. They are alone. He kisses the girl passionately. "How's my sweetheart?" he asks. "Just *won'erful," the girl replies. "And how's* mine?" . . . Cocktails are served. Near by is a wonderful swimming pool. The girl disrobes in a dressing-box, puts on a tiny swimming suit and dives in. Wittheimer watches her. Then they dine together—alone. Presently Wittheimer leans over. "I love you, baby," he whispers.

Heretofore, he has given, given, given—and asked nothing in return. But now—

II

"YOU surprise me!" Ray faltered. She heard a chuckle come from Wittheimer's fat gray face. It was not his usual benevolent chuckle; but derisive, with malice in it.

"Surprise you?" he rumbled. "That's a good one, darling. Yes, that's good. There's not much surprise left in life for a baby like you."

She held the cloak about her. Her head was bowed. Tears were gathering in her eyes. And they were tears for the end of the fun; the end of the swimming, the chocolates, the kind, homely smile of Oscar; the inevitable end of it all. A tear fell. In a moment—he was amazingly quick now; she had never seen him so urgent, so swift—he put a hand under her chin, forcibly lifting it.

"None of that," he said. "Champagne coming out of your eyes! Look at me."

She looked again.

"Well?" he said heavily. "You haven't understood."

"Understood what?"

"Me."

"Oh, yes, my dear, he understands you, Old Tiger does. You love him, eh?"

"No! Not like—like—"

"Like?"

"That."

Wittheimer laughed. "Well, but that's the only way."

"No! No! You must let me go! I'll dress."

"What are you trying to do? Get some diamonds out of me?"

"Oh, you don't understand! You don't believe—"

"Believe what?"

"That I've never—"

"You all say that."

He said this in a soft, definite, impressive voice. Suddenly she had no more words. Of course he thought what he thought. She had always known his thoughts under his contemplative old-man exterior. Only, he was so kind with a girl; so tolerant. He, too, one imagined, muttered: "Life is like that." But his studious patience was not inexhaustible. His judgment and his ultimatum must finally come. These things never went on easily and safely, with all the profits on one side. A girl knew it. There was nothing to whine over. The desolation came in thinking, "Well, all this fun is over." . . . And there were few Old Franks. He was, taking him on the whole, a sweet Old Tiger.

Stubbornly trying to repress her tears and the childish quivers of grief that ran through her, she sprang up and ran like the wind to the dressing-box, leaving him sitting at the table, his eyes following her—screws boring into her back; and his clenched fists lying in front of him among the lovely things of the supper.

SHE shot the bolt again, unnecessarily. She was into her two garments and her silk stockings and high-heeled shoes in the space of one minute. Her sealskin hair was almost dry. On with the little hat! The fur coat reproached her. How kindly he had given it! During the minute she was honestly arguing with herself: "But—couldn't I? I mean, a lot of girls do. It's their own business. It—it—a girl's got to do the best for herself. . . . Oh, God! No! No! Let me get out! I couldn't. . . . *I* . . . *just* . . . *couldn't*."

She walked out, tears dried by her powder puff. He was still sitting in the room beyond. She had to pass him to reach the lift.

"Come here," he said.

SHE came and stood beside him, in excruciating fear. Silly fear—but: "I'm just an innocent fool," she thought, "though I hate to have people know it."

Old Frank looked up at her and spoke still quietly.

"And why not?" he said.

"Why not what?" she answered foolishly with a piteous attempt at hardihood.

"Stay an hour longer? . . . Or . . . and . . . I'll take you down to Miami Beach next week. Meantime you'd be fitting up that little nest."

"Mr. Wittheimer . . ."

"Your Old Tiger . . ."

"T-T-T-Tiger. It's like this. I—I—I can't."

"Playing a younger fellow?" he roared.

She could have fainted with childish terror at the roar of his voice—which she had never heard before—but she continued to look poised and polished and hard.

"No."

"You're lying. You've been getting what you could out of me; and now some other guy has come along; and you like him better; and you can afford to chuck old fool Wittheimer. Eh?"

"No."

"Then . . ."

"It's just . . . I can't. . . . It isn't *me*—that."

"Yes, it's you, all right. Not one of you girls can fool me."

"I like you—I love you—for your kindness—"

"Love me for my kindness, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Wittheimer—Tiger."

She had never seen such an expression of hopeless, helpless derision as lay on his fat gray face. It overrode even his anger and frustration; that deep, sardonic reading of girl-nature as he saw it before him. She quailed, without a sign.

He said suddenly: "You're like 'em all: a little pebble for a heart. You hope to get away a bit longer with it—a bit longer. And you've got a new friend. . . ." He roared again: "Don't say 'no,' you little liar! . . . What's your 'love' worth? Never mind. Never mind. Come to supper Wednesday and we'll say no more about love, maybe. We'll see."

"My nice Old Tiger! My booful striped jungle pet."

"Run for it! Get out! Run!"

SHE ran. Oscar was down with the lift while her finger was still on the button. She ran from the house into the outer air.

Well, she had got away. He was not too terribly angry. It had been—perhaps—a try-out. Just to see if she were that sort of girl. The suppers at the swimming pool were not over yet. She took a taxicab extravagantly to the corner of her street, and then ran again. Tuesday midnight—there were not so many people about on this now cold night; mostly young couples prolonging their "good nights." Some of them called to her as she passed. Tenth Street! Oh squalor! She slipped into the apartment house and up like a hare to her own hall door. She heard a lovelorn wail of music, and looking up the staircase saw Pedro leaning in the doorway of his room above, desultorily fiddling.

He made no sign, only stared down at her with his iniquitous black eyes. She put her key in the lock as quietly as might be, and got to her own slip of a bedroom past the voices behind a closed door, past the shriek of the discordant family phonograph; past everything. . . . No, not past everything. Barely had she shut her door when it flung open again, and Rose was upon her, mauling her, shaking her, banging her, all unprepared as she was, against the iron bedstead rail, against the wall, against anything, screaming like a cat.

"You went out in my dress, you devil. You went and took my dress to go and put it over that ole boob of yours! There ain't no one gonner get away with my new dress! Been telling your tales, all about Blue Ridge mountains and ole Virginia home, I'll bet. You and your Mrs. Vanderbilt accent! My God, I'll just murder you for this—" Shake—shake—shake! and they were fighting like young wildcats.

The door banged open again right against them. A cane whistled and sang indiscriminately about their wrestling bodies. They fell apart. A stout woman fell back, too, against the door, the cane dropping in her hand.

"Land's sake! You two toughs! Break away! If I hadn't 'a' come in to you, it would 'a' been your pop, and then who knows?" said their mother.

LOVE and pity were so strange. You could not hate someone very much, a girl like yourself, soft flesh, and eager desires, and mournful feelings, even though you two had fought like mad animals but a short half hour before. It was not so much a particularized love for Rose—because Rose was not easy to love in particular; so queer she was, even her good moods streaked so disillusioningly, so coarsely, with veins of rancor, cunning, unkindness—as a love for the world, the suffering, enjoying, pleasure-mad world to which one was so intimately akin. This love suffused Ray as Rose and she lay on her narrow bed after the parents were asleep in their own room—whispering, confiding.

They had not undressed, for there were great things afoot. Rose and Pedro! A whole drama was happening this very night. "I was all packed except for the dress you took. 'N' I said to Pedro: 'Naw; I'm gonna wait for that dress.' You *know*, Ray, it's the swellest thing I ever had, or you neither, or you wouldn't 'a' borrowed it. We'd 'a' been gone now if it wasn't for my dress. We'd 'a' gone when Mum and Pop went out to see the O'Sheas. Now, it's when they're asleep we've got our chance. Our steamer reservation's made 'n' everything! Tomorrow! Oh, my land! I hardly know how to wait!"

"Tomorrow, Rose! It's morning now. It's today!"

Rose slid silently from the bed, stood in her stockinged feet, did two high kicks with sheer vigor of joy. "Pedro will be in the hall. Fancy him getting us a dancing engagement together in Nice, Europe! Ain't he cute! Oh, I tell you, Ray, you don't half know my sweet boy!"

"When'll you be married?"

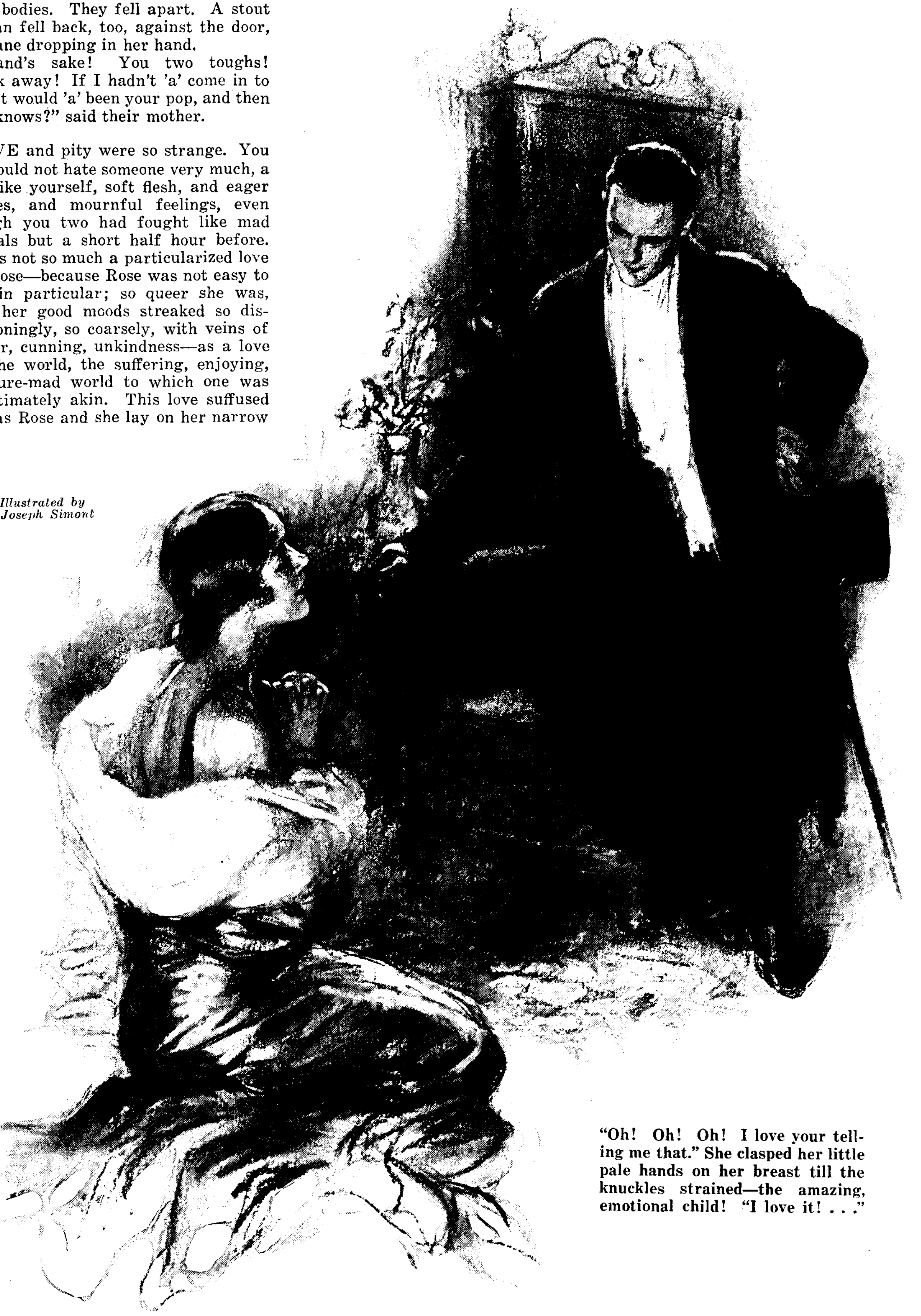
"Ah! I haven't told you!" a gasp of sheer, overwhelming emotion. "We was married this morning."

Ray got off the bed, also silent-footed in her stockings, and embraced Rose. She kissed her tearfully, the years of queer sisterly hostility forgotten.

"Oh, and you've no trousseau!"

"That's why I was so mad with you for taking the dress."

(*Continued on page 66*)



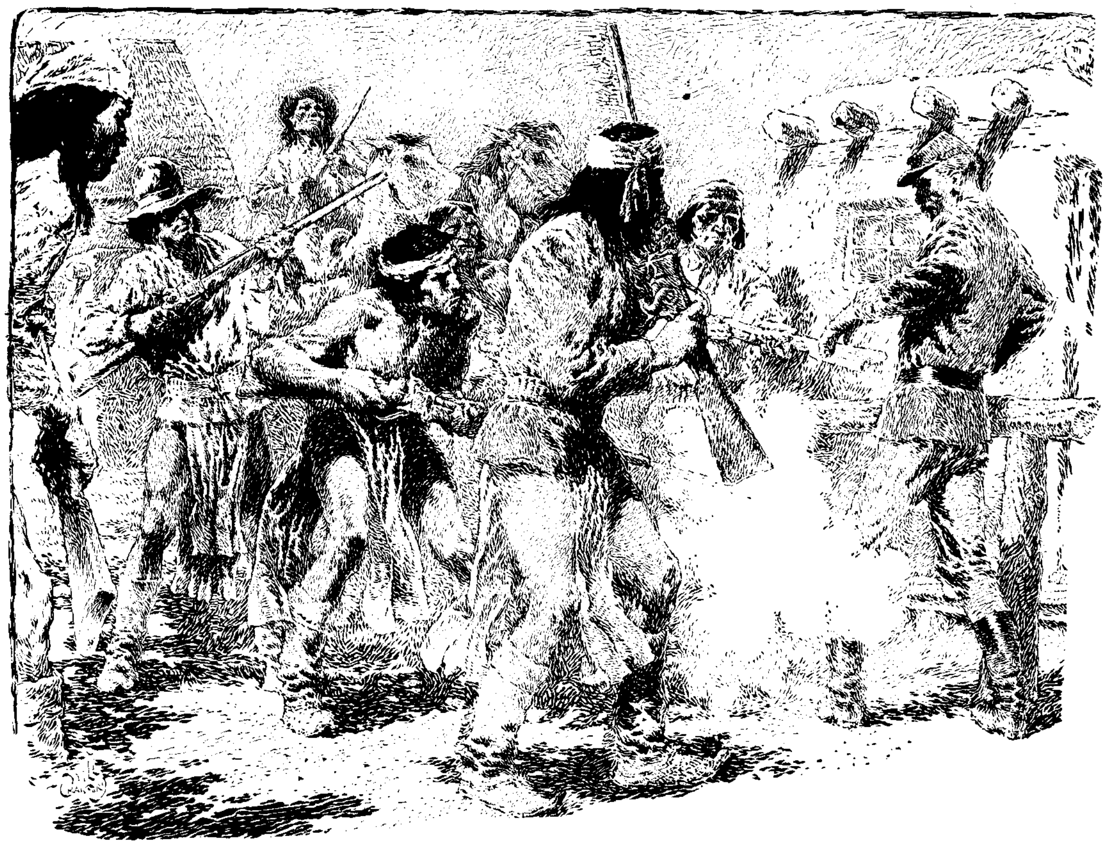
Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I love your telling me that." She clasped her little pale hands on her breast till the knuckles strained—the amazing, emotional child! "I love it! . . ."

The Apache Kid

By Owen P. White

It put a lasting glow in the Indian, did that *tezwino*. So lasting, indeed, that for years after he had imbibed of it and reached for his knife he was one of the baddest "bad men" in Arizona; swooping down on a village and carrying off a squaw now and then, stealing, killing and jeering at the cavalry, the scouts and the enraged citizenry who wanted to give him a military funeral



They paused, and one of them busted the chief scout's leg with a bullet

According to whether he made his home hooch out of barley or just plain, old-fashioned corn, the old-time Arizona Apache used to call the decoction *tulpi*, or *tezwino*. However, the name didn't matter; it was the kick that counted; and in direct proportion to the amount he inhaled the noble red man became either happy and affectionate, and remained at home to enjoy life with his squaws, or else got bloodthirsty and belligerent, and went forth to raise hell and hair all over the reservation.

Sometimes, also, he varied the dose by mixing with it a violent juice extracted from a harmless-looking little cactus plant called the peyote. When he did this he meant business. He was not then, as you might say, bent on merely irritating his innards. No, sir! What the noble red man went after when he poured this peyote juice into his other poison was a real state of Nirvana.

He would attain that happy condition in the following manner:

For twenty-four hours preceding the ceremony he would religiously abstain from food, and then, with nothing in the way to obstruct or hinder the operations of his liquor, he would set to work conscientiously to construct a jag. At the end of three days and nights of steady, consecutive drinking he would have a beaut; and right there, at this high point of bibulous achievement, he would remain for a week.

Against the White Man's Law

Naturally, ever since the white man invaded Arizona, and cast the blight of civilization over the land, this happy, primitive custom of the aboriginal Indian has been against the law. For years the manufacture of this desirable and highly potent beverage (and the writer speaks of its potency with a respectful reverence born of experience) has been frowned upon and discouraged by the military authorities in charge of the Indian Reservations, and so—

It was a nice, hot afternoon in the summer of 1888, and the Apache Kid, appropriately clothed in practically nothing at all, except his authority as top sergeant of scouts, lolled lazily in front of the Agency Building on the San Carlos Reservation. Al Sieber, chief of scouts, was away for a week; the Kid was in charge of the detachment, and there was nothing to do. Being an Apache aristocrat, that part of it suited him exactly. He didn't want to do anything; that is, anything that resembled work. If any other kind of activity came his way, that would be different.

The Kid looked idly out at the heat waves rising from the floor of the desert far below him; he noted the westward progress of a distant whirlwind; he felt a craving for a little food, and decided that he would go over and interview his squaw about it. He rose, yawned, stretched luxuriously, and suddenly, in the next instant, he straightened up with a snap and became an alert, tense, interested savage. Around the corner of the building had come another Apache, and now, not five feet away, he stood and faced the Kid. The newcomer's eyes were glassy, his legs were far apart, his body waved unsteadily to and fro; and on his breath, as it was wafted in the Kid's direction by the warm Arizona breeze, there was a distinct, a tantalizing, inviting and illegal perfume.

"Huh! *Tezwino!* Where you get him?" grunted the Apache Kid.

The other Indian waggled an unsteady hand in the general direction of some mountain peaks eight or ten miles away and murmured a reply in his native tongue.

"Who make him?" The Kid approached closer and sniffed appraisingly.

Again there was a reply, and at once the Kid became all action. Within three minutes he had done a lot of things. He had thrown the intoxicated informer into the guardhouse; had assembled his detachment of six or seven native scouts; had had them round up their horses; had kicked his then squaw an affectionate good-by; and, off at a run, he had headed for the hills.

What the Kid and his men found at the end of a ten-mile ride suited them exactly. Up there on the Gila an old Indian, known as Rip, was acting as host to as fine a *tezwino* party as had ever been pulled in Arizona. For two days the drinking had been in progress, and therefore the merrymakers already had a forty-eight-hour start on the Kid and his gang. As an enforcement officer, however, the young sergeant knew his duty. The regulations required that all *tezwino* be immediately and permanently disposed of as soon as discovered; and hence, in compliance with the rule, the Kid ordered his men to slack up their gee strings and get busy. They did. With the Kid as their leader they literally flew at the *tezwino;* they attacked it from all angles, they gulped it down in copious gourdfuls, and in less than twelve hours they had caught up with the rest of the bunch.

A Deplorable Incident

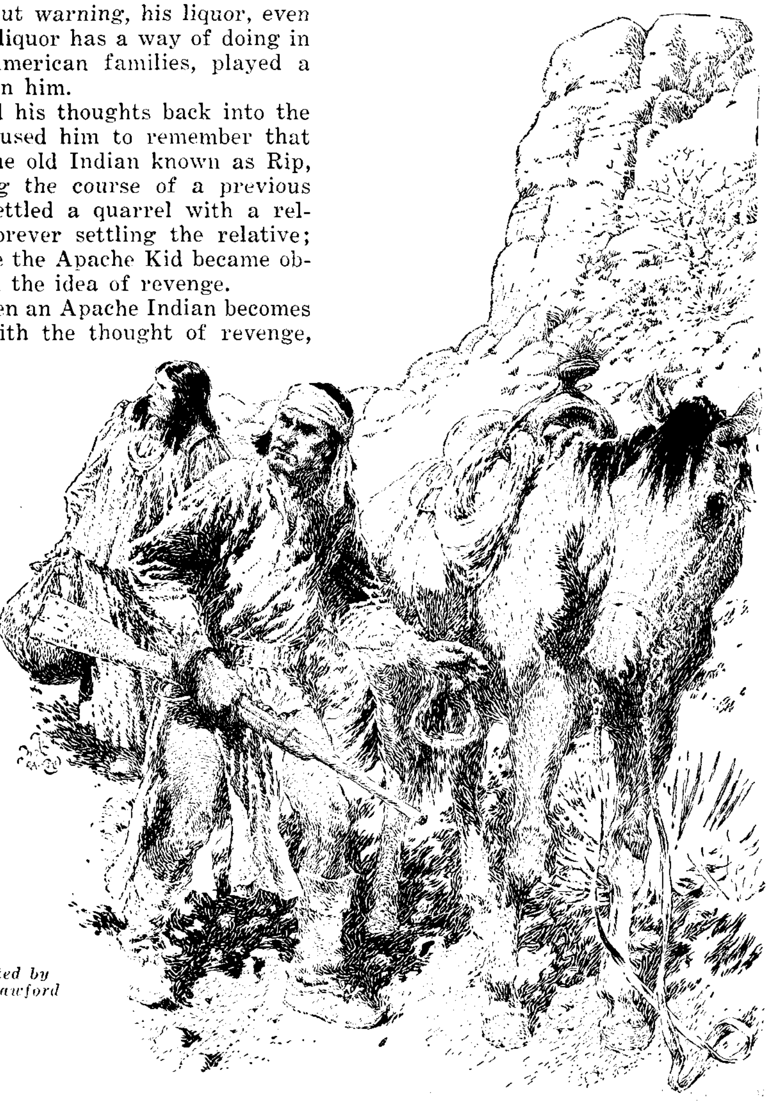
But for a man like the Apache Kid, one in authority who wore his sergeant's chevrons painted on his arm, there was no satisfaction in merely catching up. He had to lead. He did. He drank his way far out to the front; and then, quite without warning, his liquor, even as modern liquor has a way of doing in the best American families, played a low trick on him.

It turned his thoughts back into the past; it caused him to remember that his host, the old Indian known as Rip, had, during the course of a previous debauch, settled a quarrel with a relative by forever settling the relative; and at once the Apache Kid became obsessed with the idea of revenge.

Now, when an Apache Indian becomes obsessed with the thought of revenge, the next thing to do is to go out immediately and buy a coffin for somebody; because somebody is soon going to need it. In this case it was old Rip. Without creating any undue disturbance the Kid merely slipped a knife in between a couple of the old man's ribs, gave it a twist or two to make sure, and withdrew the blade. As he did so the spirit of the ancient Indian went sailing serenely off to the happy hunting grounds while the remainder of the Apaches went on steadily drinking up his *tezwino.*

A hazy week drifted happily by; the *tezwino* was gone, all of it; and the Kid, therefore, with his duty well done, led his victorious but unsteady detachment back to the agency, where he was at once confronted by Al Sieber, who, being a hard, hard *hombre*, ordered the entire gang to throw down their arms, do an about face, and head for the guardhouse. They obeyed, but not immediately. They paused for a moment,

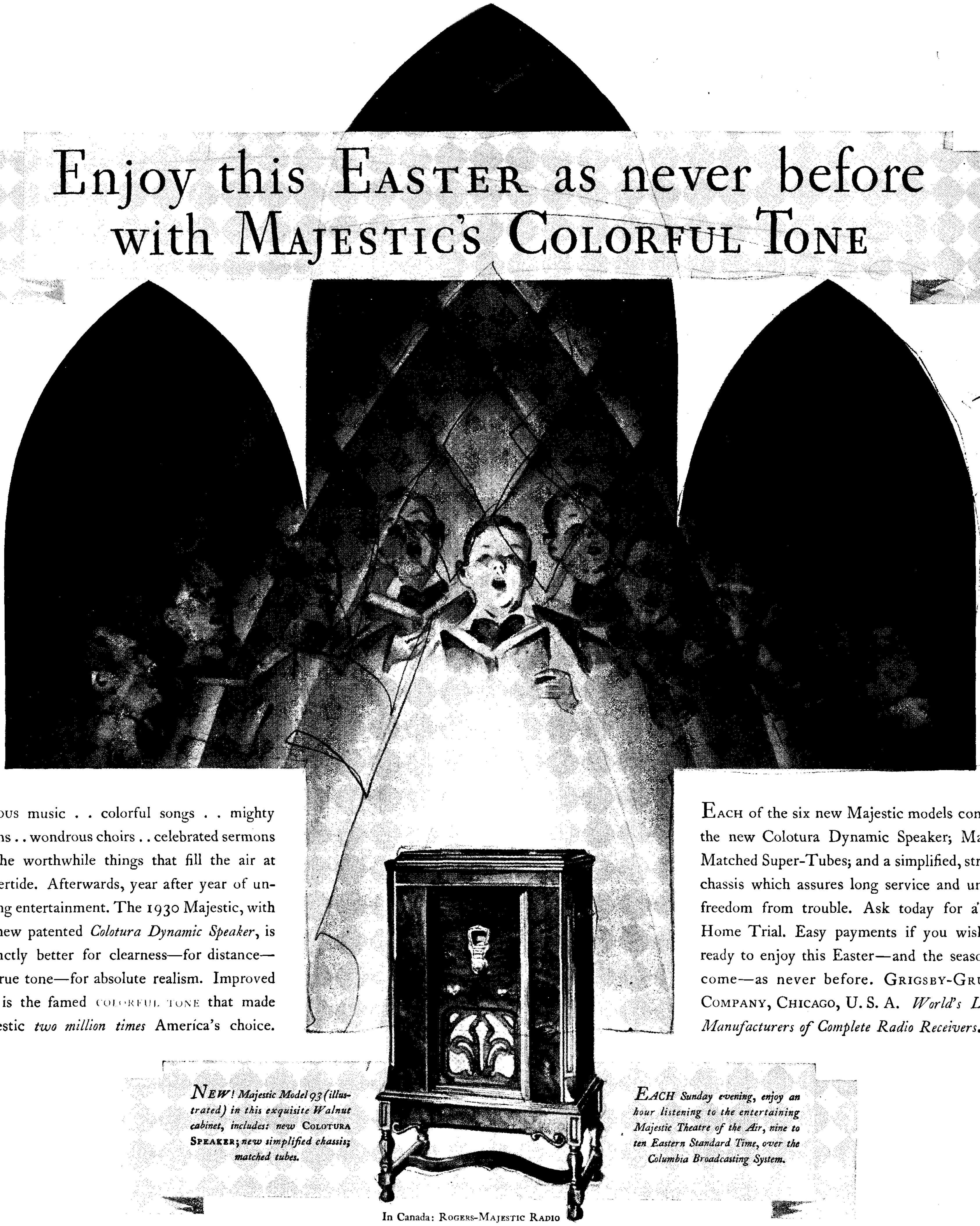
(*Continued on page 61*)



Illustrated by Will Crawford

The Kid eluded Arizona's most skilled man-hunters

Enjoy this EASTER as never before with MAJESTIC'S COLORFUL TONE



JOYOUS music . . colorful songs . . mighty organs . . wondrous choirs . . celebrated sermons . . the worthwhile things that fill the air at Eastertide. Afterwards, year after year of unending entertainment. The 1930 Majestic, with the new patented *Colotura Dynamic Speaker*, is distinctly better for clearness—for distance—for true tone—for absolute realism. Improved also is the famed COLORFUL TONE that made Majestic *two million times* America's choice.

EACH of the six new Majestic models contains: the new Colotura Dynamic Speaker; Majestic Matched Super-Tubes; and a simplified, stronger chassis which assures long service and unusual freedom from trouble. Ask today for a Free Home Trial. Easy payments if you wish. Be ready to enjoy this Easter—and the seasons to come—as never before. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers.*

NEW! Majestic Model 93 (illustrated) in this exquisite Walnut cabinet, includes: new COLOTURA SPEAKER; *new simplified chassis; matched tubes.*

EACH Sunday evening, enjoy an hour listening to the entertaining Majestic Theatre of the Air, nine to ten Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

In Canada: ROGERS-MAJESTIC RADIO
Prices slightly higher

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Dill's Best is America's Best

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NO STEMS IN DILL'S — ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

Dill's Best (rubbed or sliced) is sold almost everywhere in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. And in vacuum-pack tins, pounds or half-pounds, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice.

A NOTE of pride creeps into the voice of many a pipe smoker when he tells how he first heard that Dill's Best is America's Best. *His father told him!* And years before that, his own father had received the friendly tip from *his* father. From friend to friend, from father to son—through three generations—the word has been passed along that Dill's Best is America's Best.

There are *no stems*, disguised or otherwise, in Dill's. Nature stores the real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender blades of the leaf—not in the *stem.* Therefore, only the tender blades of superior quality tobacco leaf are used in making this clean, dust-free natural-tasting tobacco that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

For real pipe smoking enjoyment, try Dill's Best. Smoke pipeful after pipeful . . . all the way to the bottom . . . *and you'll find the bowl remains dry and sweet.* Dill's Best costs only 15¢—and almost all dealers sell it. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best

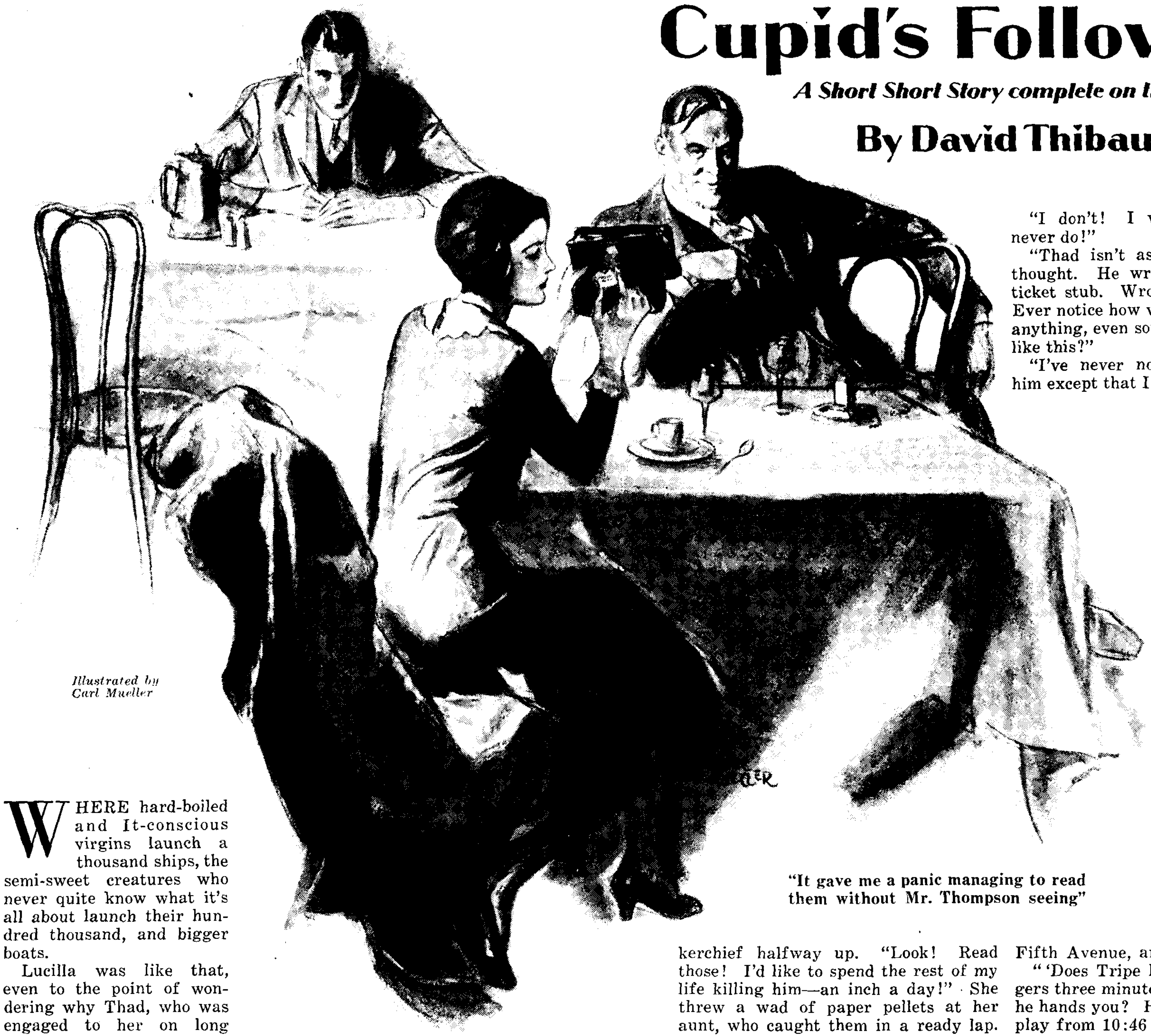
TOBACCO

OLDEST BRAND — ESTABLISHED 1848

Cupid's Follow-up

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By David Thibault



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"It gave me a panic managing to read them without Mr. Thompson seeing"

WHERE hard-boiled and It-conscious virgins launch a thousand ships, the semi-sweet creatures who never quite know what it's all about launch their hundred thousand, and bigger boats.

Lucilla was like that, even to the point of wondering why Thad, who was engaged to her on long terms, objected to her dates with other men. Thad was picturesquely jealous, which was the more unreasonable because Lucilla's was a strictly sterile-gauze, low-heeled outlook upon life. "Deep breathing can sublimate one's emotions if one gives it a chance," she would tell Thad when he had lashed her to daring by stroking the back of her hand, which she permitted on alternate Wednesdays. She always gave it a chance.

The climax came when Lucilla went out with an old and valued friend from Cleveland, Ohio. The type has given unnecessary trouble since creation.

"Don't be foolish, Thad; Mr. Thompson is just passing through New York, and may never come again." Lucilla lived with a widowed aunt on Eighth Avenue in a studio apartment that, besides being too close to the "L," had a fireplace in the living-room. Thad threw his cigarette out of the window of this living-room and violently hoped it would ignite an awning below.

"If you go out with that dirigible hippopotamus from the presidential belt—"

"Don't be vulgar. Mr. Thompson is an old and valued friend. I wish you could go along and convince yourself that he is nothing more."

"Go along with *that!*"

"Thad, there are certain social obligations—"

Thad, like most men of acumen, had noticed that a girl's bitterest social obligations always lead her into the martyrdom of having a darned good time.

"I *will* go along!" he announced with inscrutable calm.

"Don't be ridiculous, Thad. I've promised the evening to Mr. Thompson." Lucilla was fairly Thad-wise; but when he left she felt the air more than usually heavy with pre-tornado potentialities and remembered that he had not struggled to kiss her hand.

She was not so surprised then, when a shadowy figure fell in behind herself and Mr. Thompson of Cleveland, Ohio, as they left her aunt's for Washington Square and the Fifth Avenue Busses.

"I WANT to kill him!"

Fortunately nothing startled Aunt Gloria; not even homicidal desires uttered through tears at one-fifteen by such a girl as Lucilla. "Leave him for dyspepsia," she suggested. "Most of those Middle-Westerners die that way. He will. He looked it. Big, fine, full-blooded man. Do anything besides try to kiss you?"

"*Big?* I mean that contemptible—that loathsome, disgusting—that, that—"

"Oh. That boy you're in love with. Thad."

"You know what he *did?*"

"Well—" Aunt Gloria pursed her withered lips to cancel the hungry hope for piquancy which dawned for an instant in her eyes.

"He followed us! Every single step of the way, and threw notes. I wish I could kill him!" Lucilla jerked open her handbag, but the tears met her handkerchief halfway up. "Look! Read those! I'd like to spend the rest of my life killing him—an inch a day!" She threw a wad of paper pellets at her aunt, who caught them in a ready lap. The mass was made up of many colors and qualities of paper scraps, red, green, blue and white. Aunt Gloria recognized the corners of menus, a theater check, and the red wrappers of chewing gum. She smoothed out the bits, and found penciled words on each. "Can't you tell that Quaking Mass to turn your elbow loose?" ran a cryptic line.

"That was the first one—on the bus," moaned Lucilla. "That green corner off the menu is next. He pitched it in my lap at Pallatie's! I wish I could kill him—some way *slow*. It gave me a panic managing to read them without Mr. Thompson seeing."

Aunt Gloria read slowly, "'I get the eye play over the top of the menu. That was the way you hooked me in 1928.'"

"Don't read them aloud!"

"All right," agreed the old lady, raising her voice only a little. "'If you'—this is on a gum wrapper. 'If you give Pork just one more languishing glance like that one you spilled from 8:19 to 8:23 there will be no marriage in 1932.'"

"My only wish on earth is to kill him, Aunt Gloria!"

"This one's on green pasteboard. He says—"

"That's what's left of a hat check from Pallatie's. Oh, I wish I could k—"

"'Why don't you undo your lips? They quit smiling sometimes, even in Cleveland. Haven't I told you about wearing that silly smirk when you're with men, Lou? They don't like it after the first five minutes.'"

"I don't! I wasn't! I didn't! I never do!"

"Thad isn't as mealy-mouthed as I thought. He wrote this on a theater ticket stub. Wrote it fine. But plain. Ever notice how well he writes or draws anything, even something little and silly like this?"

"I've never noticed anything about him except that I want to kill him!"

"He says, 'I saw your knee touch that hunk of crystallized garbage.' What hunk of crystallized garbage does Thad mean, Lou?"

"Mr. Thompson."

"Oh. And here Thad got hold of some white paper at last. It's a lot easier on eyes as old as mine. 'From 10:17 to—'"

"That was coming back on the bus. Can't you tell me some way I can torture him for the rest of his life?"

"'From 10:17 to 10:26 Buzzard has had his shoulder jammed against yours. Hope you like that kind of thing.' And here's one on a kind of brindle pasteboard."

"Menu. We got something to drink in a drug store on Fifth Avenue, and—"

"'Does Tripe have to touch your fingers three minutes for every soda straw he hands you? Have watched the whole play from 10:46 to 10:49.' I never noticed Thad carried a watch, Lou."

"If there was just some way I could—"

"Here's another on the same kind of paper. Didn't the druggist say anything to Thad about tearing up his menu cards? 'Baboon—'"

"*Don't* read that one aloud!"

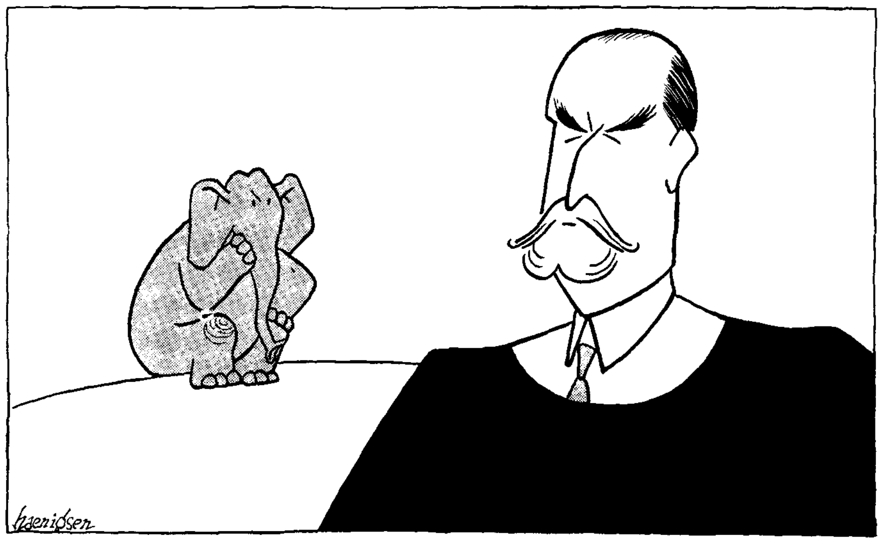
"HUSH! How on earth can you hear what it says if you keep talking? 'Baboon is trying to arouse you by expanding his chest. Been at it since 10:56.' They didn't know that one when I was a girl. This last note is on a red gum wrapper again. 'I saw the Mountain of Goo concentrating his gaze in your left eye from 11:33 to 11:37. If he paws you in the hall at leaving, I'm *through.*'"

"Aunt Gloria, I'll *die* if you don't tell me how to get even with that low, con—"

"—temptible. I know. You need some new words, Lou." The old woman gazed thoughtfully into the empty fireplace. Lucilla lowered her handkerchief farther from her reddened nose than it had been for fifteen minutes.

"Aunty," Lucilla's voice was winning back to normal, "you look like Cinderella's godmother, sitting there by the fireplace with that shawl on. Or the Good Fairy in that other story that always gave the little girl her wish."

"Keep 'em," muttered Aunt Gloria, carefully handing to Lucilla Thad's pied notes. "Keep 'em and read every last one of 'em over to him on every wedding anniversary. Not many women start with a dowry like that!"



Pride of the Party

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Republican party has put upon the Supreme Court bench as Chief Justice its most able advocate in the person of Charles E. Hughes. I was discussing him once with a distinguished jurist. "You know," he remarked, "there is such a thing as the lawyer who is the paid advocate par excellence."

Then quickly correcting himself, he said, "Of course I don't mean you to apply that literally to Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes is very voluble, very persuasive, and puts a lot of dominating force into his advocacy. But there is a distinction which I am trying to indicate between the man who has a profound knowledge of the law, who loves the law, who reaches down into its philosophy, and the man who has a great gift for presenting his side of a case to a court. And it is the latter talent which distinguishes Mr. Hughes, perhaps above any other man in the country."

His talent as an advocate has been abundantly recognized. He has figured in more great cases, had more large retainers, than any other lawyer in the country.

Mr. Hughes started out in life as the son of a Baptist preacher, with a large equipment of moral fervor, and somehow he has been able to inject that moral fervor into his advocacy of causes, to identify his case with the case of the Lord. That is one of the things that has roused antagonism to him among the politicians. He has always acted as if he got his reasons for his position on any public question from the top of Mount Sinai.

The politicians were conscious that they got theirs from expediency or from their own pockets. They are suspicious of opinions from Mount Sinai. They distrust moral fervor.

If Mr. Hughes could have laughed a little behind his hand at the civic virtue that animated him they would have liked him better. So, though Mr. Hughes has never differed from his party but once in all the years since he was nominated for the Presidency, the Republicans have never liked him or trusted him.

Exciting the Elephant

The most ardent partisan of them all, he always seemed to them tinged with the heresy of nonpartisanship. They could not identify high morality with themselves. They were uncomfortable in its presence.

The one occasion when he differed from his party was when, in company with a number of other distinguished citizens, he committed himself to the League of Nations. This was before his party had become definitely opposed to Mr. Wilson's league. He readjusted his position afterwards, but the party regulars never forgave him. They thought this doctrine really came from Mount Sinai.

The antagonisms of the league struggle found their echo in the fight over Mr. Hughes' confirmation for the Chief Justiceship. Those and other antagonisms—for Mr. Hughes, like the confident, superior person he is, has always aroused antagonisms. He humiliated Senator Borah when Senator Borah was trying to have a commission appointed to deal with relations with Russia by sending Russia a sharp, almost insulting, reply to its communication. Senator Borah does not cherish resentments but he will never forgive Chief Justice Hughes.

His Court Record

In the Senate struggle people turned back to the time when he was a liberal governor of New York to find the real Mr. Hughes beneath the great attorney.

It was a time when party organization seemed likely to be swept into the discard. There was a revolt against bosses and boss-controlled parties. Liberalism was at its apex and Governor Hughes was its advocate. He undertook the case for putting the people into power. His name was linked with that of La Follette. His subsequent history suggests that, like a good advocate, he was open to subsequent clients.

He has the air of a great man. No more distinguished-looking figure is to be seen in Washington than the new Chief Justice. His manner before the Supreme Court as attorney—he appeared before it more often than anybody else—was that of a man who could command attention. He has the great man's impatience of opposition, and a contempt for other men's mental operations. His method has never been conciliatory.

So the Republican party, which just now has a great many enemies within its fold and outside, has put its most powerful spokesman at the head of the Supreme Court. No more political appointment to that high place has ever been made. He is a hard fighter as an advocate and has left many wounds.

He provokes controversy, as the sudden flaming up of opposition to his confirmation by the Senate showed. If the country turns liberal, as recent developments seem to promise, and if the Supreme Court is once more subject to attack as it was in the days when Roosevelt proposed the popular recall of judicial decisions, the attack on it will be all the sharper because of the new Chief Justice.

Girl About Town

Continued from page 19

"But I couldn't do that, Bud. A fellow can't run out on a girl he's agreed to marry."

George ran out on his business the next day. As he sat at breakfast with that unsympathetic Clinton and beheld in two papers a picture of himself and an unfortunately adorable Beth entitled, "Mr. George Preston and his prospective bride, Miss Janet Freeland, leaving the City Hall marriage license bureau," he seriously considered running out of town. He cursed news photographers. He cursed his luck. He knew what capital his waggish friends would make of the circumstance and when the gleeful telephone calls began to pour in he discovered that the loveliness of a certain little Beth Starr was not unknown and unrecognized. If only there had been no photographers! If only Janet had waited a day to send in the announcement. "Now listen here, Bud—what'll I do?"

"Well, let's see," mused Bud, enumerating on his fingers annoyingly. "There's the East River, of course. Unless that idea appeals to you, you can only go over and explain to Janet and marry her as quietly and quickly and serenely as possible."

"Will you please go to blazes?" said George. "Spratt, bring my hat and coat. I can't stand this fellow any longer. If I've got to marry Janet, I will—but I don't have to sit here watching a false friend grin about it." He stopped with a new thought. "Maybe Janet won't have me now that this has happened. She hates publicity. She may say: 'George, begone and never let me see your face again.' "

Bud's laughter followed him out to the elevator. "And she may say she understands you as no one else could, and that all is forgiven."

Janet said neither thing. She received George in her boudoir. "Sit down by my feet," she said, "and tell me how this stupid thing happened."

"Just an impulse, my dear," concluded George when he'd told his story and put Bud Clinton in as evil a light as possible. "Why, I never even met the girl until yesterday." He paused, wondering if that were possible. "Of course, she's pretty but can you think of anything that could possibly come between us, Janet?"

"Not a thing," said Janet wearily. "Please sit down and be quiet, George. You seem rather strenuous today, almost healthy—"

"Healthy? My dear girl, I am on the verge of collapse. I was really on my way to the doctor when I came here. I suppose we could get this marriage over with tomorrow as well as today, don't you?"

"Oh, any day," she said. "How about Friday—at four-thirty?"

SOMETHING about that four-thirty troubled George as he departed. It seemed so unpleasantly definite, almost as if Janet took the thing for granted.

If he could have seen the spark in her eye, the feather-scattering leap with which she left her chaise longue and seized her telephone, and heard the iron command in her call for her maid and her clothes, he would have been more than troubled. He would have been terrified. Bud Clinton's East River suggestion would have looked pretty good.

With businesslike dispatch Janet telephoned three clubs and a well-known Fifty-third Street speakeasy and in the last she got Mr. Clinton on the wire. "Bud? This is Janet Freeland. I want to talk to you about something important—if anything is. I've just about strength enough to last until you get here. So hurry. . . . All right then, I'll be there. I'll be there in ten minutes."

Well, she was there in thirty minutes, very smart, very bored, quite attractive in all her weariness. She was admitted, and Bud Clinton met her.

"Sit here in the corner, Janet," he said. "You do look weak. Better take a brandy. What's it all about?"

The first touch of brandy seemed to restore Janet. Something did, anyway. "It's about us, we three, you and I and George. Or I might say we four, including this other girl, this little model. Oh, you can't fool me about her, Bud. I have my sources of information and I know that you were gone on her before George ever saw her, although you were too wise ever to consider marrying her. George isn't. He's just the sort of Don Quixote she's been looking for. But she won't get away with it—or if she does, it will be over my dead body."

BUD warned her: "Beth has a way of getting what she wants, Janet. And she's started out as though she might want George. Of course if he marries you tomorrow, that ends it."

"He has no idea of marrying me tomorrow, or any other day," said Janet. "He'd break a leg first. Our marriage is my idea. We're ideally suited, George and I. Neither of us has enough energy left to marry anybody else and both of us ought to marry somebody. But we've got to get this impossible girl out of his head first. For his own good, you as his friend, I as his fiancée. My little plan will fix it up and the end will justify the means. George gets me. I get a good, peaceful match; you get your little sweetheart back again."

"It sounds promising. What's the plan? Whom do I murder?"

"You murder your conscience for the moment—if you're childish enough to retain one. I've got it all figured out and, George being what he is and you doing exactly as I say, it will work. Forrest De Vore will lend you his studio if I telegraph him and my own maid will give me all the things I need. Now let that brandy alone and listen—"

Their voices dropped, Bud's objections, Janet's long explanations. The log in the fireplace collapsed into glowing wood coals. It was somehow five o'clock.

Better things were afoot at five o'clock, more amusing things than plots, granted that such a glib, vicious little plot could be amusing at all. At five o'clock, Beth, standing on the end of a springboard, was saying: "And this is a back dive. See? You stand right on the tip of your toes. Are you watching, George?"

Was George Peabody Preston watching? He was. He was so busy watching that he was almost drowned himself in the pool. He went under water for a long time. In fact he met Beth under water and the thought of drowning didn't seem half bad. It was only doing it all alone in the East River that he revolted against so bitterly.

Yet there seemed nothing else for it when he arrived home at two o'clock and Spratt presented the note from Janet. "Tomorrow—at four-thirty," seemed to be printed on it in large letters as he tore open the envelope. He could hardly believe his eyes when he read: "George, my dear—I've had a little relapse and fear I can't keep the appointment for tomorrow P. M. Let's

(*Continued on page 32*)

53,711 miles!

Mobiloil-lubricated car breaks world's non-stop record by 22,461 miles!

53,711 miles of running without a stop, and still going strong at the finish!

A stock Chrysler 65 recently broke all existing endurance records, after 69 days and 68 nights of continuous running at the Avus track in Berlin. The previous non-stop record was 31,250 miles. This Mobiloil-lubricated Chrysler was still going strong at 53,711 miles, when a heavy fog lowered the visibility, and the car ran off the track.

On dis-assembly after this gruelling run, all mechanical parts of the Mobiloil-protected engine were found in excellent condition.

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Back of every quart of Mobiloil you buy for your engine stands the knowledge and experience of the oldest organization in the world devoted to the science of lubrication. Back of every quart of Mobiloil you buy for your engine, stands a record of *proved performance* no other oil has ever matched.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

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A CHECK·UP ON THE LITTLE WOMAN

•

Be a little Sherlock Holmes around your hearthstone. See how things get that way—and why!

For instance, tooth paste. What kind does the fair provider place beside the shaving mug?

Women, you know, buy 84 per cent of all the tooth paste sold! In all probability, your wife decides the kind you use.

But if you and she do not yet know the virtues of Ipana, show her these 3 simple statements:

1 **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

2 **If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.**

3 **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

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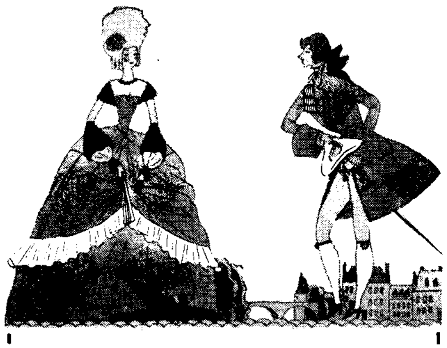
Ipana's success is a tribute and a testimony to its benefits. Sparkling teeth, healthier gums follow its use. You may never be troubled by "Pink Tooth Brush", but Ipana prevents the risk of it!

Hand the coupon to your wife.



To my Fair Provider

As the Chancellor of my Exchequer and General Purchasing Agent for my Household, please get, on my behalf, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed------------------

Girl About Town

Continued from page 30

make it the nineteenth, same hour. That's only ten days and what are ten days to us? I'll run down to the Homestead at Hot Springs. Let's not write. It's so futile and fatiguing. We'll just think of each other—Janet."

"Spratt! Spratt!" George sank into a chair. "Bring out the bottle of Old Melville Rye and pour me a drink. Then get out my ice skates."

Ten days, which were just ten more days to George and Janet, were discovery and realization, life and love, hope, doubt, fear and moments of flame for George and Beth. His business missed him because he was concerned with her business, her rushing off from luncheon to "do a lingerie," her "I can't see you for tea, George. I've—"

His friends missed him too. He'd met some of Beth's friends and they seemed more human. They came back to her tiny apartment twenty-three stories up in a tower at the river end of East Forty-second Street. Their arms were full of bundles, things for the apartment which they'd acquired on a shopping trip. "Beth, you darling, you distracting, restless, precious thing. Come here to me."

She was still flushed and breathless from the effort of carrying her bundles. She hadn't the strength to struggle against him very much and she hadn't intended to struggle at all. Trembling, retreating from him, she said: "George, I didn't think you would do that—like that—until you were very sure I wanted you to."

"Why not?" he said and, although she didn't answer, he knew why not. He felt a bit shaken himself, as if he'd done something more significant than merely kiss a girl, even a beautiful girl. George had kissed beautiful girls before. In fact it was one of his recognized abilities and it puzzled and disturbed him that his entire desire should be to kiss Beth again, and again, and to keep anybody else from kissing her and to have her for his own always.

They let it drop, fearful perhaps, both of them, that the golden thread their happiness had spun all around and across and up and down their gorgeous, glamorous town should be broken. Sunday morning they got horses and rode through the Park in a fine rain, and went home to a fire and a dinner which Spratt had ready in George's apartment. "How do I look across your table, George?"

THAT gave him a jolt. Even lost in the depths of her dark eyes, so warm and full of little brown fire-beams, he knew that he'd never thought of a Beth across the table from him always. He'd thought of a Janet perhaps, any of the girls of a world he knew, and he'd let it go with thinking. There was something missing and he saw that missing genuineness, that special humanity, in every gesture of Beth's hands, her occasional deep breath, her warmth and eagerness. "Will you be my wife, Beth?"

The question startled them both and George's embarrassment took immediate refuge behind his natural sense of the comic. "Of course I meant my second wife, my dear, inasmuch as I have a little engagement to marry Janet Freeland on Wednesday at four-thirty. We'll have it annulled, or something—why, what on earth's the matter with you, Beth? Are you crying?"

Bud Clinton sauntered in before George had any adequate explanation and Beth departed hurriedly, lest he see. "I'd rather go alone, George, if you don't mind."

"You little devil," he said. "You know you're meeting the 'one who counts,' down at the corner."

But somehow he knew she wasn't and he went back to Bud, who said: "So you're getting a good run for your money with little Beth, George, my boy? How I envy the joys of simple children. I suppose you even go to the movies and then walk home and cook scrambled eggs in her kitchenette."

"How'd you guess it?" said George. "We've done just that. There's very little we haven't done."

"I imagine not."

"I beg your pardon? Was that meant for anything, Bud? Please don't suggest—"

"OH, DON'T be a chump, George. Have I been wasting these valuable years with the sort of romantic simpleton who falls in love with—with a Beth? I think you'd better marry Janet and do it quick—before some sweet innocent little chorus lady nicks you for breach of promise. I've known Beth longer and apparently better than you have, and I wouldn't take her too—"

"That's enough," said George. "We're pretty frank, Bud, you and I, aren't we? You won't mind my suggestion that you're a damned liar, will you?"

"I'd rather be one than the same variety of fool, anyway."

George got to his feet. "I'm going to marry Beth if she'll have me, Bud. Now will you shut up, or shall I have to—shut you up?"

"All you'll have to do is let me out, George. I can't stand the rose-scented atmosphere. Shades of Santa Claus! Well, I've done my best. I'm staying in Forrest De Vore's studio apartment while he's away, One-twenty-one West Fifty-seventh—just in the event you come to and need help."

George sat there alone a long time. Bud and Beth—so he must choose between them. Or he must think of them together, as Bud implied, and that he refused to do. He would not suspect her and pretend to love her at the same time. To be sure—yes, there were things, the number of men always phoning her apartment, her job, her knowledge of the town, her freedom of speech on any subject. He brushed them aside with his own instinctive feeling about her and, except to wonder how Bud could stoop to such cad's boasting, he forgot the entire thing.

He forgot it for two days, until Tuesday when, as they made ready to leave their luncheon table, Beth was checking up in her little book her business engagements for the afternoon. "Afraid I can't play tennis today, George dear. I've a full figure evening dress at an uptown shop at three, a hat flash for a French milliner at three-thirty, and an underwear color ad, posing for De Vore, at four."

"You mean Forrest De Vore?" He might have said: "Do you mean the De Vore who, as I happen to know, is doing movie work in California just now?"

"Of course," said Beth. "There's only one De Vore who's known. Let's see. It's One-twenty-one West Fifty-seventh, four o'clock until six."

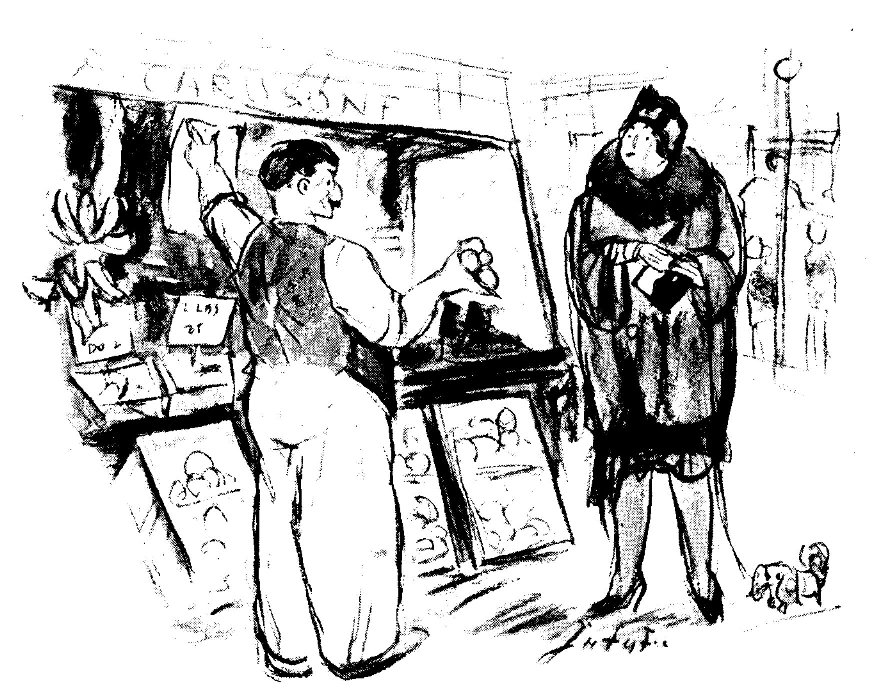
George left her somewhat abruptly. For an hour and a half he walked the streets, fighting down suspicion so that he would never have to admit he entertained it. Ah, but she knew who was staying in De Vore's apartment now. Beth and Bud had been making a fool of him. No, he didn't believe it. He believed in Beth.

BUD himself was in George's apartment when he finally went home. They had a drink together and avoided any mention of Beth. George watched the hour hand of the clock creeping from three-thirty to four, and he became very white and silent when Bud got up and said he had to go. "Why don't you walk over with me, George? You haven't seen De Vore's place, have you? You're not still holding the argument about Beth against me, are you?"

"Are you sure you want me to go with you, Bud?"

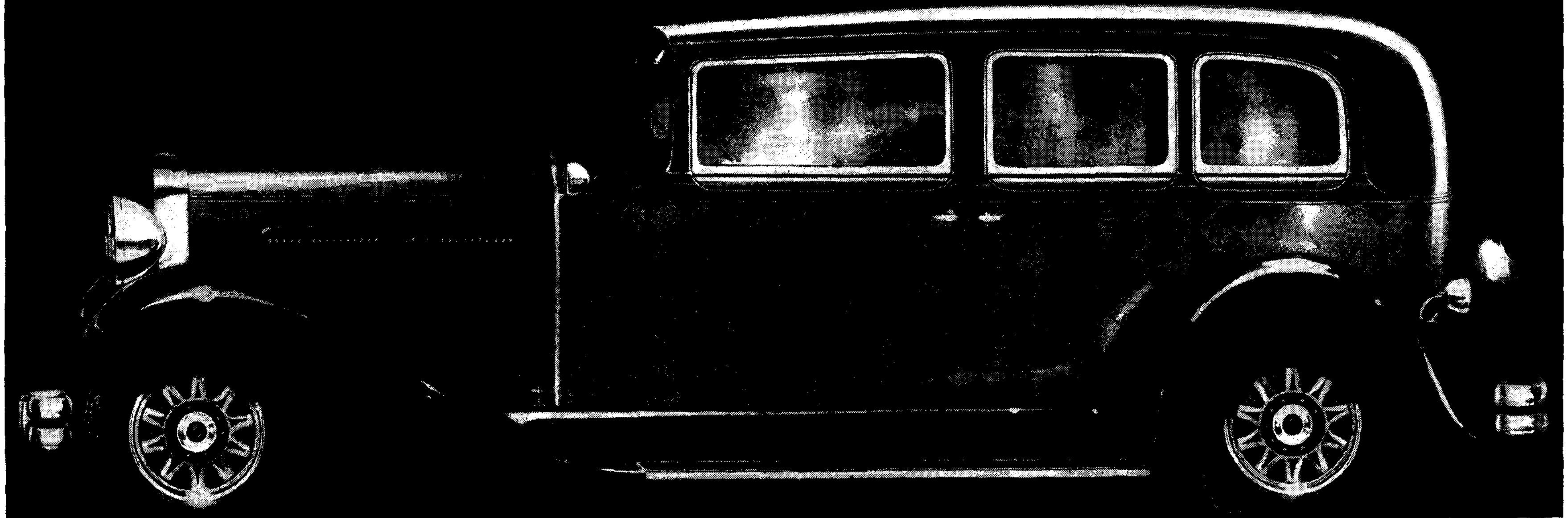
They walked over to Fifth Avenue. Bud tried to make some little talk about De Vore's work as an illustrator but George couldn't reply. They turned west from the Avenue at Fifty-Seventh and were soon at the building devoted largely to studio apartments for artists too successful to endure Bohemia. The doorman opened the elevator door for

(Continued on page 36)



"Dozen oranges? Ha—you make whoopee tonight, yes?"

1930 NASH "400"



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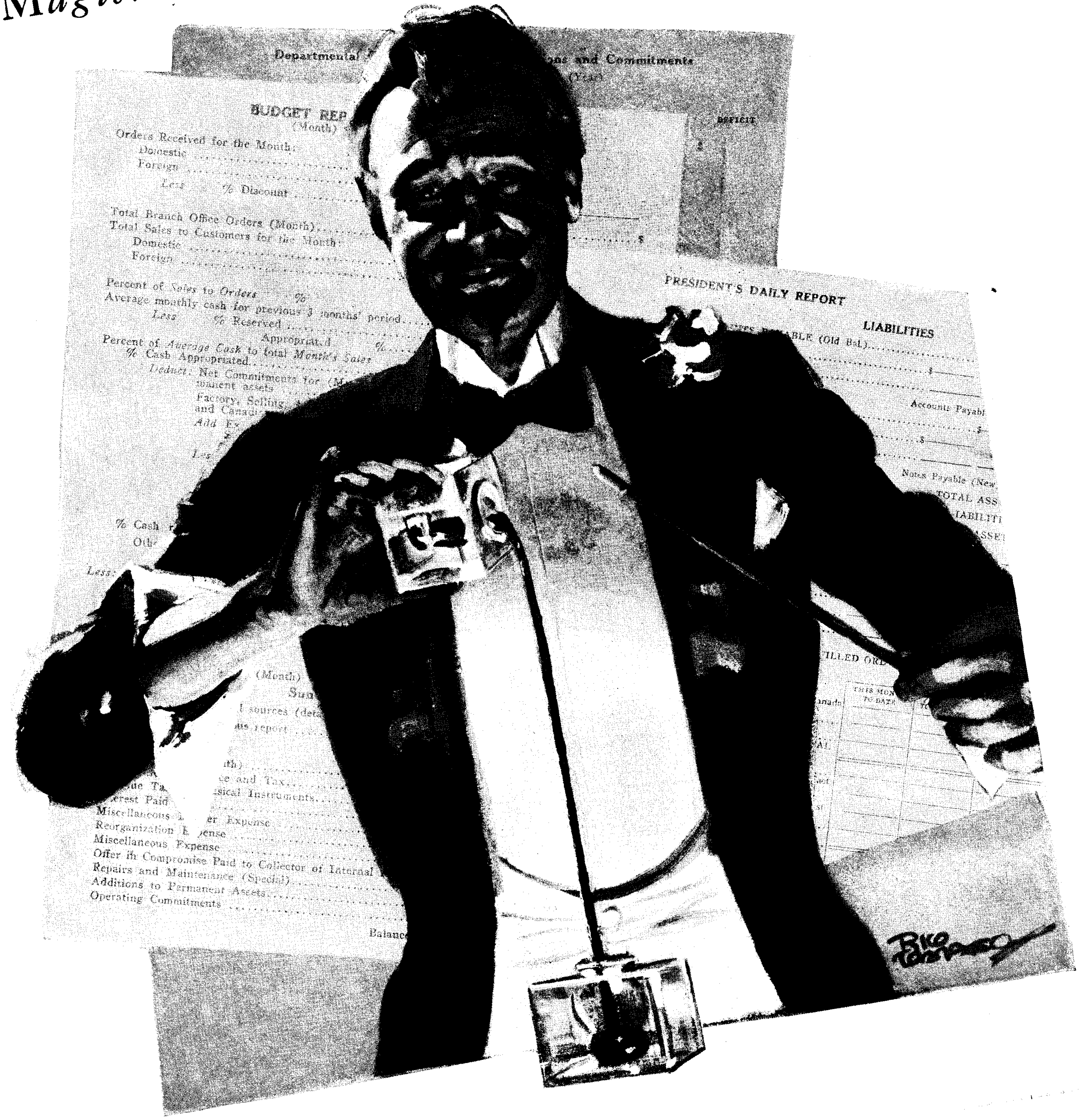
"BUDGETARY CONTROL"

The Magician that turns RED ink into BLACK


Departmental … ns and Commitments
BUDGET REP…
Orders Received for the Month:
Total Branch Office Orders (Month)
Total Sales to Customers for the Month:
Percent of Sales to Orders
PRESIDENT'S DAILY REPORT
LIABILITIES
Miscellaneous Expense
Reorganization Expense
Offer in Compromise Paid to Collector of Internal …
Repairs and Maintenance (Special)
Additions to Permanent Assets
Operating Commitments
Rico Tomaso

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

For Years, John Smith, specialty manufacturer, did business on the advice and counsel of Messrs. Hunch and Hazard.

He consulted his intuitions, took chances. Usually things turned out pretty well.

But came the day when his hunches began to go back on him. Sales costs mounted alarmingly—and he didn't know why. Operating expenses ran rampant—and he didn't know why. Somewhere in the business there were hidden chasms, hungrily swallowing revenue—but he didn't know where.

So he S. O. S.'d his banker. "What I need is more financing," he declared, "so I can do more volume. That will cut the overhead—and the red in the balance sheet."

"What you need," replied the banker dryly, "is the guidance and warning of more facts and figures. Scarlet fever in the balance sheet is usually due, so I have observed, to fact-and-figure malnutrition in business. You need a Budget Control."

• • •

There are times when even disappointing advice has to be considered. So Smith began in the Sales Department. Installed a *Visible* "Customer's Record" of the condition of every account in the house.

With this new system, displaying every customer's name and transactions in plain sight, he had only to run his eye over the edges of the record to see at a glance who was buying and how often—and who wasn't and how long since. The vivid color signals flashed the whole story of each account.

Every day's figures . . . every *day!*

But equally important was the daily digest of sales information which the new fact-and-figure-gathering machines and systems automatically brought to his desk. A "break down" of sales-totals for the day, the month, the year, by items, models, prices and colors. Thus he got a constantly up-to-date and accurate picture of sales trends, pocketbook appeals, style preferences and changing tastes.

With these semaphores of demand to guide him, supplemented by sales estimates from his salesmen, managers, and dealers, he was able to formulate an intelligent and a reasonably safe Sales Forecast for the coming year, a dovetailed production schedule and a proper allocation to each department of expenses and income.

The composite of these forecasts, he called his *Budgetary Control.*

And so he began sailing his ship by the compass of reliable information instead of by his wits and the stars.

And vermilion changed to ebony!

At the end of the first year, the vermilion in the balance sheet had been changed to a healthful ebony. Inventories were almost nil. Waste and extravagance were astonishingly reduced. For whenever any department had stepped out of line with the Budget, his daily statement showed it—and he promptly probed for the trouble.

• • •

Today it is comparatively easy for any business to install and enjoy the intelligent guidance of adequate facts and figures. Automatic machines and systems are available for making lightning records, tabulations and digests of all the statistics, operations and transactions in any given business.

If you feel the need of skilled and unbiased counsel on any feature of your fact-and-figure-gathering business equipment—or even if you merely seek to make sure you are right in every detail of your present office systems and machinery—please feel at liberty to call on Remington Rand!

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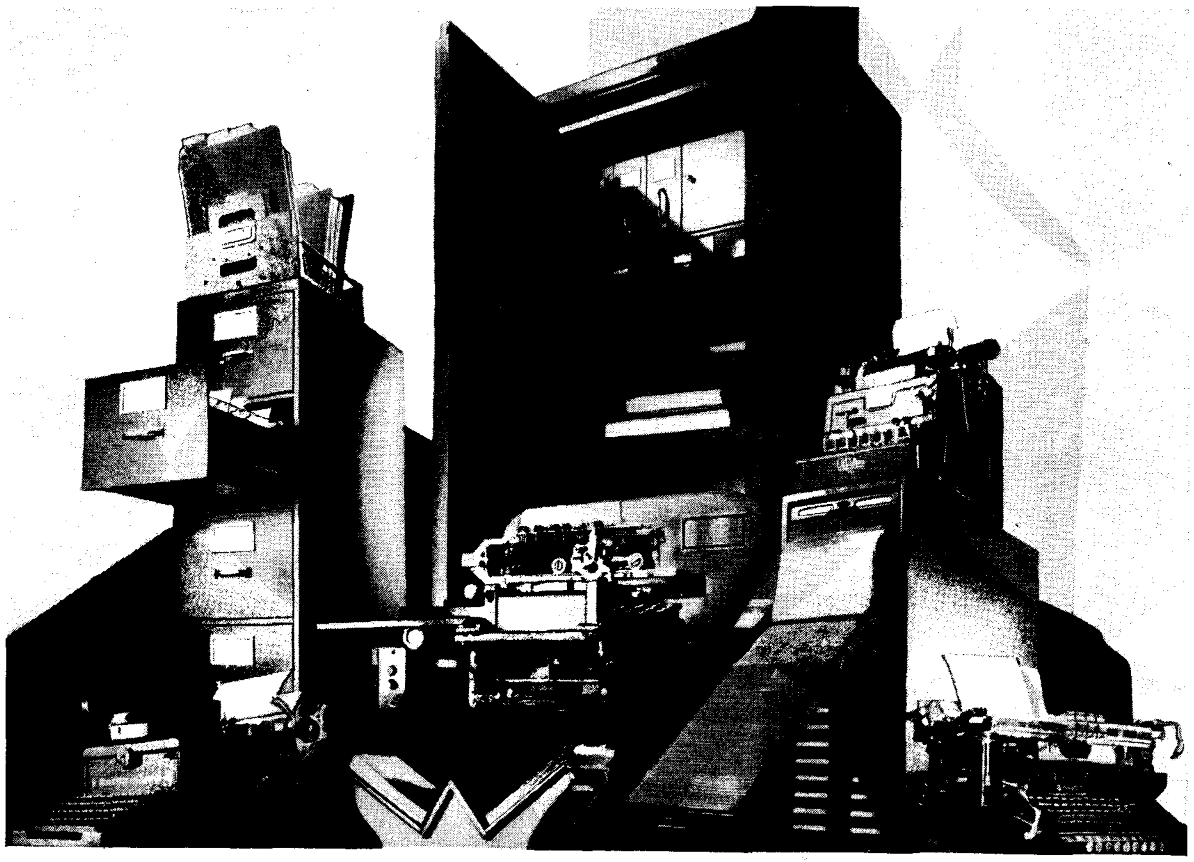
THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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Girl About Town

Continued from page 32

them and Bud paused there. "Anybody for me, Evans?"

"The young lady, sir."

"What!" Bud seemed surprised. He saw the set of George's jaw. "It might be better if you didn't come up just now, George. Well—I'm not going to be responsible then."

"For what?" said George. "Are you about to put another distraction, or destruction, in my path? After the last one I can stand anything."

"All right, George, get ready to stand it. At least I'm glad to see you've recovered your normal want of seriousness. A man is an individual, my boy, but girls are an institution—to be considered only *en masse*. Solomon thought of that before I did. Pretty generous of De Vore to lend me his place, wasn't it?"

THEY entered through a small foyer into De Vore's living-room. It was beautifully decorated but George didn't observe that. He saw only a coat and hat, a funny, pert, woolly little hat—"Just the hat," she had said when they'd bought it together at a Madison Avenue shop—lying with the disorder of familiarity in a chair. What a fool he'd been! She'd been Bud's girl the whole time, and any girl of Bud's was a certain sort of girl.

They went through the large bedroom towards the north-lighted studio in back, a beautiful bedroom with proportioned mirrors and paneled closet doors and a charming confusion of man's things and girl's things on the dressing table and bathroom shelf. That hurt. That brought a rage into his breast against both of them and even more against himself. Of all people, George Preston, to have thought a pretty little knock-about-town girl like Beth would be different from the rest!

She stood before De Vore's easel with one of his paint-stained smocks draped across her shoulders. Otherwise she wore only underthings, cream color and lace, and she was so lovely that, angry and bitter as he was, and Bud's girl, good girl, bad girl, town girl, whatever she was, George could hardly keep from rushing forward to seize her and fold her into his arms. She whirled and faced them, tugging at the edges of the smock to pull it about her. "George! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I just brought him along, Beth." Bud had betrayed no surprise at seeing her. "Thought you weren't coming until six, my dear. Excuse me, you two, and I'll fix a drink. You want ginger ale instead of White Rock as usual, Beth?"

She didn't answer. The flush of her embarrassment had given place to blank pallor and her breast seemed not big enough for her breathing. She stared only at George as he leaned in the doorway smiling at her with cold amusement. "What is Bud talking about, George? What is this, anyway? Where's De Vore? His maid said he'd be here in ten minutes."

"Oh, Beth." George shook his head. "Please drop it, won't you? De Vore is in California. There is no maid here. Bud is staying here and so, frequently and naturally, are you. Did you think I believed you were coming here to pose? Didn't you realize I knew you were Bud's girl all the time? Surely you didn't take me seriously."

She clutched hold of the easel and turned away, almost a minute before she said anything. Then she faced him again. "Yes, I took you seriously, George. I am not and never was Bud's girl. I came here, as I have come before, to pose like this for one of De Vore's color ads. A maid admitted me. Well—that's all." She threw off the smock boldly and began stepping into her little blue suit. A tear hung in the corner of her eye but a strange smile curved her lips. "They have done it very cleverly, haven't they, George? But it's not so difficult to trick a lone girl who has to make a living. And it hasn't cost me much—since you were only fooling anyway. I'm out only the ten dollars De Vore would have paid me. Go out and let me dress, George."

"Very well," he said. "But I wish you wouldn't pretend any more, Beth. I like you well enough just as you are. I have no complaint to make."

Bud had their drinks ready on a small table in the bedroom. George raised his glass. "Here's to you, Bud. And thanks. Excuse my remarks the other day."

"We live and learn," said Bud. "Even I learn occasionally. Beth! Your drink's ready." She didn't answer and Bud laughed. "I don't see what she's got to be sore about. She couldn't expect to bluff it indefinitely. Is Janet home yet?"

"She's due in the morning," said George. "I suppose I'll get that marrying job over in the afternoon. You know, I began to feel a lot better for a while lately. I don't know why. But it's no use. I'm really so fed up and weary I'd marry anybody if it meant peace. Janet's the one for that. It makes no difference to either of us."

George wondered as they sat there finishing their drinks if he hadn't actually reached that collapse the doctor had promised him. He felt depressed beyond hope. He felt practically dead and his nerves were so edged that a muffled thump sounding from the closet opposite made him jump almost out of his chair. "What in heaven's name was that?"

"What?" said Bud. The ice rattled in his glass as he lifted it. "Oh, I guess there's a mouse in there."

"Mouse!" George stood up. "My dear man, it would take a kangaroo to make a thump like that. Let's have a look."

They had a look but they had to look fast. The closet door burst open with amazing energy, considering who had kicked it, and something, somebody, somebody in a maid's uniform but who in all other respects looked exactly like the ultra-fatigued Janet Freeland, made a frantic rush to get by them and reach the door.

"No, you don't." George caught her by the arm. New energy seemed to flow all through him. "Don't tug like that, Janet. Who would have thought you had that much pep. Come sit down and tell us all about it—although I think I know already. Beth! Come see what I've found."

JANET stood back, her eyes blazing with anger. "I don't care," she said. She turned on Bud. "What did you have to sit there drinking for? I refuse to smother in a closet or to stand for telephone books dropping on my head to marry the Prince of Wales."

Beth appeared with wide eyes in the doorway and Bud began to laugh. "Oh, let's all have a drink together and forget it. Your little plan didn't quite come off, Janet. That's all. George can take a joke."

George laughed too. He laughed bitterly, but they didn't detect that. "Of course I can take a joke. I cannot only take one but I can make one—you pair of polite scoundrels. You could only grow in the background you live in, that we three live in. But I'm done with it—as soon as I'm done with you. It will amuse me a lot to put you back in your closet, Janet. You might be in the way. Go on."

He pushed her in, shut the door hard and turned the key. Bud, still laughing, hung on his arm. "A joke's a joke, George. That's going too far."

"Too far? It's hardly as far as staging a ridiculous frame-up to ruin the reputation of this youngster who is worth a dozen of all three of us—and to force me into a position of distrust. Beth! Please don't go. I loved you no matter what you were, or what I thought you were. Just let me bid them a fit farewell before we go, Beth."

"George, come to your senses." Bud was alarmed now. "Beth, you tell him. He can't leave Janet in that closet any longer—"

"Why not?" demanded George. "You'll be able to let her out. I won't permanently injure you. Now take off your well-cut coat, Bud—the only thing about you I have left to admire. You go in the living-room, Beth."

George went into the living-room himself five minutes later. His eyebrow was cut and there was a lump where a bottle had glanced from his forehead. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of a woolly gray hat as the front door slammed. "Beth!"

She caught the elevator ahead of him and he had to wait frantically for the next. Going out the street door, he collided with the doorman. "Look out, can't you? Did you see a girl?"

"I was on the telephone, sir. Lady up in 12F is calling for a doctor."

"Get her one. There's no need but she'll be happier. Has a taxi—?"

ACROSS the street a taxicab drew away and framed in the oval of the back window was a little gray hat. He caught another cab and followed that hat, all over town, into this building and that, arriving always just too late. "Beth!" She picked up something to eat at a restaurant on Fifth Avenue but he didn't see her until she left to pay her check. She went into a movie house and he almost had her when the lights went out. "Beth!"

He lost her after that and went to Woodstock Tower to stand guard until she returned. At two o'clock he went up twenty-three flights and hammered on her door.

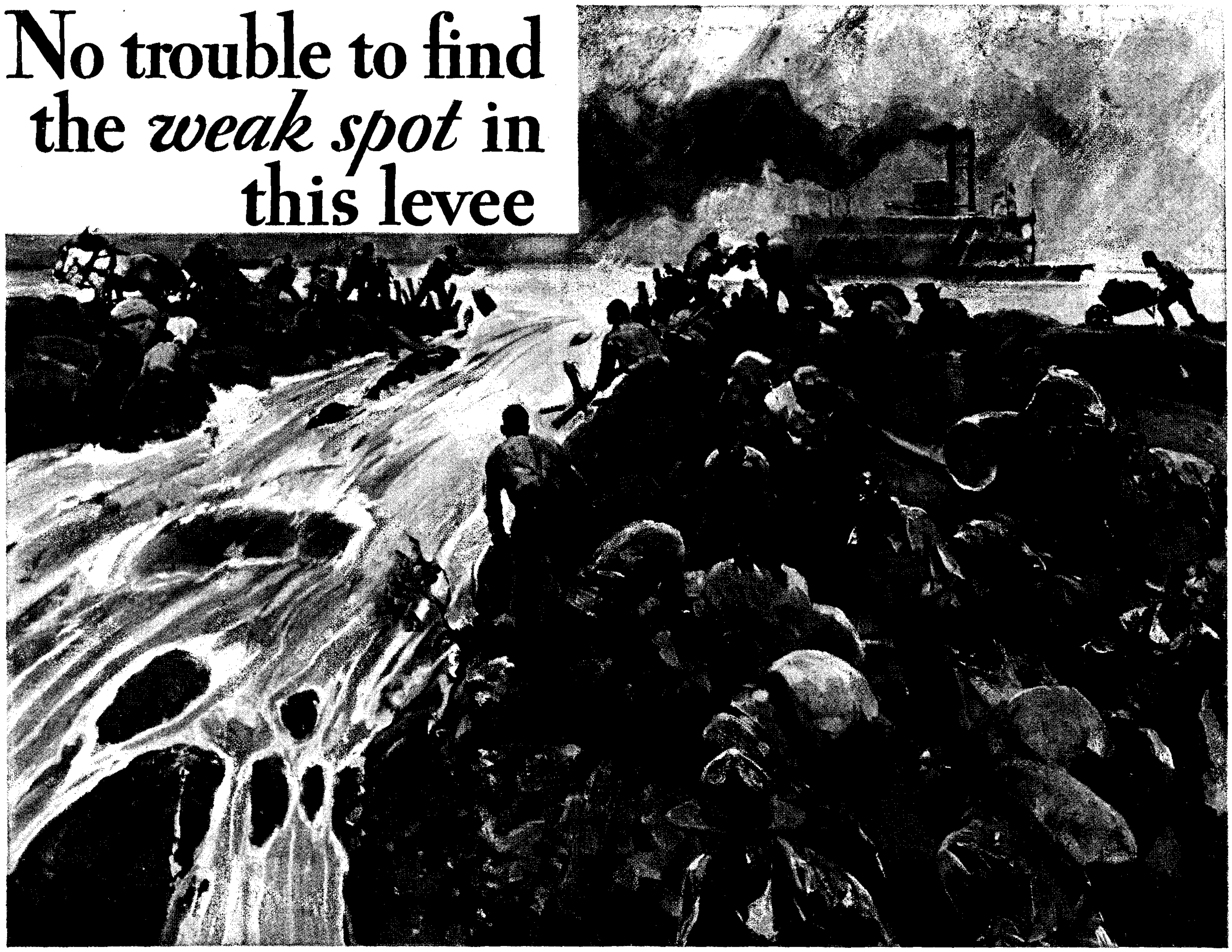
There was no answer and he was just turning away defeated when the strangest sounds came through the door, half-audible, half-stifled little choking sounds. "Beth, will you open that door or shall I beat it down?"

She was in her nightgown and kimono. They sat on the edge of her made-up day-bed and she kept tight hold of his fingers as he pleaded for her forgiveness. "I'm not worthy of you, Beth darling. You've done everything for me, brought me back to life and myself—"

"I can never forgive you," she said, drawing his arms half consciously about her. "How can a girl love a man who distrusts her?" Somehow she found herself sitting on his knees. Her arms found their way around his neck and as he clasped and held her there she kept repeating until it was no longer audible: "Love is not suspicion, George. Real love is not jealousy. Real love is—"

"Whatever it is," said George, "we've got it."

No trouble to find the *weak spot* in this levee



and you'll find it just as surely in cheap paint—once it's on your house!

SHOES or shotguns, no matter what you're buying, you'll find two classes of merchandise. There's the quality kind. And there's the "weak spot" kind—cheaply made, cheaply priced. So far as looks are concerned, there's little to choose between them—at first. But under the test of time and wear the quality kind justifies its higher price—while the "weak-spot" kind proves an expensive "bargain."

It's the same way with paint. Cheap paint comes in as shiny a can—with as pretty a label—as the finest paint that's made. But just let time and wear get in their licks, and the weak spots will show up as plainly as a sore thumb.

What are the weak spots in cheap paint? They're such defects as faulty mixing, and "fillers"—adulterants that give the manufacturer longer profits but the paint shorter life.

Use the brand that has no weak spots!

Get the brand of paint that has no weak spots—Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes. They have no weak spots because they're made to give the very finest results—and not to sell for the lowest price.

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And it's the same story with every other Pee-Gee product. You can be sure that, in formula, materials, and mixing, it's the best paint for the particular purpose. And the best paint is the most economical in the end—as well as the most satisfactory from the start.

The Pee-Gee dealer knows his paint. His experience is invaluable—get yours for the asking. To get your biggest money's worth in paint and in paint satisfaction, go to the store that displays the Pee-Gee emblem. Peaslee-Gaulbert Paint & Varnish Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Makers of Good Paint Since 1867.

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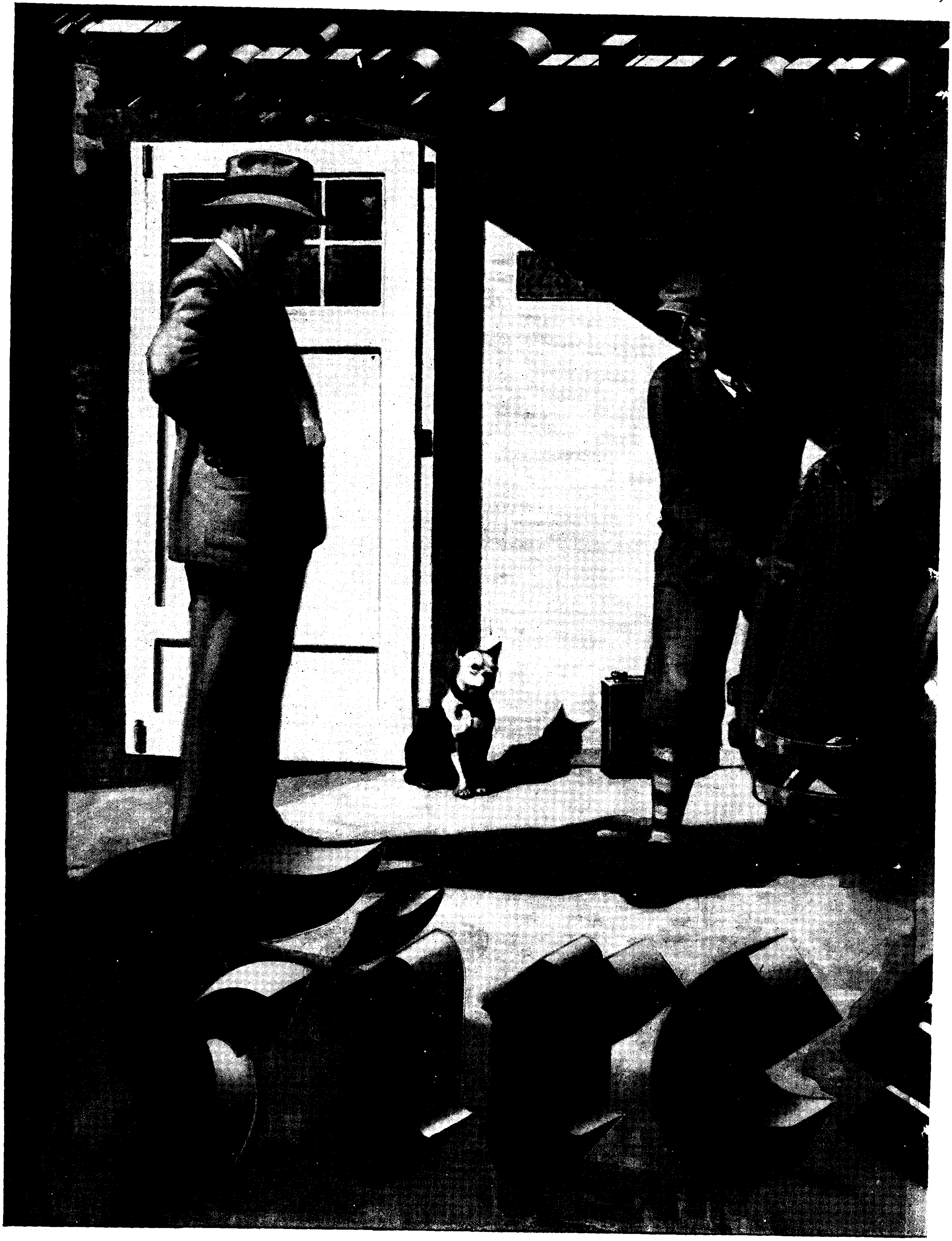

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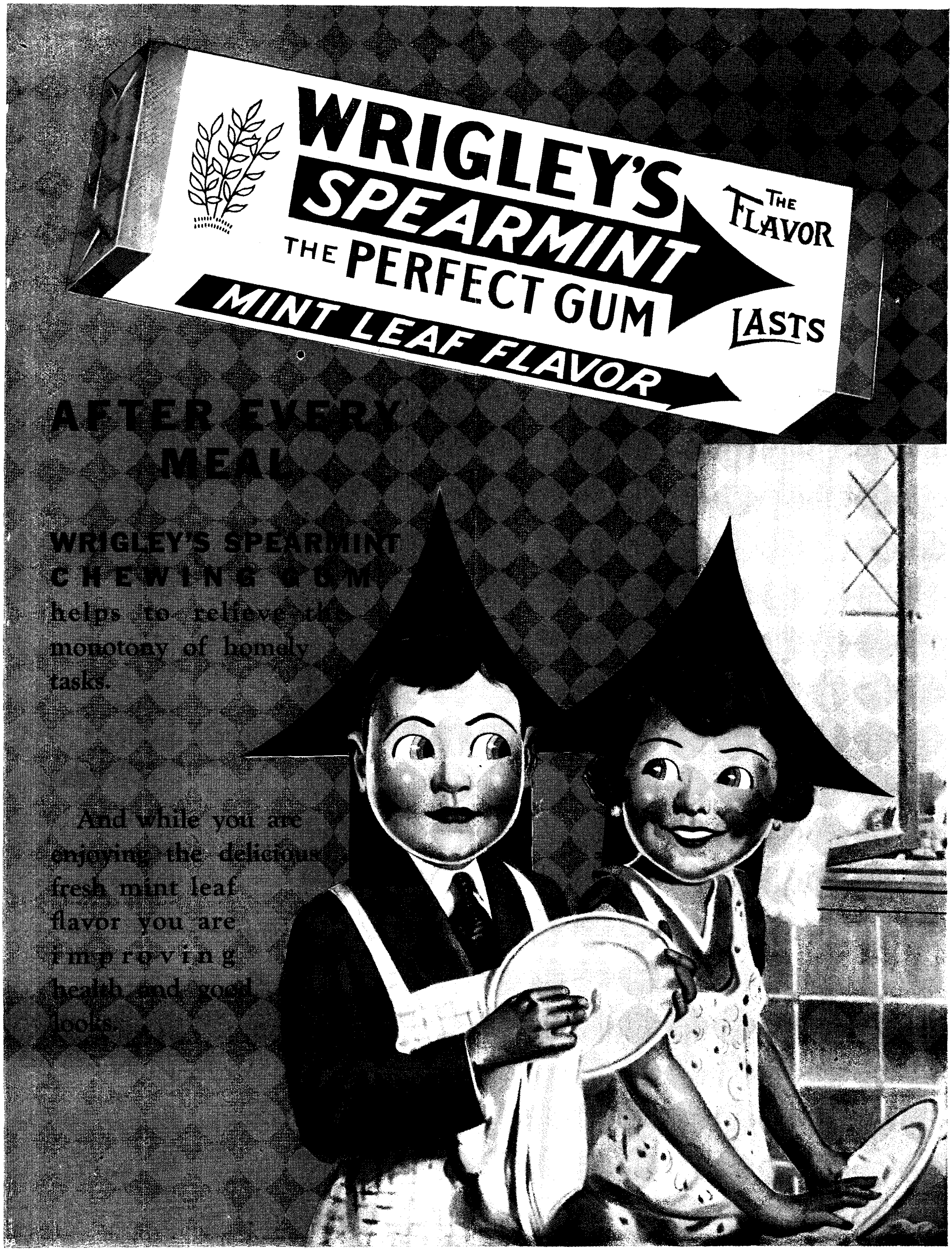
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And while you are enjoying the delicious fresh mint leaf flavor you are improving health and good looks.

Skyscraper

Continued from page 11

"It sure is."

They scarcely moved in the half darkness.

"'I've prepared a love song—ta, ta, ta—'"

"Are you here every night—Molly?"

"Sure."

"Mind if I come up sometimes?"

"Mind! Come up and see!"

"I will."

The music stopped. Lights came on again and they drifted off the floor with the crowd. Pete was waiting for them, looking worried.

"Barona's gone," he said.

"Who cares?"

"He'll be gunnin' for you, Dan."

"Let him. Say, can we get a drink in this place?"

"Ginger ale," said Molly.

"All right. Ginger ale."

They found places at one of the tables and lit cigarettes.

They sat most of the evening, the three of them around the table. Once when Pete went to get cigarettes Molly danced with Dan, but later when Pete wanted to dance she was tired. When the hall closed they went to Jake's Lobster Palace for a bite.

"Dan!"

Pete was facing the front with Dan and Molly across the marble table.

"What?"

"There's Barona and another guy in the door!"

Molly looked as frightened as Pete, but she didn't turn.

"What's he doin'?" whispered Dan.

"He's lookin' at you. He's got his hand in his pocket, Dan!"

"Yeah?"

"He's comin' closer. He's gonna get you, Dan!"

"Yeah? Watch!"

Dan jumped sideways, his chair smashing to the floor. Whirling in the same movement, his arms shot out toward Barona. Barona hit the floor. A gun went sliding across the tile. One of Dan's big shoes crunched on Barona's face as he leaped for the other man, fists swinging.

Dan stood there, laughing.

"C'mon! Let's get out of this dump!" Pete yelled.

Out on the street Molly took Dan's arm. Pete was forgotten.

"Gee, you're wonderful, big boy!"

FORTY-FIVE stories—five hundred and eighty-six feet into the blue. *Tat! tat! tat! tat! "Comin' up!" Clang! Tat! tat! tat!* Strand by strand the spiders added to the web—up, up—sweeping the clouds.

"Swell day, ain't it, Squirt?"

"It's all right."

"Be yourself, Squirt. What's the grouch?"

"Nothin'."

"Drown it then."

Pete sat on the girder and looked down.

"Listen, Dan."

"What?"

"We're buddies, ain't we?"

"Sure."

"Well, one buddy don't steal another buddy's girl, does he?"

"Whatcha mean?"

"You know what I mean. Molly was my girl."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Listen, Squirt. You ain't no lady's man. Not with a face like that. Forget it."

"Molly and me was gonna be married."

"What?"

"Sure."

"Aw—"

"Sure we was. We was just waitin' till I'd saved up enough coin."

"Honest, Squirt?"

"I ain't no liar."

"Huh!"

"And now you're runnin' around with her all the time."

"I can't help it if Molly likes me, can I?"

"She liked me till you came along."

"You couldn't even keep Barona away from her. You ain't got no guts, Squirt. Girls like a *man*."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"She's my girl."

"Aw—"

"And I'm gonna get her!"

"How?"

"I'll get her!"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Say, Squirt, I could mash you with one hand."

"Is that so?"

"You know it's so. Forget it, Squirt. Be a regular guy."

"Comin' up!" Clang! Tat! tat! tat! tat!

THEY were walking by the river—late—Dan and Molly. Danceland was closed. Riverside was deserted. The yellow lights of Palisades Park still blinked across the Hudson and they could hear faintly the music of the merry-go-rounds. The water was black. Shadows leaped across the cement paths of the park.

"Gee—you're wonderful, big boy!"

"Think so?"

"You said it."

"Listen, sweetness—was you ever engaged to Pete?"

"Who says I was?"

"He does."

"The little squirt!"

"Was you?"

"Well, sorta. You know how a girl gets sometimes—all woozy—and thinks she cares for a guy. I guess I said I'd marry him once, but I didn't mean it."

She was holding his arm tightly.

"Pete's sore. He thinks I run off with you."

"Aw, tell him to chase himself."

"All right."

They walked on slowly, close.

"Let's sit on the grass, big boy."

"Sure."

They climbed the low iron railing and sat on the bank, close together, looking out over the water. The grass was wet, but they didn't mind.

"Dan!"

"What?"

"There's somebody in those bushes!"

Dan swung quickly.

"Where?"

"Over to the right. I think they been followin' us!"

"Barona?"

"I dunno."

Dan squinted across at the bushes.

"This is a rotten place to get caught," he whispered.

A blacker shadow was standing behind the leaves. Unmistakably it was a man. Suddenly a face, white in the pale park light, peered out at them.

"Well, what do you know! It's Squirt!"

"Squirt? The little rat! He's been spyin' on us. Go over there and bust him one, Dan."

"Aw, let him alone. He's kinda down in the dumps, I guess."

"The coward! Followin' us around!"

"Let him alone."

"Say!" Molly's voice was tense. "You don't think he might do somethin' to you, do you?"

"Him? Don't be funny! What could he do?"

"I dunno. He might use a knife or somethin'."

"Aw—"

"Say! Suppose he give you a push up on that buildin'?"

"Squirt wouldn't do that."

"He's sore enough. You want to look out for him, big boy."

"Don't be funny."

"I'm tellin' you."

"All right. You told me—forget it."

"How high is that buildin', big boy?"

"I dunno. Six hundred feet maybe. Forget it. Love me, Molly?"

"And how!"

". . . ta, ta, ta. . . ."

TWO days later there was an accident on the skyscraper. Someone carelessly left a wrench lying on a girder, a riveter stumbled, and . . .

"Tough about Bill, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Wife and three kids, too."

"Whoever left that wrench there oughta get lynched."

"Sure. Did you see Dan Healy just after?"

"What about him?"

"Scared."

"Dan!"

"Yeah. White's a ghost. He was workin' just about where Bill was. He watched him fall all the way, then went kinda sick. I never seen Dan scared before."

"Nor nobody else, I guess."

Dan *was* scared. He had watched that body turning over and over in space, slowly, end-over-end—down—down. . . . For a few moments he had squatted on a girder, clutching it tight, scarcely breathing. That night he dreamed he was falling, smashing against iron, bouncing from scaffolds. He awoke wet and cold. It was morning—time to go to work.

As he walked through the canyoned street he glanced up and saw the steel web hanging in the clouds. Was he actually going to climb up there? It looked weak, unsteady, as if a wind might dissolve it.

THE lift was crowded. It never seemed to move so slowly. He had never realized before that it had so far to rise. He stood next to Swede Youngstrom, puffing nervously on a cigarette butt.

The lift stopped at the top platform. The wind swept cool in their faces. Dan looked up. The skeleton of steel loomed three floors above. He was going to climb up there, walk on those nine-inch girders, hold on with his knees and drive home red-hot pieces of steel with his rivet-gun.

The forges were going nicely on the platform. The fires felt good—it was cold. Dan stood warming his hands.

Pete came up on the next lift.

"Hello, Squirt."

"Hello."

Pete moved away and squatted on the edge of the platform. Dan followed.

"What's the matter, Squirt?"

"Nothin'."

"Still sore at me?"

"Naw."

"What's the matter then?"

"Nothin'."

All right, let Pete go chase himself if he was going to act like this. Little rotter. It wasn't *his* fault if Pete's girl loved him, was it?

A whistle screeched below. They

(*Continued on page 42*)

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(*Continued from page 41*)

climbed to the topmost girder. Dan shook the kinks from the air hose of his rivet-gun.

"Comin' up!" Clang! Tat! tat! tat! tat!

The world looked far away today. They seemed to be closer to the sky. The gray-green flats of Jersey stretched into a haze. Fleecy white clouds swept low and fast across the blue. The sun glinted on the roofs of buildings below.

"Whatcha wearin' the coat for, Squirt?"

"It's cold."

"Aw—"

"It's cold."

"You don't need no coat."

Clang! Tat! tat! tat! tat!

They worked without talking. Presently Dan lit a cigarette. He stood, one hand on an upright, looking toward the harbor. Things were rotten. He used to like it, working with Squirt. They'd been together for twelve years—twelve?—yeah. Over in France they'd been buddies, Squirt with his gun, Dan with his bayonet. Since coming back they'd worked on half the new buildings in New York. And now look at them!

Dan turned. His bare foot caught in something soft on the girder. He tripped, clutched the upright and looked down.

Pete's coat was lying across the steel!

"Say!"

Pete was squatting, looking up, white-faced.

"Are you tryin' to murder me, you little rat?"

"I just took it off, Dan—honest. I was gonna drop it on the platform."

"If I thought—"

What was it Molly had said? "Suppose he give you a push up on that buildin'? . . ."

Dan's knuckles were white where he clasped the girder. The wrench! Had the wrench Bill tripped on been left there for *him?* Had Pete put it there? *Was* the little squirt trying to murder him?

"Comin' up!"

Clang! Pete caught the rivet mechanically. Mechanically he extracted it with the tongs. Dan stooped on the girder. *Tat! tat! tat! tat!*

He wished he was on the ground. What couldn't happen up here? He felt uncertain, unsafe, sickish. He wanted to lie down. In his mind he saw Bill, turning over and over in space—down—down— He kept his eyes glued on Squirt, Squirt catching rivets automatically, Squirt pulling them out of the can with the tongs.

A fresh girder came up on the chain. It was swinging slowly, crazily. Ticklish work now—leaning out—pulling it in with one hand—up a little—a little to the left—where were the grooves?—there, it was in place. Unfasten the chain now—let it swing free—there she goes—

Where was Squirt? He hadn't been watching him. What was the little rat doing?

Dan started to turn just as something pushed him firmly in the back!

HE WAS falling—queerly. He felt his feet leave the girder. For a moment he saw the street below with the little bugs crawling on it. Then he had turned completely over, facing the framework. He smashed against something—hard. It dazed him. But he clutched at it with weak fingers.

He wasn't falling now, anyway. He seemed to be hanging, swaying gently, a terrible pain in his hands. Someone was shouting—Swede. He felt numb, weird, with nothing under his feet. How long could he hang there? Not long. One hand was slipping. He didn't seem to have any grip in his fingers. Oh, well— But he'd like to live long enough just to bust Squirt one for that push. The dirty rat!

Things looked queer from here. Everything was sort of blackish. He must have hurt himself when he struck. He didn't have any strength. He was holding with one hand. The other didn't seem to be any good. The fingers were slipping. . . .

Suddenly something grasped his wrist. Swede! By God—Swede was holding him! He wished he hadn't been so heavy. If he could get a new grip with the other hand—but he couldn't. Both hands slipped and he swung free. He dropped a few inches, then stopped. Swede was holding him by one arm. He couldn't hold him long like that—two hundred pounds!

"Easy, Dan! Easy!"

HE OPENED his eyes and looked into Squirt's ugly face. Squirt! Little Squirt!

Squirt was lying across the girder, face down, his feet hooked on an upright, one hand clamped on Dan's wrist. His eyes seemed to be popping. His bare arm, knotted and lumpy, was pressed against the edge of the steel, being pulled down by two hundred pounds of weight. The skin had broken and a stream of blood trickled out.

Squirt tried to smile. His teeth showed like a dead dog's. Blood fell on Dan's face. They slipped an inch.

Suddenly men were running along the girder, shouting. Another face appeared beside Squirt's. Other hands reached down. . . .

They sat on the platform, wrapped in coats, looking out over the city. Dan lit a cigarette and passed it to Squirt.

"Thanks, Squirt."

"Aw, it wasn't nothin'."

"How's the arm?"

"All right. You wanta be watchin' them chains, Dan."

"Yeah."

"How'd you come to let it hit you?"

"I dunno. Thinkin' o' somethin' else, I guess, Squirt."

"What?"

"I'm sorry."

"'Bout what?"

"Molly."

"Aw—"

"Sure. I don't want her, Squirt. I'm gonna be a real buddy. I ain't never gonna see Molly again."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Guess you ain't, Dan. Didn't you hear?"

"What?"

"Molly went off to Chicago last night—with Barona."

They watched a gull, white against the sky.

"Women is hell, ain't they, Squirt?"

"Yeah."

"No more for me—never."

"Aw—"

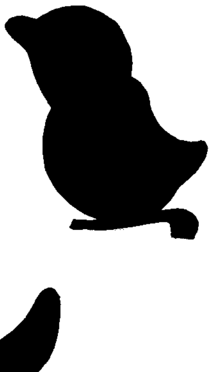
"I mean it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Black Looks

Visit the outskirts of nightmare! Specially conducted tour—with phantoms supplied by the tourists. Have a phantom or two yourself. You'll make a great mistake if you don't have a hand in these dark doings. Read the instructions and begin at once.



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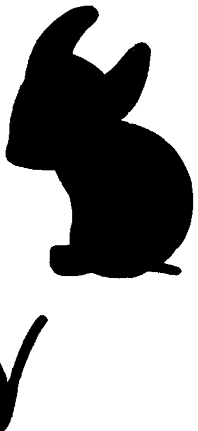

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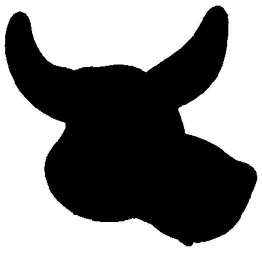

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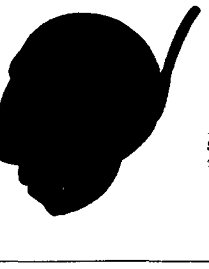

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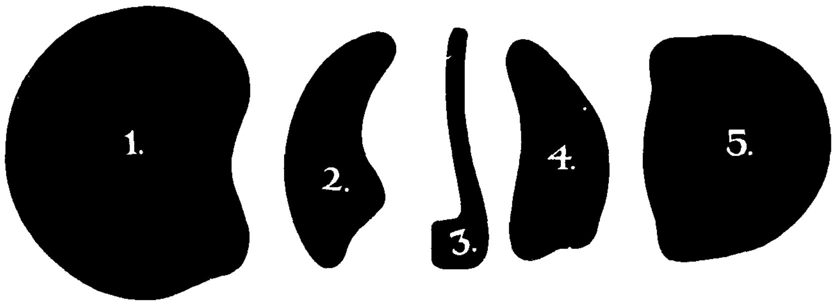
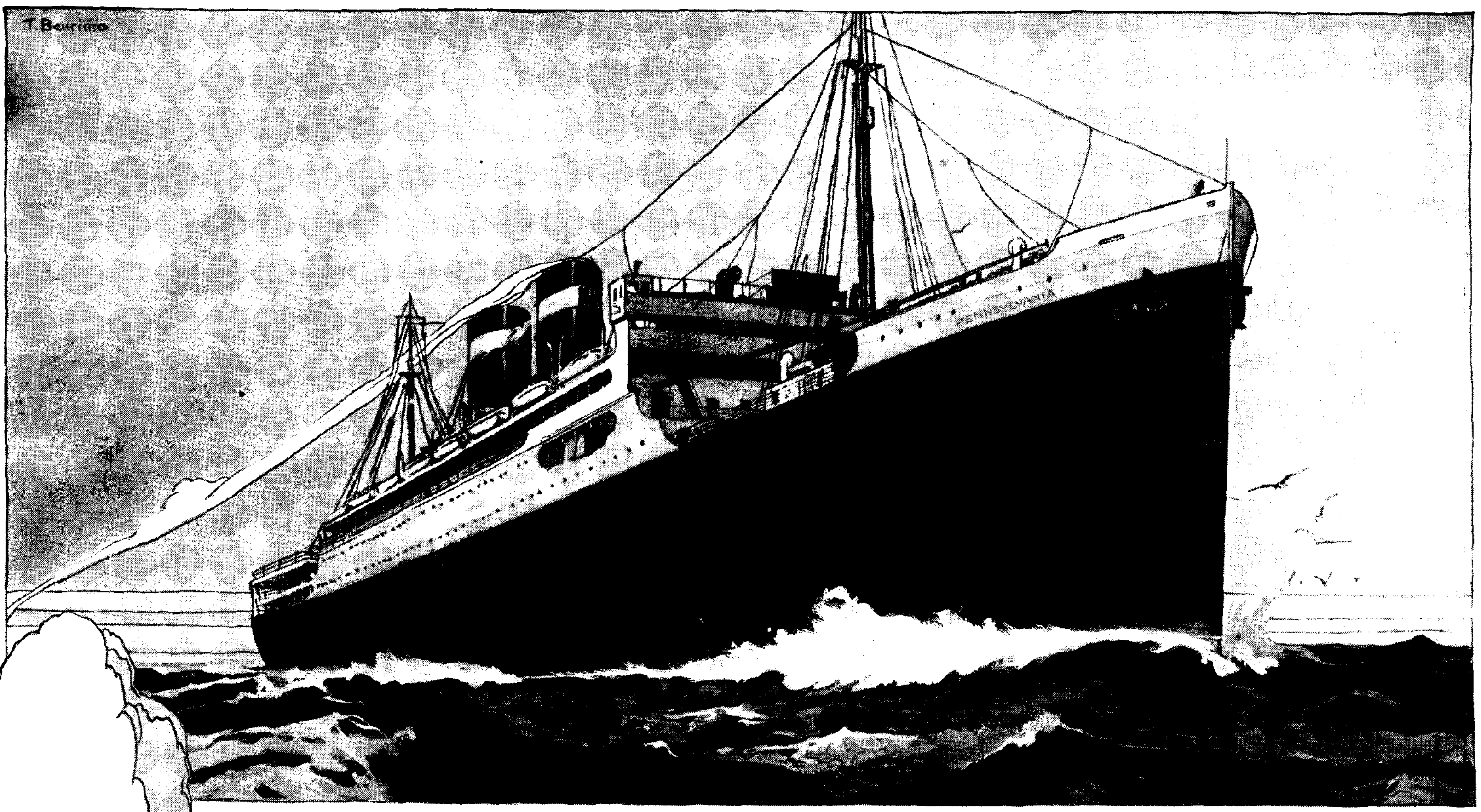
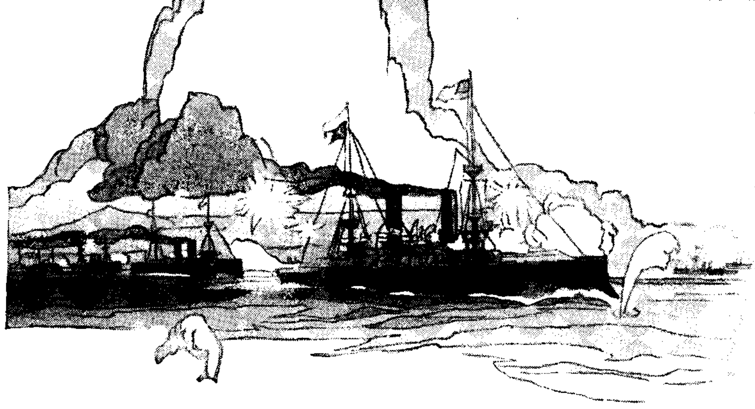
Here are the pieces - cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.





The combined tonnage of Admiral Dewey's fleet in the battle of Manila Bay was 19,000 tons—less than the tonnage of the *Pennsylvania* or her sister ships, the *California* or the *Virginia*, the new electrically driven vessels in the service of the Panama Pacific line.



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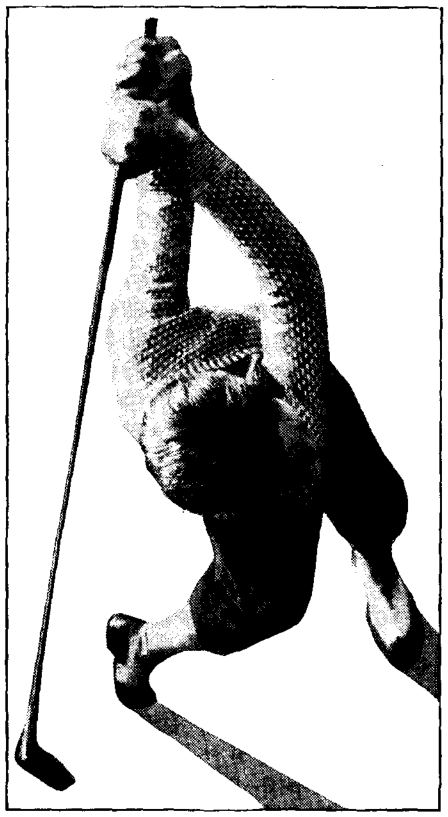

It absorbs the finger-sting on every shot

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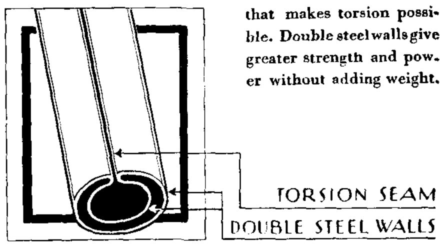

BRISTOL *Torsion* STEEL SHAFTS
ALLAN LARD-PATENT PENDING

A Star by Right

Continued from page 17

England after he had toured America. The book made the English child American-minded. She yearned to visit a land of tall buildings and taller tales.

Before long, Evelyn Laye was withdrawn from the Folkestone school and at a family council she was solemnly warned to abjure the stage.

Evelyn smiled assent and remained at heart a villainess. She became a runaway girl at sixteen, stalked from home and got a job.

Fate, ordering human events by whim, blunders into more coincidences than the sturdiest statistician would have the patience to count. Miss Laye's first failure as well as her greatest triumph had American background.

Lean Years

The lurid melodrama, "Mr. Wu," in which Walker Whiteside dismayed audiences in forty states even though each ticket entitled its holder to the use of a shock-absorber, was the blond Miss Laye's medium. All she had to do was to dress in a flowing Chinese robe and scatter property flowers. She overdid that. Imagine the sinister Mr. Wu, all set for a grand entrance, waiting in the wings for flowers to be sprayed in his path, and waiting there for ten minutes while the geisha girl executed an elaborate dance. Finally a hoarse voice from the flies-stage ceiling bawled:

"That ain't a Chinese dance—that's St. Vitus!"

It was one of those touring companies where every member is near the ragged edge. For a year Evelyn toured the minor towns of England in it—the dour hamlets of the North country which are even bleaker than our anthracite region of Pennsylvania during a hard winter.

"I looked very much like a wastrel. But those were war days and nobody looked prosperous. My rule was that what went in me was more important than what went on me."

Smart reasoning for a child. About four of her six dollars went for food: one dollar applied to what troupers call "diggings"—lodgings—and on the other she relied for scant additions to her wardrobe.

Meat was rationed stringently in those years—about one pound per week per adult. For the rest you could obtain as much as you could afford of liver, heart, chitterlings, etc., which the food ministry styled as "offal." Consequence: steak-and-chop eaters paid premiums for other folks' meat tickets.

Hotel dining-rooms were pools of bribery. Actors and actresses on tour profited. But Evelyn Laye, despite temptation, went through the war very poor but not undernourished. She wouldn't sell a single meat ticket. Her health through that ordeal justified this investment of common sense.

At one of the better county seats the troupe was cudgeled into appearing at a benefit for one of those hapless groups of Belgian refugees distributed all over England. A local dowager dominated the affair. The troupe arrived at a castle to perform before a select audience of the best county folk. When Evelyn and her colleagues strolled onto the scene the dowager gazed sympathetically through her lorgnette.

"So deplorable," she boomed in the tones which P. G. Wodehouse so faithfully reports. "My heart bleeds for you poor Belgian victims of ruthless Prussia."

There has been much sweetness in her life, especially since she became the newest belle of New York. But the first four or five years in which she paddled her own canoe found her drifting through bitter waters.

There is a tradition at the Elephant and Castle, one of London's rowdiest temples of the drama, that on a certain night an extremely obscure soubrette made neighborhood history. This was, as guessed, our heroine.

She was a slavey in a frightfully inept skit. A slavey is an all-around maidservant in a middle-class household. With smudged face, unkempt, the girl tripped on stage to do her bit. An audience of boisterous soldiers and sailors with their gals wanted entertainment—but not the kind they were getting. Miss Laye drew the first expression of their displeasure. Catcalls rocked those ancient walls. She couldn't make herself heard. There were hurried conferences back-stage. Glass confetti in the shape of empty beer bottles had been known to shower on that old stage before. As the uproar grew the fire-proof curtain slowly lowered.

The little slavey would not be denied. She stepped beyond the downward line of the curtain and fell into a soft-shoe dance. She got away with it. The steps she had picked up from seeing an old American minstrel—Eugene Stratton—who achieved enormous popularity in England. These she did, knee-bend, tap, floating feet, twirl, tap and arc the knee again to shuffle through gracefully. The audience sat, silent. Then burst into sudden applause.

Measure her progress from the stage slums to the élite; in years, it took about seven; in money, it was a jump from continuous poverty to sudden wealth. Wonder enough; but the wonder of all is that the golden head remains unturned.

This star is smart enough to know that opportunity is largely a fluke; sensible enough to understand that the suppressions and denials of years of struggling apprenticeship test the stamina and make it durable.

"I couldn't possibly have been good or made good unless I'd suffered a great deal," she avers.

And she didn't have the chance to be really good or to make good until the accidental discovery of a natural asset. In a little Italian restaurant on the edge of Soho—a sinister part of London preserved for the benefit of Edgar Wallace and E. Phillips Oppenheim—she overheard talk of a revival of The Merry Widow. She went after a job, and when they asked her what experience she had in singing, all she could say was that she had played Goody Two Shoes in pantomime—the old-world equivalent for a mélange revue.

The Toast of London

But she said it with emphasis. They stood her up at a piano—and to her own surprise she sang—and sang. She got the job. From that she sprang into her first big personal hit—Madame Pompadour. Barely twenty-three years old her magic portrait of the naughtiest and most sophisticated woman of the French haute monde won her instant acclaim.

Naturally, Miss Laye got married. But that doesn't matter. It shouldn't with popular heroines and heroes. Really, they should abstain from marriage until the heroic period passes. It always does.

Her name up in lights, she was literally the toast of London Town. But every morning at ten o'clock she was at her vocal teacher's. He, an old hand at the business, wondered why one who had neglected her voice until she became a star should want to train it then.

"Because," said Evelyn, "I want to remain a star."

She received a definite status in England before New York loomed. A royal command came to perform.

This royal recognition was a prelude to the first bids to New York. At first she was scared of the idea—afraid that her technique wouldn't get by in swift America. Americans who played Europe seemed to have such terrific energy.

This did not encourage a rather timid young star to take the transatlantic chance. She had to give it up for a while due to a year's suffering from arthritis. Down to the seashore she went in Sussex—and there became a sailor. This featherweight who doesn't seem capable of wielding a curling iron can handle a boat with ease. She knows an ancient mariner, a boy friend whose identity she jealously guards but who is at least sixty years old and a survivor of countless shipwrecks.

Cables and wireless bids from America piled so high she finally succumbed to Mr. Ziegfeld's offer of the largest salary ever given a musical comedy actress. And she made one condition: that her name was not even to be featured, let alone starred, until it was definitely known by the cold-blooded box office score that she was a hit.

"I was simply terrified by New York," she confesses. "The enormous buildings overpowered me. Everything seemed steel and concrete, hard. Rehearsal for Bitter Sweet was grueling work. There were moments when I felt like bolting back over the ocean and home.

Food of the Gods

"What saved me was waffles. I tasted my first waffle and surrendered to the New York I had dreamed of as a phantom kingdom and then disliked as a devouring ogre. I've practically lived on waffles. They're the food of the gods or goddesses. The idea of a heaping platter of waffles was in my mind on opening night when I pranced out my first song.

"I missed the English audience of gallery, circle and pit. We are accustomed, if we have any stage wisdom, to aim our faces and voices at the mid-ring around the house—our dress circle. Unwise actors aim their voices at the gallery—hence the term, gallery-playing. In American theaters, which are galleryless and often have but one balcony, it requires a different technique."

If Miss Laye hasn't got that, nobody has. Her sensational appearance, with a theater-emptying stock-market crash to herald it, but not to handicap it, has been the talk of the town. She admits that America has decided advantages, *including* twice the European scale of pay for stars.

Through a dazzling gallery of living beauty, brilliant and perfumed, she hurried to her post in the wings. Lanky Noel Coward, through habit although it was unlawful proffered a cigarette case. She declined; she smokes only on Sundays.

The chorus danced—and in the wings princess charming duplicated their most energetic steps. Her entrance to thunderous applause; a gay toss of the golden head; the pert lips part and a thread of voice binds everybody in its spell.

If there is a touch of the conquering heroine in her smile, may we remark in pointed vernacular: You got it coming to you, lady!

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Outboard Motors Concealed in Stern

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Heading these Matched Units are the Aquaflyer Runabouts, luxuriously upholstered, electrically started, and steered by an auto-type wheel. Their Sea-Horse motors are neatly concealed in a hatch-covered recess in the stern, making the usable space 30% greater than inboard motor boats.

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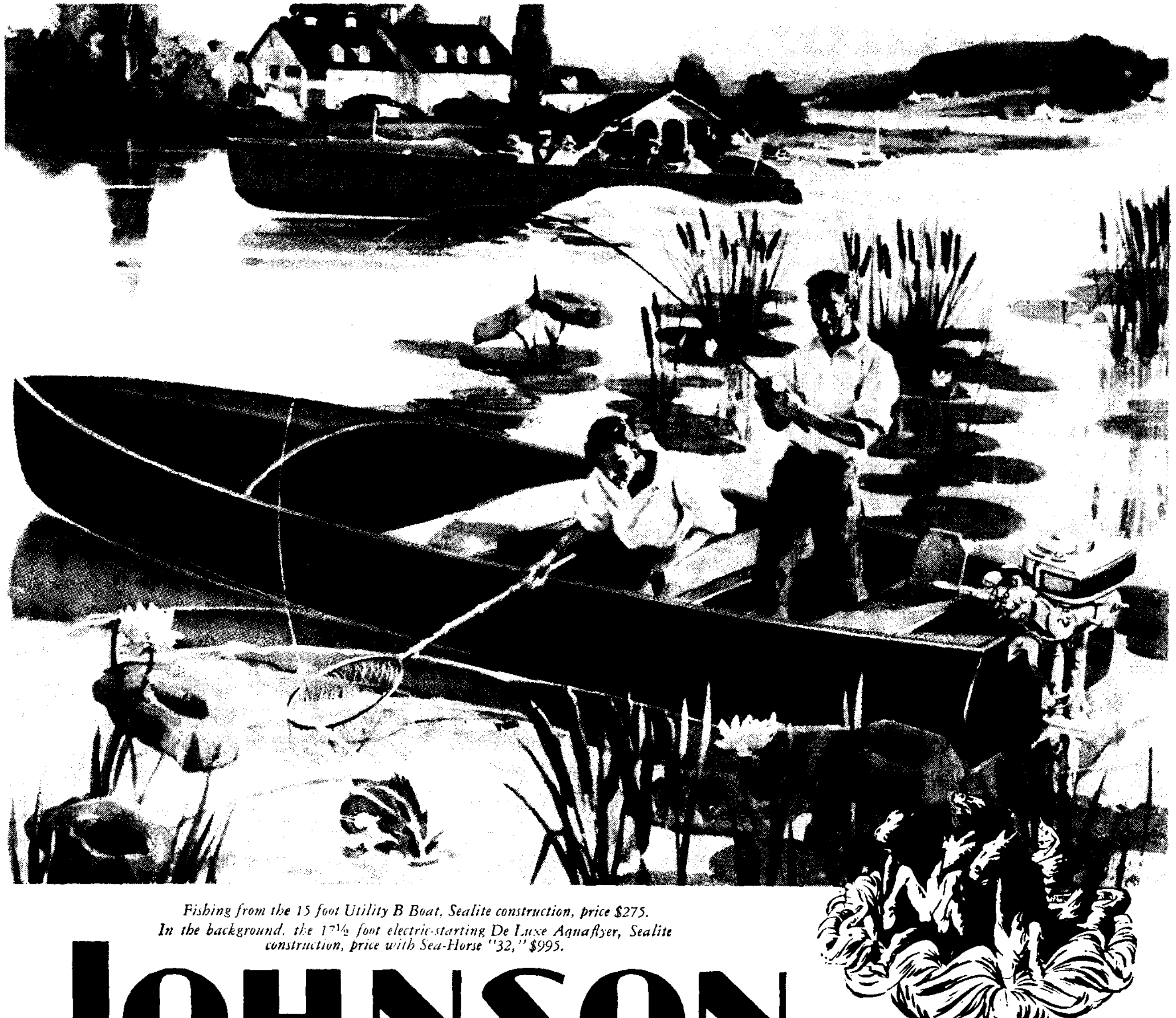
The New Sea-Horse Motors

Johnson Sea-Horses hold more 1930 records than all other makes combined, including the fastest time ever made—49.34 m.p.h. Larger models may now be had with both electric-starter and auxiliary rope-starter or with rope-starter only.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Stations for complete service in all parts of the country.

Write for Color-illustrated Catalog De Luxe containing reproductions, specifications and prices of all Johnson Boats and Motors, separate or as Matched Units.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 589 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois . . . . *In Canada:* Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Peterboro, Ontario
World's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Motors and Matched Units

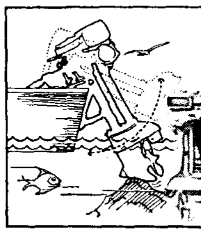


Fishing from the 15 foot Utility B Boat, Sealite construction, price $275. In the background, the 17½ foot electric-starting De Luxe Aquaflyer, Sealite construction, price with Sea-Horse "32," $995.

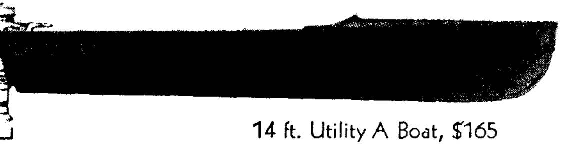
JOHNSON

MATCHED UNITS

SEA-HORSES & BOATS



Propeller tilts automatically on striking obstructions and passes over them. Permits navigation in shallow waters, avoids disablement in deep waters.

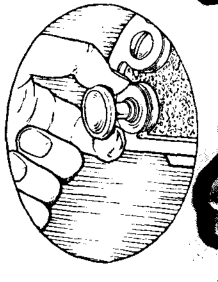


14 ft. Utility A Boat, $165

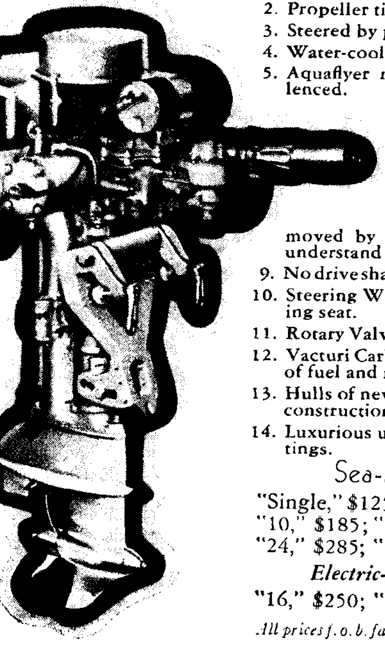
Sealite construction, cedar deck, only 175 lbs.; round bilge bottom, 52 in. beam, 3 cross seats, ideal for yacht tender, camping, children.

17½ ft. Service Runabout Boat, $485

Sealite construction, V-bottom, 5 ft. beam; 3 cross seats with lazybacks; weighs 395 lbs.; true speed up to 27 m.p.h. with Sea-Horse "32." Aquaflyer-type recess for motor.



Once turned on electric starter runs until turned off; hence motor cannot stall. Starter, mounted on end of crankshaft, serves also as generator to charge battery, and as flywheel. Requires no engaging clutch or gears.



Electrically Started Sea-Horse "24"

Valuable Innovations and Improvements

1. Electric-starter also charges battery.
2. Propeller tilts automatically.
3. Steered by power-driven propeller.
4. Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust.
5. Aquaflyer motor concealed and silenced.
6. Cleaner, quieter, more usable interior.
7. Alternate Firing or Release Charger gives automobile starting ease to rope-started Sea-Horses.
8. Motors are easily removed by two wing nuts. Easy to understand and service.
9. No drive shafts or leaky stuffing boxes.
10. Steering Wheel and controls at driving seat.
11. Rotary Valve distributes full charges.
12. Vacturi Carburetor saves 20% to 30% of fuel and increases power.
13. Hulls of new-day Prestite and Sealite construction.
14. Luxurious upholstery, streamline fittings.

Sea-Horse Prices:

"Single," $125; "3," $150; "4," $160; "10," $185; "12," $195; "16," $250; "24," $285; "32," $325.

Electric-Starting Models

"16," $250; "24," $285; "32," $325

All prices f. o. b. factory. Partial Payment Terms

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Ed. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 9

surrounded by officers, and dominating everything with his cutting voice:

"You aren't fighting? I would fight without a break. I would fight in front of Amiens. I would fight in Amiens. I would fight behind Amiens. I would fight all the time."[1]

No commentary is needed on that speech. I confess that for my own part I could hardly refrain from throwing myself into the arms of this admirable chief in the name of France in deadly peril.

At length, in the Doullens conference —March 25, 1918—the varying phases of which have been many times related, in the end the following text was agreed upon:

> General Foch is charged by the British and French Governments to coördinate the action of the Allied armies on the Western Front. He will consult for this purpose with the Commanders-in-Chief, who are to furnish him all the information necessary.

This was merely a first step, but it was decisive. The title of Commander-in-Chief was not yet accepted by the English. At Beauvais (April 3, 1918) I proposed to entrust Foch with "the strategic command," and the formula was accepted. The text of the new agreement was as follows:

> General Foch is charged by the British, French, and American Governments to coördinate the action of the Allied Armies on the Western Front.

All that took time. At last, after continual pressing on my part, I obtained an answer from Mr. Lloyd George: the British Government, he said, had no longer any objection to General Foch taking the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France (April 14, 1918). On the same day the excellent General Bliss, after a conversation with General Mordacq at Versailles, sent me this message in the name of the President of the United States: "I guarantee that our Government will see nothing but advantage in the unity of command."

The Chemin des Dames Affair

For me it was less a matter of formulas than of the acts depending on them. Already at Clermont (Oise, March 28, 1918) General Pershing had come to place himself at the disposal of his new chief in a moving speech, the memory of which has remained fresh and vivid in our hearts. At the same time Pétain too had come to take General Foch's orders. On every side there was full harmony. We were on the threshold of decisive action.

What use was made of this higher command is a question that military history will have the task of clearing up. For many reasons I am not convinced that it actually played the decisive part public opinion is inclined to attribute to it.

It must indeed be said that in his exercise of the single command the Generalissimo at times gave way to hesitancies, to temperings of authority calculated to leave the desired and expected results in uncertainty. On the other hand, I think I can say that the commander of the British Army never submitted wholly to the instructions of General Foch, who was perhaps over-anxious to have no difficulty with the two great chiefs theoretically his subordinates.

The English desired first and foremost to protect the Channel ports. Nothing could be more natural. General Foch, who had French divisions in Flanders, did not wish to bring them away, because that was where he was expecting the German attack before and after the Chemin des Dames collapse. He informed me of the position.[2] I had made it a fixed rule to abstain from all discussions of a purely military nature, but it was my duty to make inquiries *to discover whether the supreme command* was functioning properly.

To avoid all contradiction, the Chemin des Dames affair has been dealt with in the *Mémorial* by way of judicious selection. It would really be too plain sailing if it was possible to avoid discussion by this simple device.[3]

The Commander-in-Chief may have made a mistake, a mistake of the worst

(*Continued on page 48*)

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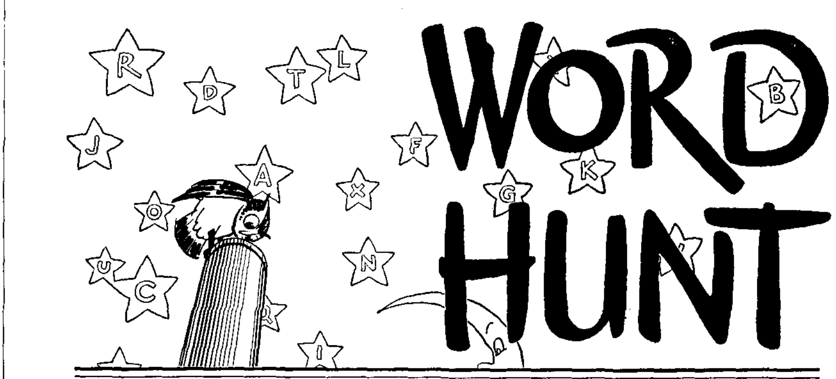
[1] I did not fail to report these words to the President of the Republic, who quoted them in his address to the great soldier when handing him the baton of Maréchal de France, which I myself proposed for him.

[2] "Why did not Marshal Foch follow the same procedure, to overcome resistance?" *Le Commandement Unique*, by General Mordacq (p. 144).

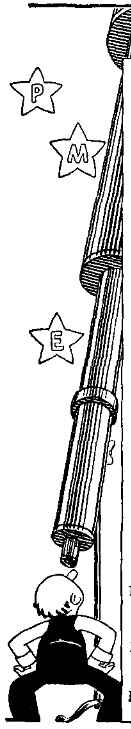
[3] In this battle of the Chemin des Dames (May 27 to June 8, 1918) the Allies lost more than sixty thousand prisoners, seven hundred guns, two thousand machine guns, a considerable amount of flying and artillery material, large depots of munitions, provisions and stores of all kinds, important medical organizations, etc. . . .

The Paris-Châlons railway, so necessary for bringing up supplies, was no longer usable.

Thus it was a real disaster.—From General Mordacq's notebook.



In the English language there are just twelve words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters M-E-R. One of them is MERCH. You supply the others.



1	M	E	R	C	H	Scottish variant of MARROW, a substance.
2	M	E	R			Compassion; clemency.
3	M	E	R			(Rare) Speaking articulately; endowed with speech.
4	M	E	R			(Zoölogy) A meropodite. Also (Architecture) the plain surface between the channels of a triglyph.
5	M	E	R			The jack. The guasa.
6	M	E	R			*(One of two forms)* The European blackbird.
7	M	E	R			To deserve. Also, excellence.
8	M	E	R			(Dial. Eng.) Plenty.
9	M	E	R			Scottish variant of MARROW. Also (*Scot. or* Dial. Eng.), alluvial land by a river or the sea; a marsh.
10	M	E	R			(Rare) To dip or plunge in a liquid; to immerse.
11	M	E	R			Jovial; mirthful.
12	M	E	R			To cause to be swallowed up or absorbed.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Stylate	3. Stylist	5. Stylish	7. Stylize
2. Styline	4. Styling	6. Stylite	8. Styloid

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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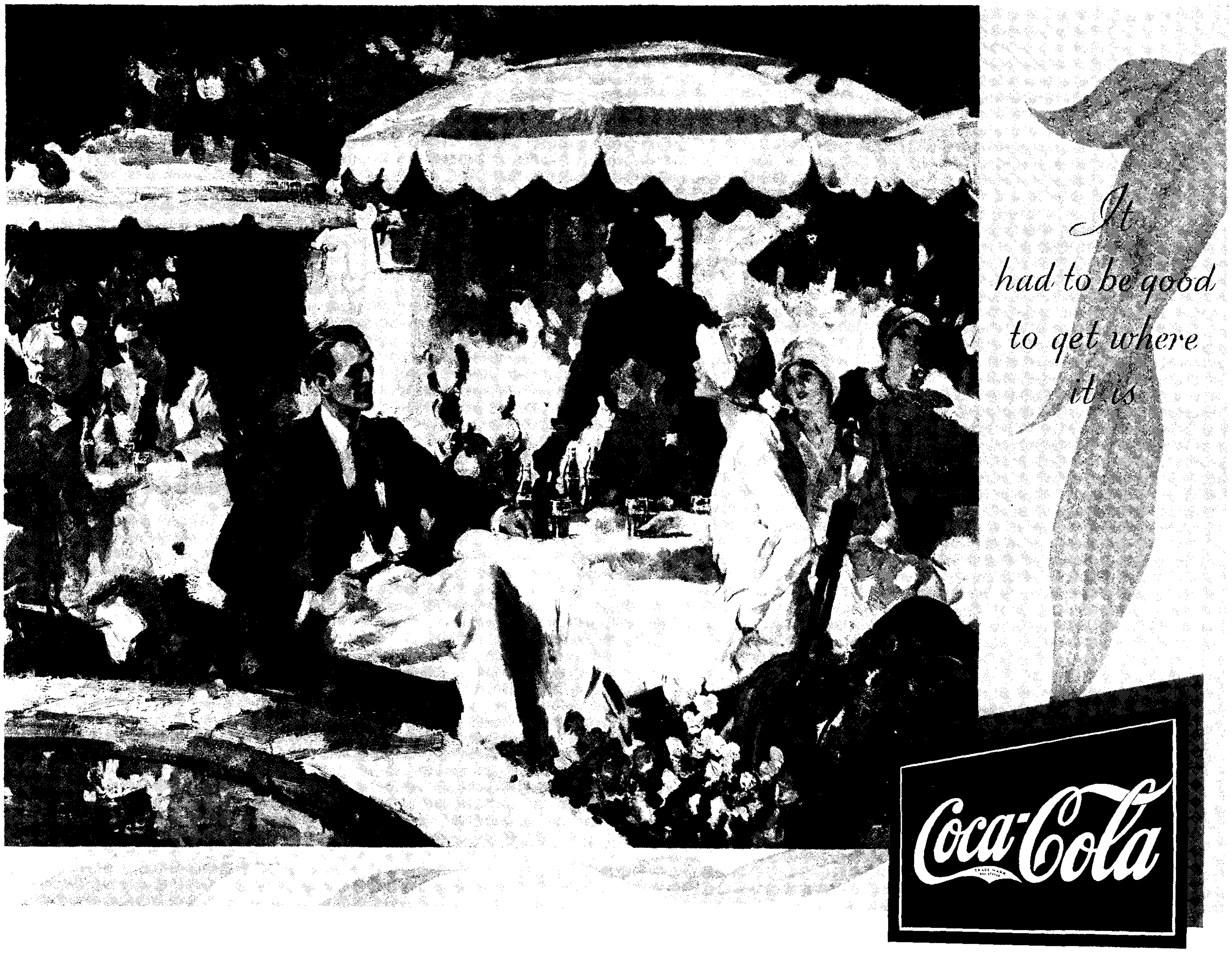

It had to be good to get where it is
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

New Orleans shows the world how to enjoy

. . . *the pause that refreshes*

A STEP from the busy street and you enter a cool, shadowed courtyard. A fountain tinkles in the center. Bright flowers border the old, gray flagstone walks, and wistaria hangs its purple tapestry against the walls and over the balcony rails above. Here—leisured, calm, carefree, cool—New Orleans gathers to enjoy ice-cold Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes*.

For New Orleans has made Coca-Cola its very own. Some of its soda fountains are as long as a city block, where busy workers find a minute here and there for a refreshing break in the crowded hours . . . Thus the world learns from New Orleans how to relax. A glass or a bottle of ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you a tingling, wholesome refreshment that nothing else can.

You do more work, better work, and have a lot more fun doing it.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

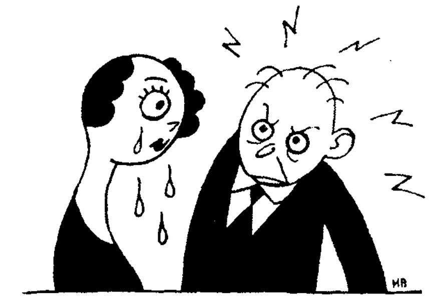
NINE MILLION A DAY

IRRITATION

OVER THE

MORNING

EGGS

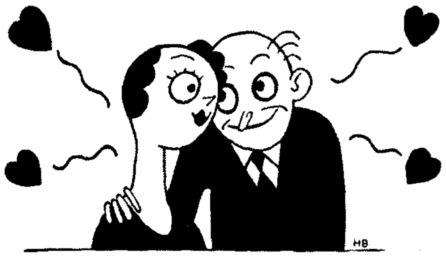


It is our secret belief that at no time in the twenty-four hours is the genus homo more disagreeable than at the breakfast table.

We retain a sneaking notion that this abnormal state of mind comes somewhat from the dull and repetitious business of shaving. Whiskers which were shorn yesterday must be shorn again today, under the pain of acute social stigma. It is just one of the day's tiresome chores.

The least one can do to ameliorate this condition is to use a shaving tool that you can get a little fun out of. The Enders razor is such a tool. It has a deftness and balance depressingly lacking in overstuffed razors. Instead of pushing it over your face you take it in your finger tips and draw it lightly. Your face and the Enders somehow instinctively like each other.

And if you share our violent antipathy for dull blades, you will rejoice in those made for the Enders. They are unbelievably sharp. We have our own ways of weeding out the duds, one of which is the hair test at the factory.



We don't say the Enders will make your wife love you at breakfast. But we do say it will make shaving far, far less of a pain in the neck. You can get the Enders at almost any store which sells razors. ($1.00 for an Enders and six blades.) Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 West 40th St., New York.

Enders RAZOR

The Hair Test
New Enders Razor
with 6 blades. $1.00.
Blades, 5 for 35c.
If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Grandeur and Misery of Victory

Continued from page 46

kind, with regard to the point of the enemy's attack, but his first duty was to guard himself to the best of his power, and the Chemin des Dames, our most important field fortification, was badly—indeed, very badly—guarded. The event proved this only too well.

In reply to my first inquiries I was briefly told that such things are inevitable in war, that anyone, soldier and civilian alike, may be found at fault, and that it was no good dwelling upon the fact. After this opening Foch changed the conversation. When he saw me insisting with my questions he wanted to know if I intended to court-martial him, to which I replied that there could be no question of that.

Fencing with Parliament

As was natural, Parliament, spurred on by public opinion, was greatly excited and did not spare the military leaders, but this did not alter the fact that I should have aggravated the situation considerably had I begun, in the midst of this grievous confusion, replacing the highly placed chiefs by others who, after all, were perhaps less well prepared. Above all, it was necessary to hold one's own against the currents of public opinion clamoring for penalties without knowing on whom they were to fall.

I was thoroughly resolved not to stake the final success on a random chance. I complied unhesitatingly with all the demands for information that came from Parliament. I appeared before the commissions, where I met with the keenest hostility. But there was a speedy return of confidence when it was evident that I meant to hide nothing. Meanwhile I was continually up and down the country to see the leaders at their fighting posts, to comfort and encourage them if necessary, and to maintain confidence, as much as lay in my power. In such emergencies a chief, with uniform or without, who keeps the stubborn will to win has plenty to do.

I had to make things right with Parliament. I am always and unvaryingly a stanch Parliamentarian. I must admit that the Parliamentary system as we know it is not always a school for stout-heartedness. All the conversations before that formidable meeting were full to bursting with evil auguries for the High Command. I never wavered. I took everybody under my shield, to the great astonishment of those who had told me that by throwing all the responsibility on the Commander-in-Chief I should regain the authority belonging to my position.

A Signal Victory

Obviously, the more Foch's power had been increased, the greater was his military responsibility. No one knew it better than he did. By nature he was not a great talker. I did not try (for I had not the time) to form a personal opinion as to the military responsibility taken as a whole, and later I was given no opportunity to get to know. So I only exchanged a few vague remarks with the Generalissimo, and went to the Parliamentary battle without telling anyone what I proposed to do. I won a signal victory, and at the same time shielded all my subordinates: but nobody can seriously doubt that, had I faltered for a single moment, the High Command would have been swept away.

Foch never said a word to me about this sitting, at which it is no mere boast for me to say that I saved him. You must admit that this silence on Foch's part might well lend itself to comment. We had not yet come to our great quarrels over the American Army and the annexation of the Rhineland. No harsh words had or have ever passed between us. Nothing more, perhaps, than the inevitable clash of military and civil power. But I took great pains never to press the discussion too far.

Night and day since the vote of confidence, had I been going up and down visiting the fighting-posts. Everywhere I was brought back to the everlasting question of the lapses of subordinate commanders. This lamentable rout, upon which some day we shall have to make up our minds to shed the light of day, was no doubt attributable in the first place to the High Command, which was not sufficiently in touch with the actual fighting units. But had the secondary commands been strongly welded together we should have been able to hold out, in spite of the absence of the reserves whom Foch was keeping up in Flanders doing nothing.

Finally I told the Generalissimo that new duties had been imposed upon us by reason of our victory in Parliament, and I appealed to him on his military conscience as supreme commander to tell me if he had no urgent reforms in the personnel to suggest. Without hesitating he replied that the chief fault was the inadequacy of the resources at the disposal of his staff, but that it was very difficult to reorganize, because it meant breaking up General Pétain's staff.

I replied that General Pétain was the most disinterested of men, and that it would be sufficient to give him the explanation to which he was entitled. At the same time I drew from my pocket a fairly long list of aged generals whom I had decided to replace.

I had defended the High Command in the House, but I knew very well, from having observed it closely on my visits to the front, that an important group of leaders had grown old and ought to be replaced. Foch certainly knew it as well as I did, perhaps even better, but, as with many chiefs, the phrase "old comrade" was a very potent charm with him.

I must say that the Commander-in-Chief offered no resistance to my determination. Without losing a moment we went to General Pétain, and I laid before him as well as I could the conversation I had just had with his chief. With his customary placidity General Pétain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, heard me through without uttering a word. Then he said:

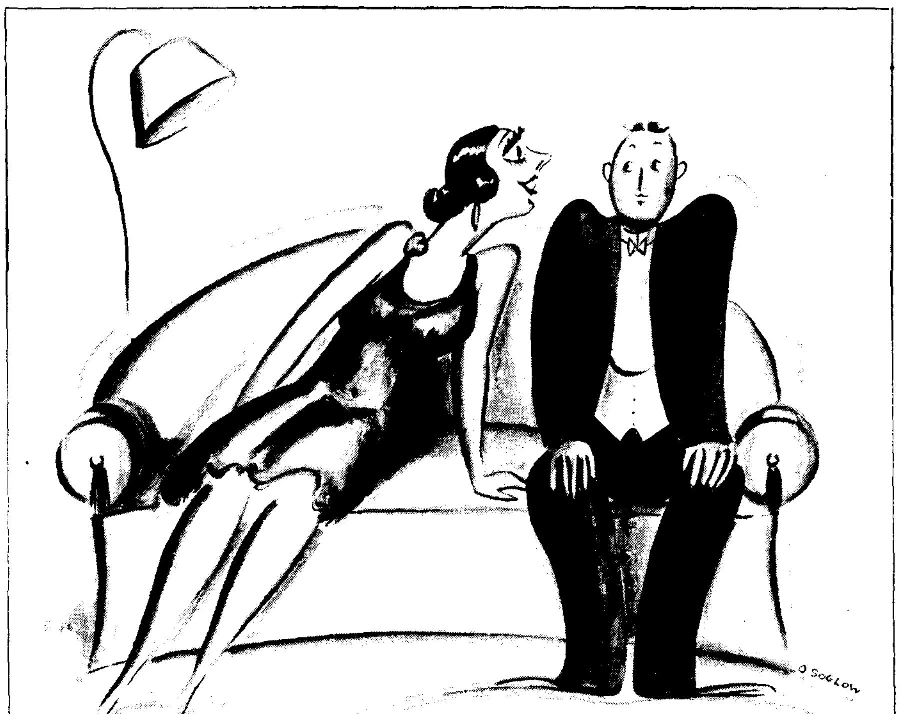
"*Monsieur le Président*, I give you my word that if you leave me an army corps to lead I shall deem myself greatly honored, and that I shall rest content in carrying out my duties properly."

It was one of those high moments that can never be forgotten.

I then returned to my list of generals to be relieved of their commands, which the Generalissimo did not challenge in one single instance; he knew too well each one's deficiencies. At certain names I saw him shrug his shoulders with the murmur, "An old friend." The sacrifice was consummated with but few exceptions. As a matter of fact, Foch asked me to spare those of his "old comrades" who were on parts of the Front where there was no fighting, and promised that if the occasion called for it he would rigorously apply the same standard.

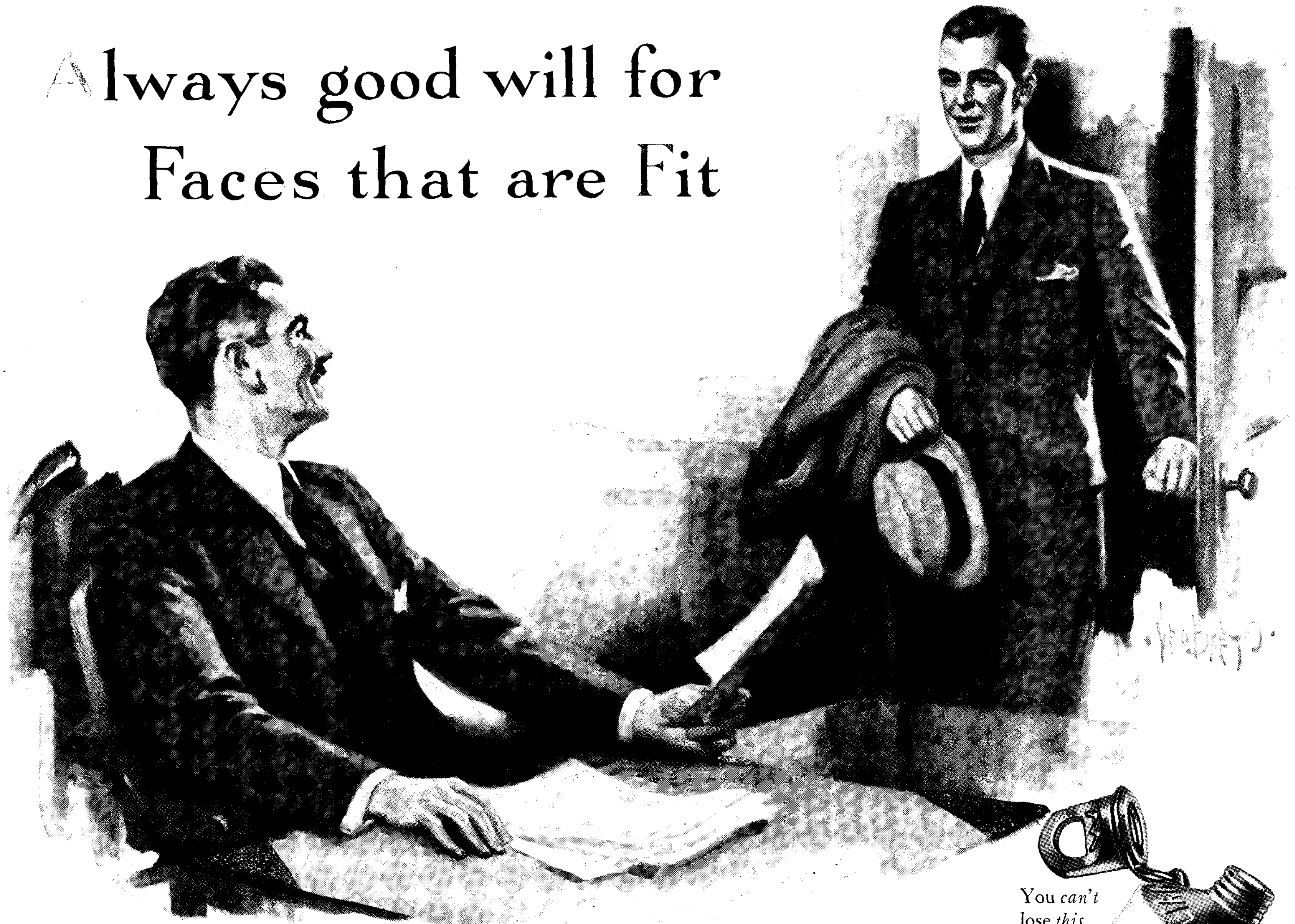
My duty should have been to resist this appeal to normal human weaknesses, for the battle might break out at any moment in those places where it was temporarily dormant. If a disaster occurred, the blame would have only too justly been laid at my door. I took that chance to win my way into the good graces of the Generalissimo, who himself only retained his post, thanks to my intervention in the Chamber. On what grounds does he accuse me of persecuting him? Where would you be today, my dear Marshal, had I not interposed my breast between you and your judges?

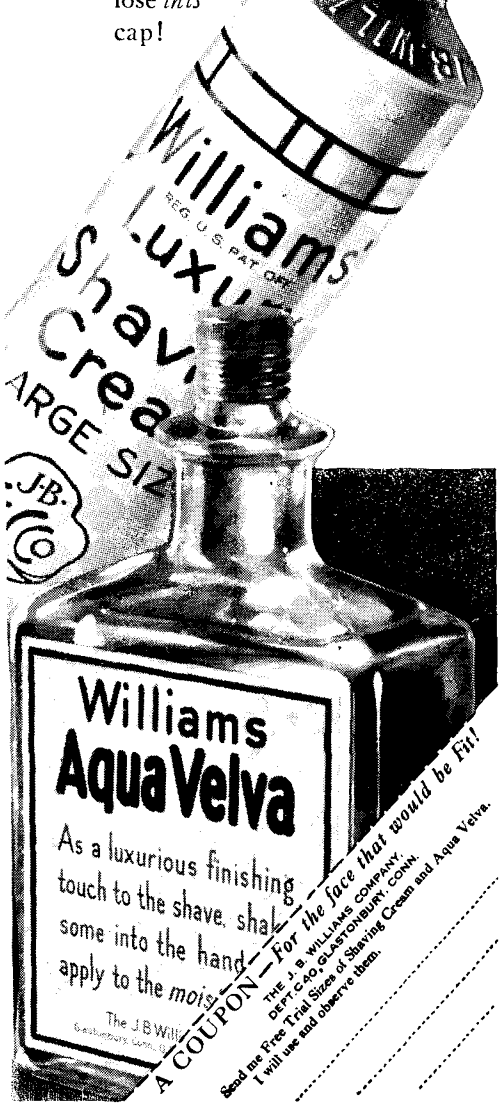
Another article by Georges Clemenceau will appear in next week's issue



She—"Are you afraid of me?"
He—"No—I have fire insurance."

Always good will for Faces that are Fit





You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Your office door opens. A stranger stands before you. Groomed neatly. Clean shaven. Looking fit. Of the outdoors, perhaps. Instinctively within you springs a feeling of good will.

For Face Fitness, the outward sign of inward health, exercise, fresh air, sane living are always needed. Then, that you may look your very best, turn daily to the Williams Shaving Service. Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First, Williams Shaving Cream. So mild and pure that some of the leading hospitals use it to wash the tender skins of new born babies. Quick and cool and moisture-laden. Indeed, there's ten per cent more moisture in the Williams lather than in any other we know of, by authentic test. Lather that for 90 years has been the Standard by which all others have been judged.

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Aqua Velva wakes the skin with a fine stimulating tingle. Gives it the look and feel of vigor. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts — pretty often there, even if you *don't* see them. Protects from dust, germs, wind, weather. Helps to keep skin texture firm, youthful. Helps to *keep* the face all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

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Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very new! Ask your dealer.

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Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

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is revealed in the

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

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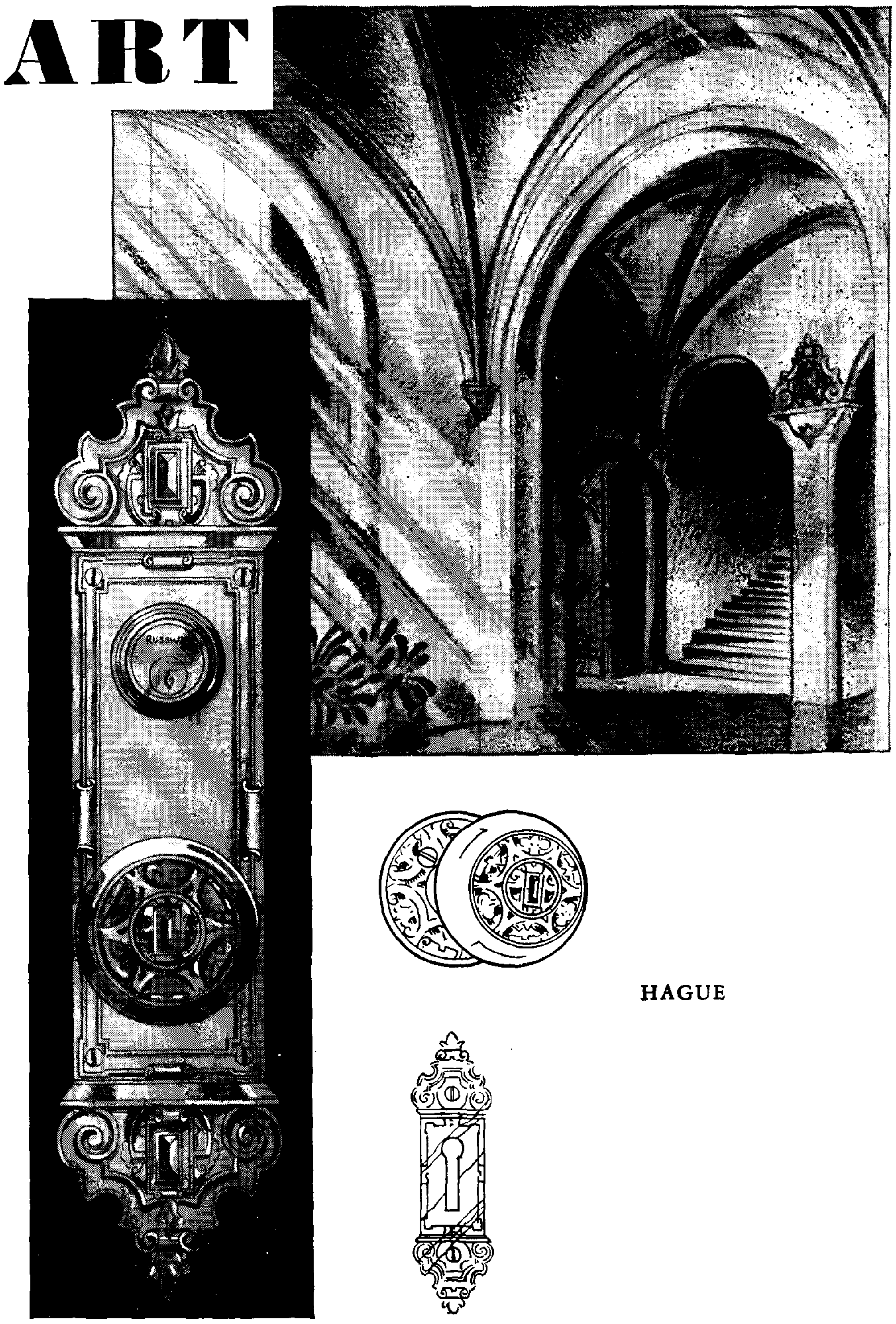
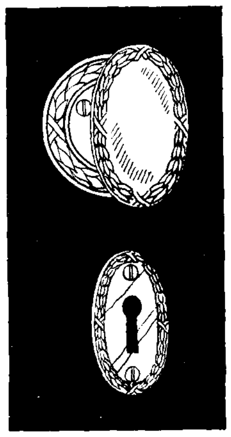


HAGUE



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SINCE 1839
RUSSWIN
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DISTINCTIVE
HARDWARE

Hardware that lasts — Base Metals of Bronze or Brass

For the Architect's convenience RUSSWIN Hardware is illustrated and described in Sweet's catalogue, pages C3137 : C3216

At left an exclusive RUSSWIN creation

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 15

"The call of a *dacoit!*.

"Over these dangerous madmen, Greville, as well as the thugs and the hashishin, the late Dr. Fu Manchu had acquired a mysterious control. I dropped flat on the ground, wriggled to the edge and looked down. Nothing moved—the place was dark and silent. But I continued to watch and presently I saw a seeming miracle.

"The door of the hut was open! I clenched my fists and stared. It was as though the gate of a tomb had opened. I did not know *what* to expect. But what I saw was this:

"A THICKSET brown man, naked except for his loin cloth, came out, bending double in the manner of a laden Eastern porter, and carrying on his shoulders the body of Sir Lionel Barton wrapped in a blanket!

"On the threshold he laid him down. He locked the door with a key he carried, shouldered the body again and set off up the wadi. . . . How had he got into the hut and where had he obtained the key?"

"Weymouth has solved that mystery," Petrie interrupted. "The key was on Sir Lionel's chain. He had only partially undressed on the previous night, and the dacoit must have slipped in between the time that the hut was open and the time that Sir Lionel was carried there."

Nayland Smith tugged at his ear, a nervous mannerism which I had already observed, and turning to Weymouth:

"Congratulations!" he said. "What was your clue?"

"The man had been chewing betel-nut. I found some. . . ."

"*Chunam!* Brilliant, Weymouth! No school to equal that of experience. But do you grasp the astounding fact that he had stuck to his post for some *twenty hours,* with nothing but betel-nut to sustain him! Yet he still had the strength of a tiger—as I was to learn! . . .

"I started to follow. By the smaller hut, as you know, Greville"—turning to me—"there's a steep path leading to the plateau: it begins as a sort of gully. And in the dense shadow there my dacoit stopped.

"Need I say that I was searching madly for a proper plan of action? What was the right course? Barton, if not dead, was palpably unconscious. What was the purpose of this mysterious body-snatching? Even if they knew that you, Petrie, had been sent for. . . ."

"They did!" I interrupted. "I was followed to Cairo!"

"Even so, I argued, it must be as Barton himself had believed. Someone needed him—*alive!* My decision was made. I would not arouse the camp—my first, natural impulse—nor interfere in any way. I would follow and see where he was being taken.

"At which moment I nearly made a fatal mistake. I was on the point of moving from the deep belt of shadow in which I lay concealed, when a second soft call drew my gaze upward to where the path ceased to be a ravine and topped the slope above.

"Another dacoit was descending, almost silently, but very swiftly!

"I shrank back.

"A low-toned conversation took place in the darkness beneath me; and then the pair raised the body of Sir Lionel and carried it rapidly up the slope and over the top.

"I gave them twenty seconds. I could risk no more. Then, fairly silent in my soft slippers, I raced up and threw myself prone on the crest. . . . They were heading westward across the plateau.

"Naturally, I had made myself acquainted with the outstanding peculiarities of the district immediately surrounding Sir Lionel's excavation; and in a flash, as I lay there plainly visible in the moonlight should either of the dacoits have looked back, the truth dawned upon me.

"They were carrying him to *Lafleur's Shaft!*

"When at last, using what little cover I could find, I ventured to approach the entrance to the shaft—which, I discovered, is a long, sloping tunnel—the dacoits were already far ahead of me. I could just see the moving light of a lantern.

"I stopped, lying flat by the entrance and looking down. What should I do next?

"For one moment the dreadful idea came to me that they were going to bury him—alive! I had it in mind to rush back to the camp for assistance, since I was single-handed and had no notion how many the enemy numbered.

"Wiser second thoughts prevailed. Sir Lionel lived. And they needed his *knowledge. . . .*

"Of Lafleur's Shaft I knew next to nothing. From what little I had gathered of its history, I understood that it was an abandoned cutting, terminating in a dead end some forty feet below the level of the plateau.

"I waited—until I thought I might venture to descend the shaft to the first bend. It was hot and still—very still. No light showed ahead of me nor could I hear a sound. My sense of mystification increased. Where had they gone? What was their purpose?

"Risking everything, I flashed a light along the sloping path below me. I saw a rough tunnel terminating in another bend. I began to descend it. Sometimes my foot slipped and I stopped, listening . . . not a sound. I descended still farther. Lafleur's Shaft, I learned, forms roughly a slanting figure Z. At last I came to a yawning pit. One fact my lamp revealed—the fact that a ladder rested in it. I stood in darkness, listening again.

"I could hear nothing.

"USING my lamp sparingly, I found my way to the head of the ladder and climbed down. On an irregular mass of stone at the base I paused. So far as my scanty information carried me, this was the end of Lafleur's Shaft. It was empty!

"Where had the dacoits gone?

"I knew from experience of these wiry little Burmans, that they possessed a gorilla-like strength and that for one to have carried even so heavy a man as Sir Lionel Barton down the ladder slung across his shoulders was not an impossible task.

"But where had they gone?

"Cautious examination discovered a ragged gap in one wall of the pit, or well, in which I stood. I groped my way through and found myself in a slanting passage running, roughly, parallel with the tail of the Z of Lafleur's Shaft, but hewn in the solid rock and obviously of very early origin.

"Far below to my right a vague light showed. . . .

"I stood still again, listening.

"Voices! . . . then a crashing, booming sound.

"I crept down the slope. I came to a second ladder, and looking up saw the stars. This was Barton's excavation! A dim perception of the truth began to dawn on me. I stole down a little farther. I lay flat in the passage—watching.

"In the light of several lanterns I saw a party of half-naked men working feverishly to break a way through the wall! They worked under a *woman's* direction! I heard her voice—an unforgettable, bell-like voice. . . ."

"Madame Ingomar!" I shouted—my pent-up excitement at last expressing itself.

"Undoubtedly Fah Lo Suee. She was questioning Barton, who lay in the passage . . . *and Barton was answering her!*

"Beyond doubt they had been at their task for hours. Barton, unwillingly—perhaps unwittingly—helped them to complete it. They forced the opening. They all went through—four men led by Fah Lo Suee. Sir Lionel was left where he lay.

"I began to move back to the ladders. I had them in a trap! Not daring to use a light, I groped my way to the foot of the pit. I climbed to the first platform. Now, using my torch, I went up to the second. . . .

"SWITCHING off the torch, I pressed myself against the side of the excavation.

"Three lanterns passed the gap below. I counted them. Their bearers were heading for Lafleur's Shaft. There was an interval. Then, a fourth light shone out into the pit. It grew brighter.

"A woman, in native dress, looked up to where I crouched on the platform! . . .

"She withdrew, and went on. I heard a vague shuffling—a distant voice. Silence came. . . . Three men and one woman. Where was the *fourth* man—and Barton?

"The answer was all too obvious. . . . Barton had served the purpose of Fah Lo Suee: his usefulness was ended. Whatever she had sought, she had found. And now I realized that my immediate duty was to Sir Lionel. I crept down again, rung by rung. And, just as I reached the jagged opening, an explanation of the mystery of the fourth man burst upon me with icy certainty. . . .

"Already it might be too late! Barton had served the purpose for which he had been kept alive. Now, a *dead* man—not a synthetically dead man—he was to be replaced in the hut. This was the task of the dacoit who had carried him to Lafleur's Shaft, and who had remained behind to carry him back! . . .

"A dim light shone through the newly made opening. I crawled nearer; so near that at last I could touch Sir Lionel's body.

"The dacoit came out, stooping and holding the lantern. He would have been an easy shot but I had decided against the use of firearms. The professional strangler never had a chance; because I'd got my thumb on his jugular and my knees between his lean thighs almost before he suspected I was there. I had little compunction; but these people are queerly constituted. This fellow had sinews like iron wire and the strength of a tiger. Yet when I removed my grip and wondered how I should tie him up . . . he was dead!

"Perspiration blinded me and I was shaking with my exertions. I stood there, the fallen lantern at my feet, looking down at those two ghastly companions—the one indisputably dead, the other, for all his rigor and gray-white face, alive for all I knew to the contrary. Certainly I had heard his voice not long since. . . .

"Taking up the lantern, which had

(*Continued on page 52*)

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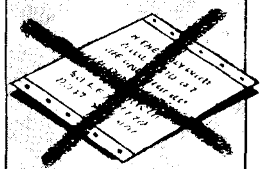

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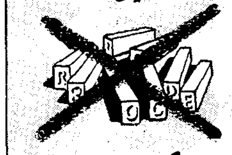

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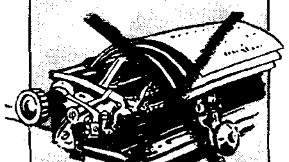

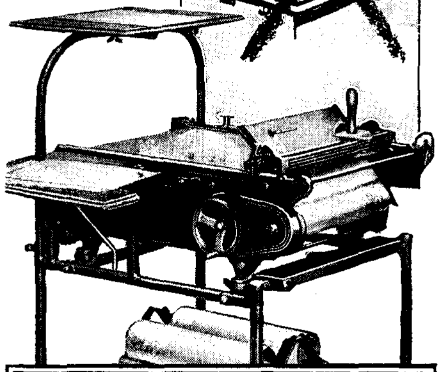

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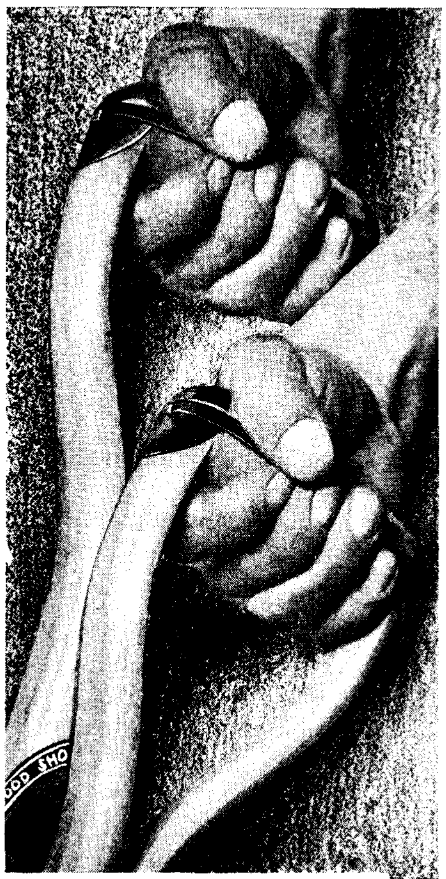

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(*Continued from page 51*)

remained alight, I stooped and went in through the triangular opening which had been made in the wall. . . . I found myself in the Tomb of the Black Ape!

"I need not describe it. The great sarcophagus was open—the wooden lid roughly in place, the stone one lying on the floor. I raised the sycamore covering. The mummy-case was empty.

"Observing in a corner a cavernlike opening, I crossed and explored it. It proved to be a low antechamber. Into this I dragged the dacoit so that he should be out of my sight. Then I stood in the tomb, endeavoring to make up my mind what I should do about Barton.

"First I thought of dragging him into the antechamber with the dead dacoit. Then I realized that this would be useless. My second idea, wild though it sounds, was a good one. They would never think of looking in the *sarcophagus!* . . .

"THE task was a heavy one. But I managed it. I replaced the lid, using some wedges which I found inside to prevent its closing entirely and to allow of air reaching the interior.

"I came out of Lafleur's Shaft. I heard the sound of a descending plane! At first, I couldn't believe my ears. Then came the explanation.

"And just as I grasped the fact that help for poor Barton—if he had not passed beyond its reach—had arrived I heard a second sound . . . Said's signal!

"Appreciating his state of anxiety—I had been missing for hours—I circled round the camp and joined him. He had heard the descent of the plane, of course, but he was even more urgently concerned about a party of three men and a woman, the men bearing heavy burdens, who at that very moment, I gathered, were setting out on camels for Kûrna!

"I weighed the chances—and the stakes. I came to a speedy decision. Leaving Said on duty, I set out for a point on the Kûrna road—where Fletcher was posted. . . .

"Needless to add, I failed to overtake Fah Lo Suee. Fletcher had noted the mysterious caravan, but naturally had not challenged it. I returned, and made my return known to Said. . . ."

"You alarmed the whole camp!" I broke in. "We had learned to recognize that false dog's howling!"

"Quite!" Nayland Smith smiled his rare, revealing smile. "But Said informed me that Rima Barton, who had been here, in Luxor, was back in camp with Ali Mahmoud and that you three fellows were with Forester in the big hut. . . .

"Dead beat though I was, another job remained: to enable you to find Barton! I sent Said out scouting. The last thing I desired was to make a dramatic entrance that night. Said presently returned to report that you, Weymouth, and Greville had gone to the excavation with Ali Mahmoud.

"I ordered Said to creep down Lafleur's Shaft and watch. . . .

"He was back in less than seven minutes by my watch! He had met a *woman* coming out! He thought that she had not seen him. She had gone toward the valley. . . .

"My fatigue forgotten, I set out racing along the top of the wadi—"

"Rima saw you!" I interrupted.

"Very likely. I observed that the door of the hut was open. . . .

"A wild-goose chase! *Madame* had vanished! With characteristic cool courage she must have returned to find out what had become of her missing servant!

"When the news reached me that Barton lived . . . I was worse than dog-tired; I was exhausted. And that night I shared a humble shake-down with Said."

"I DISLIKE dividing our forces at this stage of the campaign," said Nayland Smith, "but there's nothing else for it. I had intended to send a message down, Petrie, if you hadn't anticipated me. As a matter of fact"—he glanced at the table—"I was writing it when the manager rang me up.

"Fletcher must stay on guard. We can't leave Sir Lionel unprotected. Rima, of course, must remain also. Indeed it would be useless to ask her to do otherwise. And I want you, Greville, to act as guide. It's a pretty desperate expedition. But there's a chance we may be able to strike quickly and strangle this dreadful business at the hour of its birth."

"Just a moment, Sir Denis," Weymouth interrupted; "where do *I* come in?"

Smith turned to him, and:

"Glad to have you with me," he replied, "although your actual duty doesn't call for it."

"Thanks," said Weymouth dryly.

Smith met Dr. Petrie's fixed stare.

"Your leave starts next Thursday," he said. "And I can imagine how Karamanèh is looking forward to seeing London again. . . ."

There was a short silence, then:

"Is that all you have to say?" asked the doctor.

Nayland Smith grasped his shoulders impulsively.

"We stuck together pretty closely in the old days," he said. "But, now, I daren't ask you—"

"You don't have to!" Petrie declared truculently. "I'm coming!"

"But where are we for?" I asked.

"For the house at present occupied by Fah Lo Suee."

"What!" Petrie exclaimed. "Then where *is* this house?"

"Near the Oasis of Khârga—which accounts for Weymouth's inability to trace it!"

"But Khârga's surely a hundred and fifty miles!"

"There's a sort of railway," I said—"and a train about twice a year, from somewhere down Farshût way. . . ."

"Not our route," snapped Nayland Smith. "We're going from Esna."

"But that's just a caravan road—and a bad one too. The Chief and I went, once—he had an idea of working on the Temple of Hibis there—and I'm not likely to forget it! Sir Lionel loves camels—and so we went on camels. It took us three days to get to Khârga and three days to get back!"

"What I wanted to know! We're going by car. . . ."

"Gad! There are some nasty bits!"

"There may be. But if Fah Lo Suee can do it, we can do it! The only car I could beg, borrow or steal was a hard-bitten touring car about six years old. But I've got it parked in a quiet spot. I completed arrangements this morning. You might glance over this map."

From the table drawer he produced a large-scale map, when:

"What on earth are we going for?" Weymouth demanded.

"We're going to *spy!* Tonight, I have reasons to believe, the powers of hell will be assembled in el-Khârga! . . ."

I WENT along to the room occupied by the Chief, quietly opened the door and looked in.

Rima was sitting by the open window, reading. She looked up as I entered, shook her head and smiled rather sadly.

I went across to her.

"No change, dear?"

"Not the slightest. But you look excited, Shan. What is it? Something that extraordinary man Nayland Smith has told you?"

"Yes, darling. He has discovered what we wanted to know. We start in an hour."

Rima grasped my arm. Her eyes opened widely and her expression grew troubled; then:

"Do you mean—*her?*"

I nodded.

"Where she *is?*"

"Yes!"

"Oh, that woman terrifies me! . . . I hate the thought of your going. . . ."

I put my arm around her shoulders.

"You have none of your old doubts, darling, have you?" I asked.

She shook her head, then nestled against me.

"But I'm afraid of her," she explained, "desperately afraid of her. She is evil—utterly evil. Where is this place?"

"In the Oasis of Khârga."

"What! But that's miles and miles away in the desert! How ever are you going to get there?"

I briefly explained Nayland Smith's plan; and when Rima understood that he as well as Weymouth and Petrie were coming with the party, she seemed to grow easier in mind. Nevertheless, I could see that she was very troubled. And I have often wondered since if some moment of prevision came to her—if she foresaw, dimly, that a dreadful danger lay awaiting me in the Oasis of Khârga. . . .

"Tonight . . . the powers of hell will be assembled—"

Nayland Smith's strange words recurred to me.

A SOUND of footsteps on the gravel in the garden below brought my mind sharply to present dangers. I crossed the balcony and looked down. One glance was sufficient to reassure me. Of course, I might have known! Fletcher, pipe in mouth, was slowly pacing up and down—a sure guard, if ever a man had one.

I stooped for a moment over the Chief, wondering what secrets were locked up in that big brain of his, wondering what had really happened down there in the Tomb of the Black Ape, and how much he knew regarding the missing contents of the sarcophagus. Rima stood beside me, and:

"You must be dreadfully tired, dear," I said.

"Oh, I get plenty of sleep," she replied, "in little bits. Nurse and I watch, turn and turn about, you know. I shouldn't be happy if I weren't doing it."

She looked up at me in that grave way which always made me ashamed of myself, made me feel that in some spiritual sense I was infinitely less than she. She lifted her lips to mine and I took her in my arms. . . .

Having little enough to do in the way of preparation, I might not have torn myself away so quickly had it not been for the arrival of the nurse, a stout and capable Scotch woman, well known to the management.

Perhaps it was as well. Rima clung to me almost pitifully. . . . Yes! I think some Celtic premonition must have warned her. . . .

Downstairs I found Petrie waiting. Nayland Smith had disappeared; but:

"We are to join him at Esna," Petrie explained, "and for some reason, which I should regard as lunatic in any other than Smith, we are to pose as natives!"

"What!"

"Complete outfits—of which he has quite a wardrobe—are ready in his rooms. Weymouth is up there, now . . . and Said is standing by to guide us to the meeting-place."

We stared hard at each other. But neither of us was in jesting mood; and:

"Please God we all get back safe," said Petrie simply.

(*To be continued next week*)

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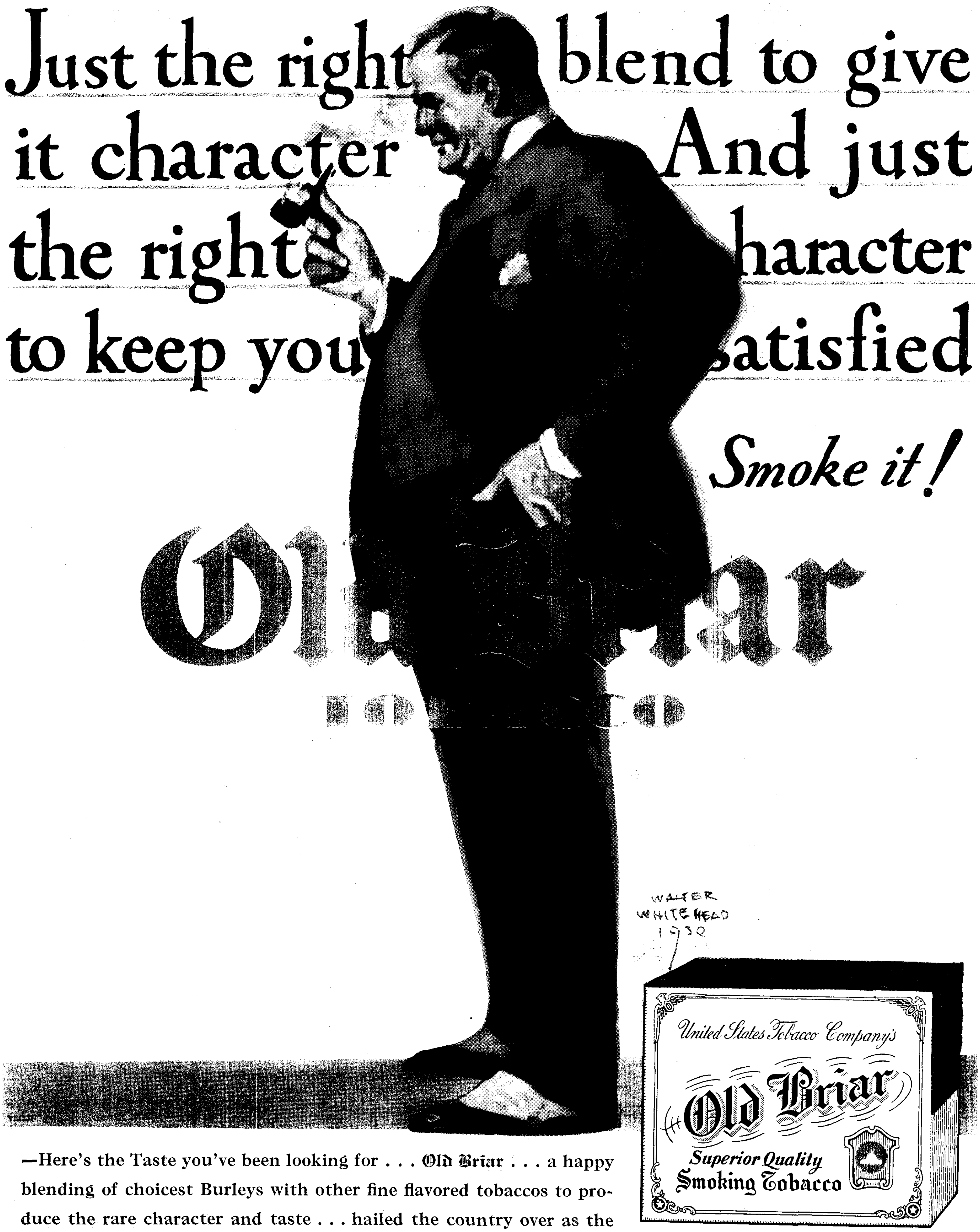
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Why don't you write?

Portrait of a Husband

Continued from page 12

known them all his life. One was a widow from Philadelphia and the other was this kid Dorothy.

"The widow from Philadelphia, she wasn't so much. She was wise all right and bright but not so much to look at. But this girl Dorothy was young and as pretty as they come. There was something nice and fresh about her like she'd just waked up after a good night's sleep. Jack took me to one side and said, 'Now you understand, Jim, the widow's for you and Dorothy's for me,' and I said, 'O. K.' But it didn't work out that way. Me and Dorothy, we sort of took to each other from the start."

A cigarette girl sauntered up to the table, a tray of cigars and cigarettes swinging from her shoulders. "Cigarettes, boys?" she asked.

"Yeh, give me these"—Jim picked up a pack. "How much?"

"Thirty cents," said the girl, smiling.

"Thirty cents! Holy cats! You're not robbers here, are you?"

"We got to live," said the girl.

"Oh, all right. Here's fifty," said Jim. "Keep the change and live good."

The cigarette girl smiled again, said nothing and went swaying on her way.

"Well, you got to expect robbers in a joint like this," Jim said. "I don't care as long as they're pleasant about it. And that goes for a lot of things, don't it? Now my wife and I, we're always pleasant to each other and that's half the battle. I don't care if she goes to her woman's clubs and things like that so long as she don't interfere with my liberty. I admire a woman who's got culture and intelligence.

"Some men would think Mabel cold and sort of standoffish but she's just the kind of a wife I wanted, somebody you could admire and respect. We made our bargain and I'm going to stick to it. Even when she says she won't be home to dinner because there's an important meeting at her club, that's O. K. with me. There's always plenty of places I can go.

"IF EVER you get married, Stan, be sure you get a girl that's pleasant and be sure to have it understood that everything's on a fifty-fifty basis. Oh, well, what's the difference? It's all in a lifetime. Come on! Let's have another drink."

"What happened then?" Stan asked.

"What happened when?"

"About Dorothy."

"Oh, yeh! Dorothy! Well, we dated them up for dinner that night and we certainly gave them a good time. That party must have set us back sixty, seventy dollars, but we didn't care. This widow from Philadelphia, she could certainly handle her drinks like a man but Dorothy wasn't used to 'em. After a while she felt a little sick and I took her out on the boardwalk and we stood leaning on the railing and looking out at the ocean and the moon on the water. I can remember it like it was yesterday. And after a while she felt all right. Then she told me she was married.

"I was awfully surprised to hear that, she looking so young, and when I told her that, and I meant it too, she said she was married when she was seventeen and didn't know what it was all about. She and her husband didn't get on so good. He was a much older guy and didn't have any pep. And she was tired of it and wanted to break away and make her own living. Only she didn't know how to get started."

"Where was her husband?"

"He was in Philadelphia—or Camden, I guess it was—and she and this widow had come together to Asbury Park for a little vacation."

"It sounds like they were just out for a good time."

"No, I don't think so," Jim said. "Of course I don't know about the widow. She certainly knew what she was doing. But this Dorothy was telling the truth. She was a nice kid then. A guy knows, you know, and nobody better than a guy like me, who's been round the town for years and knows the ropes pretty well."

The orchestra dropped into plaintive melody and a blond lady appeared and sang a song about broken hearts and the garden of love.

JIM waited until she had finished, clapped his hands perfunctorily and then said, "Well, that was on a Saturday and then on Sunday it was the same thing over again and, to make a long story short, when I come back to New York on Monday, Dorothy was with me."

"To look for a job, I suppose?" Stan asked, and laughed.

"Oh, yeh, she looked for a job all right after a while. What's more she got a job. It wasn't much—just file clerk or something but it gave her something to do. I thought she wouldn't be happy all day just sitting around in the little flat I got for her and she thought so, too. And, besides she had her pride. She wanted to support herself. She didn't want to take money from me. No fooling! There were lots and lots of times she could have had plenty from me and she wouldn't take it.

"You see, I was crazy about her then. And she was a nice decent kid and ambitious, too. She was always trying to improve herself and always reading. Good books too. Some of the stuff was way over my head. I used to kid her about it and tell her she was a highbrow and she'd laugh and say she only wished she was. Why, my God, Stan, I almost got so I respected that girl!"

One of the hostesses, with bright eyes and vividly painted lips, came up to the table. "Would you boys care to dance?" she asked.

"Not just now, sweetheart," Jim said. "I'm telling my friend a story."

"I like stories," said the hostess.

"Yeh; well, I know the kind of stories you like and this ain't one of 'em."

The hostess pouted and moved away reluctantly.

"Let's you and me have another drink," said Jim, and he pounded on the table.

"But what about Dorothy?"

"Oh, yes! Dorothy! Where was I?"

"You'd got to the point where you almost respected her."

"Sure I respected her. Why wouldn't I? I'd never known a girl like that before who didn't gold-dig for every last cent she could get out of a fellow. And I got so I was really crazy about her. I used to like to just go there to our little flat and stay home evenings. Sometimes she'd read to me out of one of her highbrow books. It was funny, wasn't it? Funny for an old rounder like me.

"I'd bring in something to eat from the delicatessen or Dorothy would throw something together, and she was a swell cook. So we'd sit there and eat it and have a bottle of beer and we wouldn't care to go out somehow. Just like to be there together with a bottle of beer and ham and scrambled eggs or something. And then I'd read the paper and Dorothy'd get busy with her books. And it was almost like home to me and almost like we were married. And, by God, sometimes I almost felt as if I could marry her."

"Why couldn't you?"

"Well, she was still married, wasn't she? I suppose she could have got a divorce. Or he could. But anyway I couldn't marry her."

"Why not?"

"Well, you can't marry a girl like that and expect any happiness out of it. A fellow's got to have some principles. And besides I wasn't thinking so much of myself. I was thinking of my folks and what they'd say. It would have broken my mother's heart if she'd known about Dorothy, especially if I'd married her. You know how mothers are. They never think anybody's good enough for their sons anyway. You see, I really couldn't marry Dorothy. You got to think of other people besides yourself."

"How did it end?"

"Well, all those things got to come to an end some time. In some ways it was Dorothy's fault. I used to tell her about my family and about my mother and my brother and his wife and their kids and what a swell time we had when we all got together. Then Dorothy began to hint she'd like to meet them. When she began to do that I knew it was the end. I could see, too, that she was thinking that maybe we might get married and that made me think it all over again, and how my mother would feel, and how was I ever going to introduce Dorothy to my brother's wife and have her meet his kids, and all that. And I saw it just couldn't be done.

"Besides, meanwhile I'd met Mabel. Mabel is a lady, you know, and the kind that a fellow'd be proud to have for his wife. You'd never have to make any apologies for Mabel. And Mabel had me guessing. She knew how to stand a fellow off and make him realize what a prize he'd win if he ever got her. Then one night when she let me see she might come to like me a little—well, I guess it made me dizzy."

"So you married her?"

"Well, not right away. I had to break with Dorothy first. That only seemed right. So I realized then I'd have to tell Dorothy. So at last I did."

"How'd she take it?"

"She took it awful quiet. She just got white and then after a long while she said, 'All right, Jim. Have it your own way.' She didn't get mad until I told her I'd give her a bunch of money and—well, that's all! She wouldn't take the money. Not a cent. Dorothy was a damn' nice kid then."

AFTER a few minutes Stan looked at his watch. "My God, Jim! It's almost four o'clock," he said.

"Yeh, I guess we'd better be going," said Jim.

Outside, the wind was blowing down the street and scattering torn paper and refuse before it. And another dark doorway opened down the street showing momentarily an oblong of light. Into this oblong of light stepped a man and a woman, walking unsteadily.

Jim and Stan came face to face with the man and woman beneath the high arc light.

"It's her!" said Jim.

It was Dorothy clinging to the arm of the fat man with the black mustache.

She looked at Jim and Jim stared at her but she simply tugged at the fat man's arm and said, "Come along, Daddy. Let's get a taxi."

Jim gazed after them, stupefied. "My God, don't you think she knew me?" he exclaimed. "After all I done for her!"

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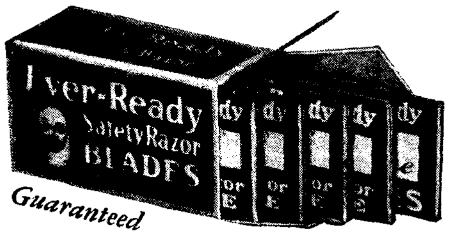

The Hog Hoisters

Continued from page 21

remark, and Bugaboo managed to get a chuckle from them with the brilliant observation: "You sprout fins, and you'd be a yaller-bellied channel catfish, I bet."

But Munroe was a talker, too. "Fish ain't no 'count to eat onless you got drinkin' licker to drink wid hit," he stated. "When I was in Uncle Sam's army in de Islands, I didn't drink *nothin'* but dat oggy-denty wid my fish, and dat might be how come I'm so tired er fish. Stuff made out'n sugar cane and coconuts and rice and stuff. But over in Valivostop, whar us took on coal, comin' back to de States, dey got a drink named vockster. And drunk you? Great day in de mawnin'! I jest tuck two little drinks, and dey had to tote me on dat ship in a sack!"

The woman who laughed loudest at Bugaboo's joke, grinned at Munroe. "I wisht I had some drinkin' licker, so's I c'd jest watch you eat, Big'n," she said. "But I ain't cause de law is too strick. But you wait hyar and I'll git you a bottle er soda pop. Dat'll wash hit down some. Now, you wait." And she went to a refreshment stand down the levee, returning presently with two bottles of soda water.

"Wet yo' whistle wid some er dis," she said, "and den grind yo' teeth on a sandwich. Do you like catfish or grinnel gooder?"

"I don't like neither one," Munroe grumbled, "and I don't like red soda pop, too. But I'll take some catfish, cause you country gals don't know no better and hit ain't no need in hurtin' yo' feelin's, jest 'cause you ain't never been around." And he feasted.

"He sho' is," commented Bugaboo, after the boat pulled out. But Iron Man had found that wailing note—sadder and drearier, this time, and he was choking it down hard. Nor did Bugaboo offer to sing. Steamboating suddenly had ceased to be a long, jolly song. It was pure work, and Bugaboo did not like work. He liked applause, and he worked harder than anybody to win it from the bank Negroes. But now Munroe was getting the applause, leaving nothing but work for him. Even between landings Munroe was the center of attraction. He not only had aroused the fancy of the people on the bank, but he had caught the imagination of the negroes on the boat, too, and he kept them circled around him, listening, open-mouthed, to his tales of far-off lands.

THE Grace left the Mississippi River at Angola, and turned into the Red by way of Old River. The character of the country changed almost immediately. Where high levees and cotton fields and frequent plantation settlements were in evidence along the Mississippi there were low marshes and cottonwood trees. By the time they left the Red for the Black River shanty boats with tall, hungry-looking white people offering to sell the boat fish, and cursing disinterestedly and futilely when the wash of the sternwheel rocked their homes, became frequent.

Late the afternoon of the fourth day after the Grace left New Orleans she pulled into the bank for a woodpile, apparently far removed from any form of civilization. The wood had been cut and stacked neatly upon the high chalk bank, and immediately back of the woodpile was a dense forest of tall cottonwood and pine, with scrub oaks, cane and palmetto struggling for supremacy in the lower elevations.

The roustabouts toted the wood, two sticks at a time, aboard the boat. The gangplank was steep and tiring. The experienced men fell into a gentle limber, imperceptible little rhythmic trot known on the river as the "coonjine" when they came down the plank. It was the step that kept a man's thigh bones from driving through his hips. Bugaboo knew the step; so did Iron Man. And Munroe didn't!

"Uh-uh!" grinned Bugaboo. "Dat woodpile on stiff legs sho' got to burn him down! He stout and he fast talkin'. But do he stiff-leg on a woodpile, hit gonter burn him down!"

FOR a solid hour they worked. And when a man is toting wood down a steep plank, he doesn't waste strength and energy watching other people. During that hour Munroe had worked his way through the line until he was directly behind Bugaboo.

"Black boy," he said, "hit ain't none er my business, but I likes to he'p a ignint nigger like you out. Whyn't you learn how to pace down dat plank, like me? You jest slops along, and dat'll weary down yo' soul. You ought to pace."

"Hunh?" Bugaboo could hardly believe his ears. In the steady drive of wood toting he had put Munroe out of his mind, expecting to hear when the job was done that he had "burnt out" and quit. But instead, he was giving advice—to Bugaboo, who was a song of muscle and movement! "What you say, Munroe?"

"You ought to side-wheel," said Munroe. "Like dis." And he spread his legs far apart and paced a few steps for Bugaboo's benefit. "I learnt how to do dat in de army, ridin' Uncle Sam's hosses. Dey don't like pacin' hosses in de army. But my hoss was a pacer. Number Fourteen, he was. And when us rid up and down dat rock at Corregidor, me and old Fourteen would be dar when de last one rolled over and quit. 'Cause he knowed how to pace down de hill. You trots and jabs yo' bones up in yo' insides. But when you paces—"

But Bugaboo could not stand any more. He coonjined away. The wood was heavy and the plank was steep, and since Munroe had mentioned it, every step he took drove his legs into his body.

Bugaboo couldn't stand being unhappy for a long time, so he searched his mind for an idea to cheer himself with. He got the idea presently. It wasn't a very good one, but it was the best one he could conjure up.

"Iron Man," he said, "hit ain't but one thing which keeps dat nigger f'm givin' me de all-overs. Dat lyin', braggin' Munroe nigger is a good toter and he's a good talker. But he might be skeered er hogs. *Might* be. And efn he is—"

Iron Man found comfort in the faint hope, and he grinned. "Efn he flinches, jest a little bit, when I and you sets a hog on his back!— Ah, Lawd!" He did not finish. Both he and Bugaboo knew well what would happen. The hog would get enough leverage to begin wiggling, and a wiggling hog can wiggle free from any man, because a wiggling, squealing, kicking wild hog is too much for any one man to hold. The hog would necessarily be dropped—possibly he would cut a gash in the rouster's leg with his tusks as he slid to the ground. And the squealing and wiggling would excite the dogs, and they would fall upon something—maybe the hog, maybe Munroe! You never could tell what a pack of excited dogs would grab.

The idea was so pleasant, once the details worked out, that both roustabouts were happy. The wood got lighter, and they stepped with agility as their worries left them.

But not for long. A small drove of hogs that was ranging in the brakes of the vicinity was attracted to the little clearing by the strange sounds incidental to the work. The leader of the pack, tall, rangy and bold, nosed his way out of the concealing palmetto bushes and surveyed the workers with curiosity. He was not more than twenty-five feet from the woodpile, and Munroe saw him.

"Yonder a wild hog!" Munroe shouted, and he leaped toward the razor-backed boar with the agility of a panther. The hog, of course, turned and ran. Munroe laughed. "Efn I'd a got my hands on dat hog," he announced, "I'd 'a' barbecued him and et him, right on de boat."

The incident caused merriment among the rousters—that is, all except Bugaboo and Iron Man. They now knew that Munroe was not afraid of hogs. They knew he would not flinch when a hog was put, belly up, on his back. They knew he would hold a hog with a steady, steel grip so that he could not possibly wiggle free. They knew that the dogs would get no opportunity to become excited and mistake Munroe for an escaping shote. Even the loquacious mate would find no cause to curse at such strength and nerve.

THE boat proceeded up the river, through the Ouachita, and to Camden, Arkansas, where the last of its upstream cargo was unloaded. Then it was turned downstream, riding high upon the water. Bugaboo and Iron Man had withdrawn into themselves. Munroe had overshadowed them completely, both socially and as a roustabout.

Iron Man summed it up drearily: "He kin outdo us, Bugaboo. He jest is too many for I and you. He kin out-roust us and he kin out-talk us. And de way I blows my harp don't sound good to him cause he hyared 'em blowed so much gooder."

And that was the way it was. The boat cleaved the narrow river in half, sending angular undulations of waves against each bank. The main deck was empty save for the engine, the boiler and twenty roustabouts scattered around in unstudied poses. Bugaboo found the situation too sad, and once more his mind dug into possibilities.

"Iron Man," he said, "I and you is de best hog h'isters dat ever steamboated up and down dis river. Monroe might kin out-ev'ything-else us but he can't out-hog-h'ist us." As he talked the picture of himself and Iron Man in the pen with the vicious hogs, came to him. He and Iron Man were expertly raising them over the fence—so quietly that not a one had time to squeal before he was out and upon the shoulder of the waiting rouster. About him were hog-country people and hog-country dogs. White people and black people. People who knew all about hogs—looking on with silent admiration and complete understanding for the art of these two world's champion hog hoisters. Even the loquacious mate offered no advice or comment. "And when old Cap'm Sam can't find nothin' to cuss at," he picked the picture up at that point, "den I and you is *bound* to be de best hog h'isters in de world!"

(*Continued on page 58*)

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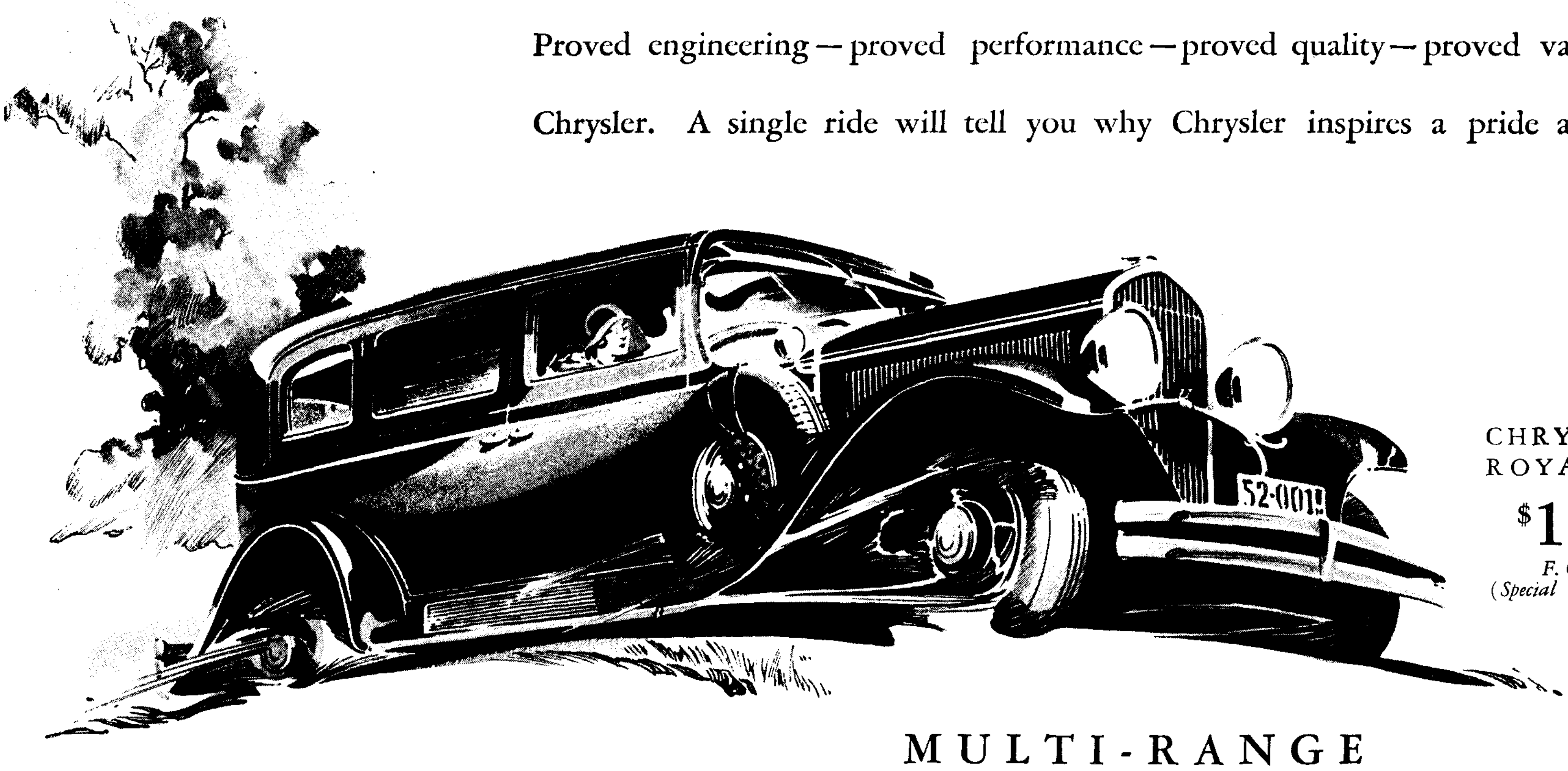

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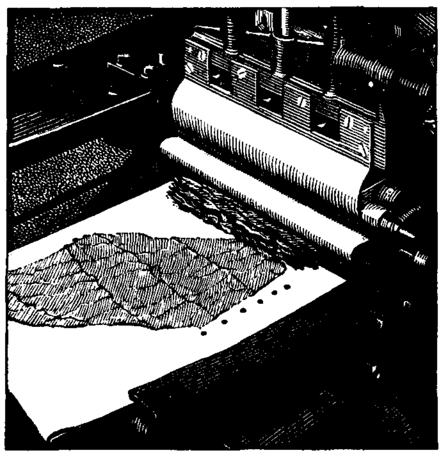

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WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF
. . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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The Hog Hoisters

Continued from page 56

"I don't know," objected Iron Man. "Dat Munroe ain't only good at doin' ev'ything. But he's so lucky he stinks. I bet somethin' gonter happen to me or you, so's Cap'm Sam'll send him in de pen. And den he gonter h'ist dem hogs out more gooder den me and you. I—I don't like dat nigger, a-tall!"

Two days later the boat left the Ouachita for the Black River and the hog country. Bugaboo, experienced, began nailing heavy plank into pens upon the deck. Iron Man, ostensibly helping him, in reality sat by and "blowed songs" while Bugaboo worked. The other Negroes—the ones who were not smart enough to pick out their own work and get busy before the mate called them—were set to the more disagreeable jobs of passing wood into the hold and clearing the main deck of odds and ends, so the hog pens could be built.

Iron Man sat, hunched forward, playing his harp. His hands were cupped, and the single wailing note, accompanied occasionally by blubbering bass, moaned incessantly. Bugaboo nailed and sang, emphasizing the end of each line by a blow of the hammer and a loud grunt. He worked very slowly, and frequently hammered upon a nail long after it had been buried in the plank:

"Munroe is such a big li-yer—hunh!
Think he kin h'ist a hog—hunh!
I'll th'ow a boar shote on his back—hunh!
And cuss him like a dog—h-h-h-hunhh!"

With the last line he hit the nail with all his might and the head itself was buried in the plank. Then, casually, he took another nail from his pocket, placed it carefully in position and started again, tapping gently until the nail was well started:

"Drink me a drink er Bourbon—hunh!
Drink me a drink er rye—hunh!
But I ain't gonter drink me no corn whisky—hunh!
'Cause I'm skeered I'll die—w-w-h-hunhh!"

At the end of the last line he struck a terrific blow. But he did not hit the nail. He hit his finger!

For a moment he was so surprised that he could say nothing. Then, when his finger began throbbing, he turned with unaccustomed viciousness upon Iron Man.

"Fool!" he roared. "How'm I gonter nail dese nails wid dat racket goin' on? Now you done made me hit myse'f on de finger wid dis hammer!"

IRON MAN was more bored than excited. "You hadn't ought to try to sing about drinkin' licker when I'm blowin' about hogs," he said sadly. "Long as you sung hog songs you didn't hit yo' finger, did you? But naw! You had to go sing licker songs—" He did not finish, he merely resumed playing.

Early that afternoon the first hog landing was reached. There was a restive quiet among the roustabouts as the boat glided noiselessly into the bank. The river was low, and the bank was high, and the hog pens sat well back from the bank's edge.

Around the pens were gathered people of the vicinity, farmers, sharecroppers, woodsmen, and their families—white and black, all on hand to watch the loading. And dogs. Quiet, lanky people, and quiet, lanky dogs. People and dogs had sad, wistful expressions in their eyes, as though they realized they had missed something vital but didn't quite know what it was. But back of the wistfulness there was alertness—a feeling of alertness that in no way was suggested by their deliberate, drawly action, except that their eyes seemed to include every minute movement of everything about them.

The pens were high, and strongly constructed. The hogs had been lured into them by these people and these dogs who understood everything about range hogs. The hogs seemed quiet and peaceful, too, but back of their squinty little eyes, and their long, underslung jaws, was an electrical force of vicious action, once a dog barked or a human spoke, and aroused them.

BUGABOO and Iron Man led the way toward the pen. Everyone walked softly, and said nothing. Cap'm Sam, at the head of the stage, eyed the roustabouts in critical silence as they came by.

"Hey, you, Bugaboo," he said under his breath, "what's that rag on your hand for?"

Bugaboo unwound a dirty handkerchief from his hand. "I mashed my finger wid a hammer," he explained briefly, and started toward the pen.

"Hold on," ordered Cap'm Sam. "You ain't going in the pen with that sore hand, are you?"

"Yassuh."

"And miss a hog and get 'em all stirred up?" Cap'm Sam shook his head. "Not much. You tote with that hand, understand?"

The mate glanced hurriedly over the other roustabouts. "Hey, you yellow nigger," he said. "You're pretty stout and active. Are you scared of hogs?"

Munroe grinned as modestly as he could. "Naw, suh, I ain't skeered er hogs," he declared.

"Want to get in the pen and lift?" asked the mate. "It's easier than toting, if you know how."

"I knows all about hogs," Munroe stated. "I worked in de stock yards, in Chi."

The mate turned his attention to other details, and Iron Man looked a sad, hopeless "I told you so" at Bugaboo.

Whether by instinct, or under the spell of silence that reigned at the landing, Munroe slipped as noiselessly over the fence and into the pen with the hogs as Iron Man did. Silently, Iron Man maneuvered among the penned razorbacks until he stood directly in front of a rangy, sand-colored boar. "Dis de he-hog er dis pen," he whispered to Munroe. "Le's git him out first, 'cause he looks so bad."

Munroe moved softly to a position in rear of the boar.

"You gonter grab his right leg or left leg?" Iron Man asked, in a whisper.

"Left leg," stated Munroe. And then Iron Man knew that Munroe was an experienced hog hoister, too. Bugaboo always grabbed the left leg, and Bugaboo was the champion—until Munroe came. It was a trick Bugaboo had worked out for himself. He stood at the right ham of the hog, reached under, grabbed the left leg, and snatched it toward him, suddenly and hard. That flipped the hog upon his back so suddenly that, before he could even squeal, he was out of the pen and on the back of a roustabout. Bugaboo worked on that trick a long time before he had it perfected. And even with practice it was something a man could do, or he couldn't do. Bugaboo could.

Munroe couldn't. He didn't know how. He grabbed the hog from behind, and lifted. The hog squealed and kicked free.

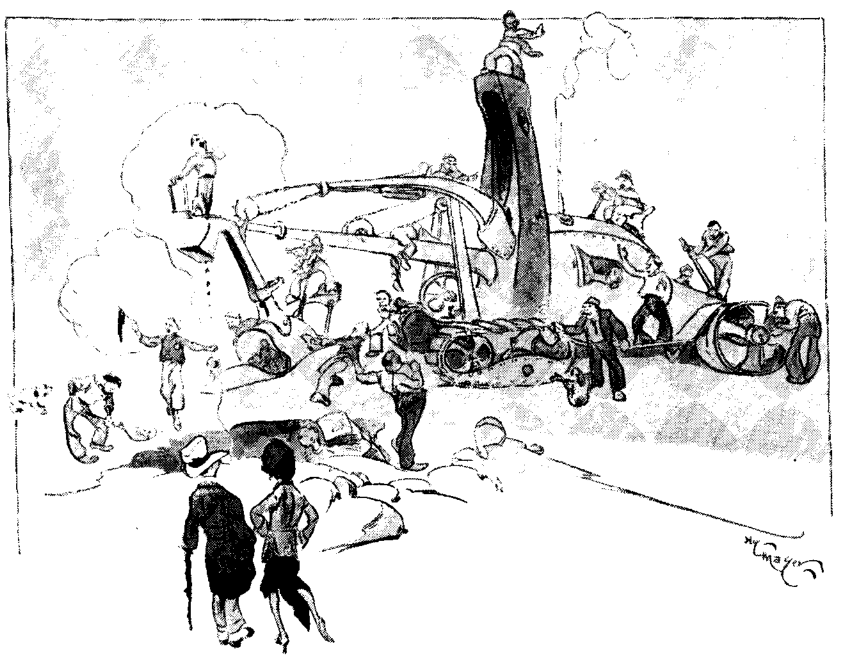
"Grab his years!" Munroe shouted at Iron Man, but Iron Man had risen over the fence like a skyrocket at Christmas, and settled himself gently and safely upon the ground, outside.

IN AN instant the pen was a mad, whirling mass of squealing, snapping hogs, their long, grizzly jowls clicking like snapped steel when they came within snapping distance of anything.

The sad-eyed people and the sad-eyed dogs outside immediately became very much alert. The dogs closed in about the pen and watched hungrily, eagerly, in case a hog leaped the fence or broke through. Iron Man knew enough to slide to the ground gently and remain inert and as much unlike a wild, excited hog as possible.

But Munroe didn't know. Or if he knew, he forgot. The sand-colored boar

(Continued on page 61)



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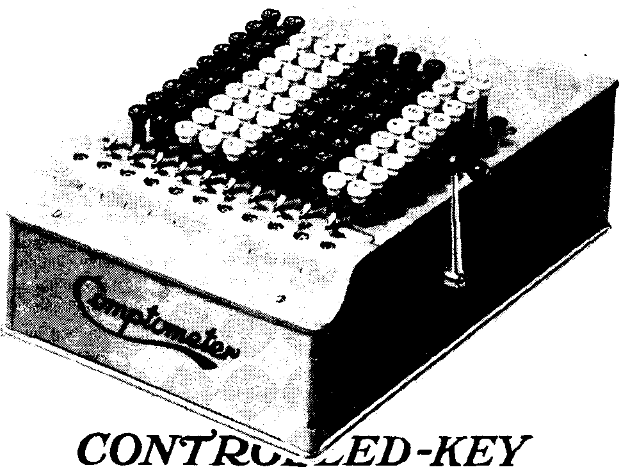

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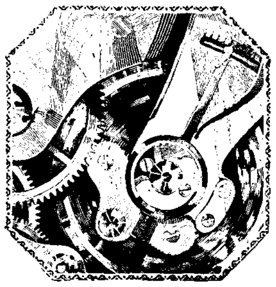

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The Hog Hoisters

Continued from page 58

had missed his leg less than an inch as he scrambled over the fence, and when he hit the ground outside the pen, he hit it running.

The sad dogs, no longer sad, gave chase, barking and snapping at his heels. If Munroe had been pointed toward the boat when he landed out of the pen, he would have run to the boat. But he was pointed toward the woods, and he ran in an approximate straight line toward the Black River bottoms, with the yowling dogs gaining on him every step.

In fifteen minutes the yowling of the dogs gave way to short, sharp barks. A rangy, sad-eyed farmer listened for a minute and then announced quietly, "He's up a tree."

After another long, patient wait, the hogs ceased milling and became quiet. Cap'm Sam looked at Bugaboo.

"You grab with your right hand, don't you?" he asked.

"Yassuh," said Bugaboo. "Dis sore finger on my yuther hand won't bother my grabbin'."

Cap'm Sam nodded toward the pen, and Bugaboo and Iron Man crawled in. They made short work of it. Bugaboo never let a hog squeal, and when the last one had been hoisted over the pen fence and was on his way to the boat, the farmer who had volunteered that Munroe had taken to a tree offered to call off the dogs so the man could return.

"Never mind," said Cap'm Sam. "He lost me a half hour, already. I ain't got time to wait for him."

The boat was untied, and silently the current dragged it into the channel. The engine chugged softly, and the gentle splash of the paddlewheel against the water was soothing. Two hundred wild, razorback hogs, a little excited and a little surprised, munched uncertainly at the nubbins of corn that had been thrown into their pens on the main deck. In the distance the short sharp barking of the dogs could be heard, but presently that became too faint to hear.

BUGABOO sprawled comfortably upon his back and gazed straight into the blue sky overhead, and Iron Man hunched forward, fingered his harmonica and moistened his lips, preliminary to a "song he was fixin' to blow."

"Now, you take dat old sandy hehog," suggested Bugaboo, peacefully. "Efn I hadn't a grabbed him jest right, he'd a chopped yo' leg off wid dem old tushes er hisn."

"Naw, he wouldn't," Iron Man denied. "Not *my* leg. 'Cause I was watchin' you when you grabbed him. And efn you hadn't grabbed him right, I'd a riz over dat fence like a skyrocket at Christmas."

The Apache Kid

Continued from page 26

and in that moment one of them—the chief of scouts always gave the credit for it to the Kid—busted Mr. Sieber's leg for him with a bullet.

For this last indiscretion, coupled of course with their previous offense in drinking the forbidden drink, and with the minor misdemeanor in killing old Rip, the entire detachment, eight men in all, were tried by court-martial and sentenced to serve a long term in a Federal prison.

This sentence, however—owing to the fact that some Eastern sentimentalists, hearing of it, got busy and poured some soft words about the noble red man into the President's ear—didn't take. In fact, almost before they were shoved into the prison they were shooed out of it by a pardon from Grover Cleveland; and in no time at all they were back at San Carlos.

They Took to the Hills

The people of Arizona were not pleased with the action of the Chief Executive. What they wanted—and they were the ones who had to live with the Apaches—was more justice and less mercy; and so, in order to secure this, they at once got up a new trial in the territorial courts in honor of the Kid and five of his associates on the charge of having shot Mr. Sieber. There was no doubt, of course, as to what the verdict was going to be. It was "Guilty as Charged," and the punishment assessed was seven years in the Yuma Penitentiary. But the Kid and his companions never got as near to the Yuma institution as they had to the Federal prison. Traveling overland in a stagecoach from Globe to the railroad station, forty-two miles distant, the Indians, although handcuffed and shackled together, managed to overpower their guards and make their escape. In doing this they killed Sheriff Reynolds and his deputy, Hunkydory Holmes, and left the stage driver, Middleton, for dead. Then they took to the hills. The Apache Kid became their chief, and the chase began.

It was a gaudy, gorgeous, long-drawn-out and fruitless pursuit. Arizona at that time was literally infested with veterans of preceding Indian wars. What these experienced old hands, both soldiers and civilians, didn't think they knew about how to run down and regenerate a renegade Apache wasn't worth knowing, and yet they were now destined to learn a lot.

The Kid was their teacher, and the first men to receive instruction at his hands were a pair of former commanding officers who at the head of a dashing cavalry detachment took up the young man's trail immediately after his escape. All that these officers brought back was a tired look, a bunch of stove-up, worn-out horses, the wounded stage driver's overcoat (which they had found in a cave on Salt River), and a couple of unpedigreed, unimportant, copper-hued corpses which had been gathered in as the result of a running fight. Whether or not the Kid himself had been in that fight no man there present could say. He had been in the cave, they knew that; but if he was in the battle that followed the capture of the overcoat he disappeared in thin air; and so far as his countless pursuers were concerned he remained there for several months.

Then he came back. Now, as we have already indicated, the Kid was an Apache aristocrat; and as such, as has likewise been pointed out, he abhorred work. He literally hated it—it didn't agree with him—and therefore, when he came out of his seclusion in Mexico (it was there he had been spending his

(*Continued on page 62*)

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—*Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*

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SLOAN'S LINIMENT

(*Continued from page 61*)

vacation) and reinvaded Arizona, his main purpose was to pick up a strong, healthy young squaw somewhere who could hew his wood, carry his water and do his cooking.

With this mission in mind he went up and skulked around in the brush on the edge of the Indian settlements at San Carlos. From various concealed vantage points he looked the girls over, made his selection, and after that it was simple enough. He merely emerged with a bound, twisted his long, thin fingers into the hair of the lady of his choice and beat it.

The reservation Indians, of course, raised an awful rumpus. Every buck at San Carlos stuck a feather in his hair and took up the Kid's trail. So did the enlisted scouts; so did a lot of Arizona's best citizens; so did the industrious United States cavalry; and out of it all nothing materialized except numerous cases of sore feet and stone bruises. As he had done before, so he did again.

He remained for some time, quite happy and undisturbed, in the seclusion of a cave in a canyon not many miles from the town of Tombstone until one afternoon when his squaw aroused him from his siesta to tell him that somebody was coming. The Kid crawled to the edge of his lair and peered out. Below him, only a few hundred yards away, was a man on horseback, and instantly the Kid recognized him. It was Tom Horn, the most famous and able, possibly, excepting Al Sieber, of all the government scouts; and at once the Kid prepared for action. He reached for his rifle, shoved its barrel out through a crevice in the rocks, and then paused. He didn't want to do it. No. He didn't want to kill Tom Horn. He liked the man; he had worked under him both in Arizona and down in Old Mexico, and he knew him to be square and honest; but—what could he do? Horn was after him; Horn was on the right trail, and— The Kid snuggled his cheek down close to his gunstock, sighting carefully along the barrel, and—paused again.

In Search of Provisions

Down below in the canyon Horn had stopped and was looking intently up a mountainside away from the direction of the Kid. Then Tom dismounted, dropped his bridle reins to the ground, and started on foot to climb out of the canyon. The Kid watched him curiously; and when, after many minutes, he saw the scout take a prospector's hammer from his belt and break open a rock, he grinned with delight. His old commander wasn't looking for him at all. It was gold and not gore that Tom Horn was seeking, and the Kid's heart was glad. He wouldn't have to kill him but, if he had the chance, he would fix up a little surprise for his ex-chief. He did. He told the squaw to get all the provisions together while he himself kept up the vigil. He watched and waited, and in a few minutes the expected happened. The scout worked his way to the top of a hill, disappeared on the other side; and instantly the Kid, with a grunt at the squaw to "come 'long," was out of his cavern and heading for the horse. He reached the animal, swung himself to the saddle, perched the squaw on behind him, the provisions in front, and was off for the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico.

On the way he ran out of provisions. This hardship, though, was easily remedied by taking a slight detour which led him to where a settler was digging potatoes in a small clearing. Those were that settler's last potatoes. When the neighbors found him, the fork with which he had been working was still clutched in his hands.

For this last achievement, so it is said, the Kid was highly honored. A young lieutenant, fresh from West Point and anxious to achieve distinction, took up the trail at the edge of the potato patch, and followed it for a long, long time, until it vanished. That young lieutenant's name was John J. Pershing.

Minus a Squaw

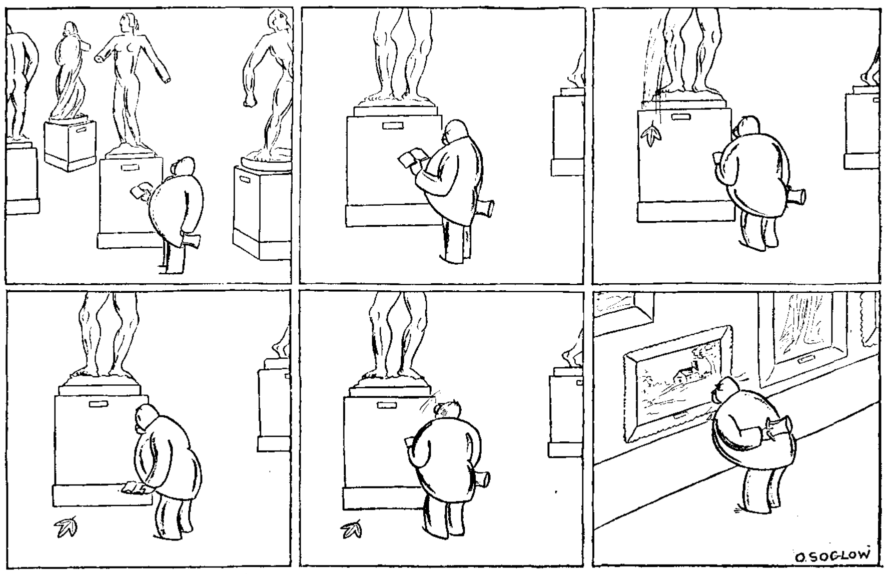
Back in Mexico the Apache Kid was again safe, and once again were his actions shrouded in mystery. Only occasionally, during the next six months or so, did he cross the international boundary line into Arizona; but as the lad was careful to see that on each one of his return engagements he did something highly destructive to one or more white men he still continued to be the subject of a good deal of territorial conversation; and his ultimate return was still hopefully looked forward to by a good many of the borderland's best shots.

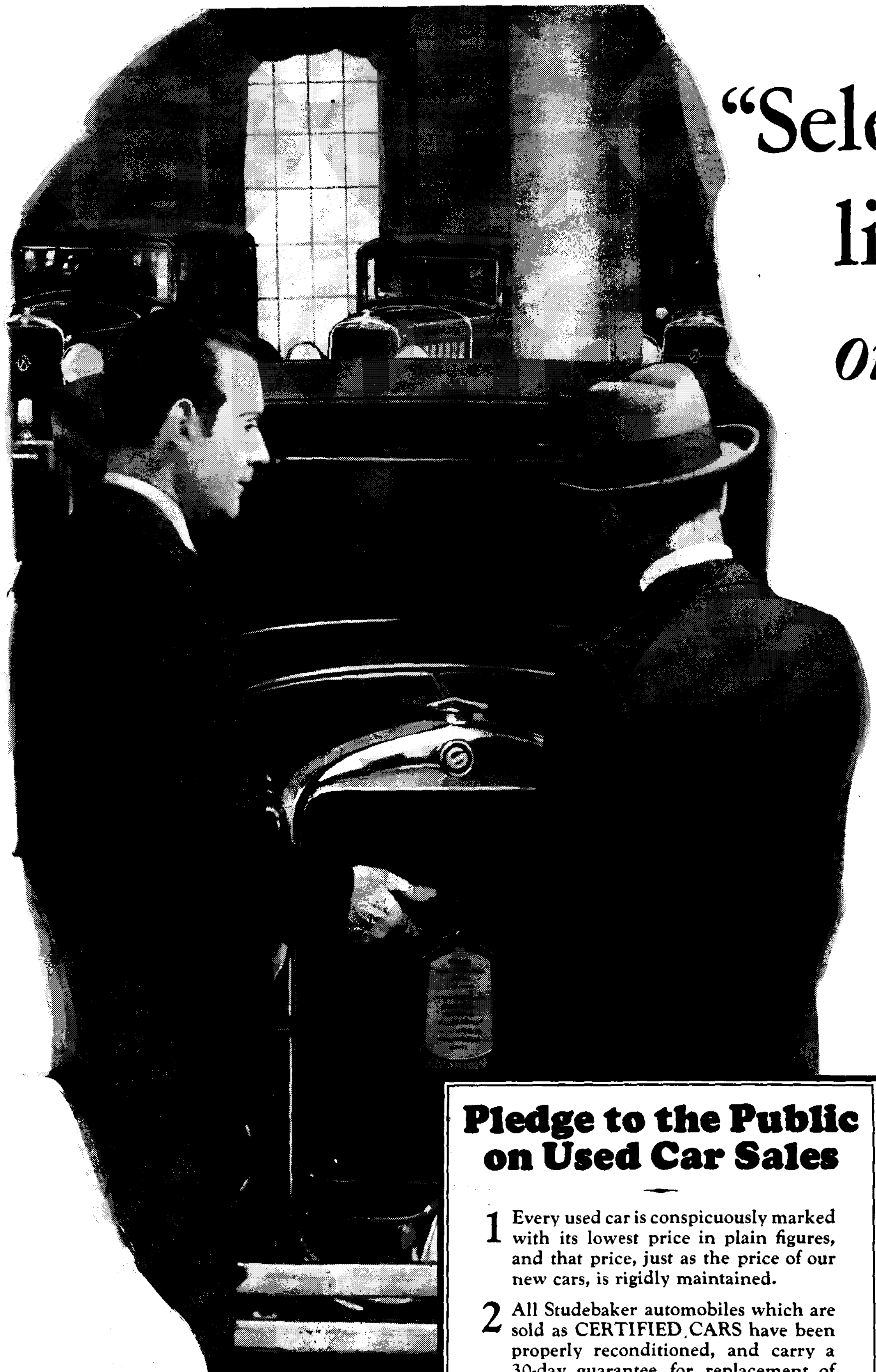
And finally he did return. In some way or another—maybe he beat her to death, or maybe he only beat some other Indian in a horse trade by swapping her off for a pinto pony—the Kid got rid of his squaw; and as he felt the need of another one he at once set out for the source of supply—the San Carlos Reservation.

Unfortunately, though, he hadn't got very far into United States territory before he was recognized by someone who heliographed ahead that the young man from Mexico was again out campaigning for a bride, and suggested that some proper preparations should be made to receive him. They were.

An entire troop of the Tenth Cavalry, stripped for action and implicitly instructed to provide the Apache Kid with a nice military funeral, was sent out as a reception committee. But these caval-

(*Continued on page 64*)





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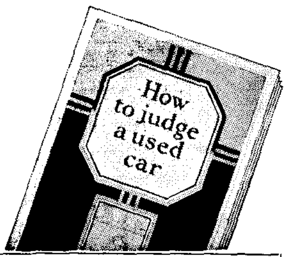

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The Apache Kid

Continued from page 62

rymen didn't function very well. Eight miles from San Carlos they "cut" the Kid's trail; noted its direction; surmised rightly that the lad was heading for a small Indian village on the Gila which was known to harbor a lot of likely squaws; and at once, kicking their spurs into their mounts, they were off to intercept him. But they were a wee bit too late.

The Kid beat them to it. He reached the village a few jumps ahead of the army, stepped into the first tepee he came to, seized a seventeen-year-old girl by the head and left.

The girl's father, resenting any such sudden courtship as that, grabbed up his gun and started after his daughter. The gun, however, was not loaded; and once again the truth of the old warning about fooling with empty firearms was fully exemplified. Before the old man could get his artillery into action the Kid drilled him; he dropped on his own threshold—and at that instant there came the reception committee. It was a little late in arriving, but what it had lacked in speed it now made up in commotion. And for once the Kid lost a girl.

The Kid Ducks

When the committee made its charge, knocking over tepees and stepping on papooses as it came, the young man paused for a casual second to enjoy the rumpus being made in his honor. During that second the girl jerked away from him and dived into the bushes in one direction, and with the committee almost upon him the Kid ducked in the other. With that one duck he totally and completely disappeared! It was truly an impolite way in which to treat a reception committee; but as it was a wedding feast he had in mind, and not a funeral, the Kid undoubtedly felt that he was justified in hiding out.

He did hide out. He did it well. For hours and hours all the disappointed cavalrymen and all the Indians in the village searched for him. They combed the country for miles in all directions; and finally, at dusk, not having found even so much as one of the Kid's footprints, they gave it up.

The Tenth Cavalry, not having come out equipped to spend a night away from home, went back to the comforts at San Carlos. The Indian village, as best it could after so hectic a day, went back to normal, while the Apache Kid, perched way up in the top of a tall cottonwood, not a hundred yards from the tepee he had invaded, gazed complacently down upon the scene.

From his lofty perch he studied the lay of the village. He watched things. He saw a good, strong-looking squaw go into a certain tepee. A moment later he saw a husky buck emerge from that same tepee and go away and enter another. He had seen enough. He slipped down his tree, ran to the tepee the woman had entered, threw aside the flap and stepped within. As he had surmised, the squaw was alone. Not that that made a great deal of difference to the Kid, but at any rate it did render the situation less complicated. He drew a long, keen knife from his belt, approached the woman, seized her by the arm, pressed the point of his weapon against her side, and said, "Come 'long!" She came.

The Kid led this captive to where the Indians' ponies were staked out; selected two of the best; mounted his bride upon one, himself upon the other; and, driving her ahead of him, he rode away into the darkness. He rode all night. At daybreak he stopped, staked out one of the horses, killed the other, and ordered his squaw to cook up some of the meat. They ate, rested three hours; and then, riding double, they again took the trail toward Mexico. Within forty-eight hours they had crossed the line—and within three months, because this squaw evidently was not durable enough to stand the wear and tear of life with the Apache Kid, the young man was back in Arizona again in search of another woman. He got one, but on this occasion his technique was almost modern.

On the night of his arrival, but from a distance and quite without the knowledge of those at the *baile*, he watched an Indian dance and selected his squaw. The next morning this woman of his choice took her two children with her and went out in the hills to gather mescal.

The Kid, who had been watching her tepee, followed; joined her when she was some distance from the settlement and told her to sit down and talk to him. She obeyed, her conversation was pleasing; and the stranger sent the two children back to the village to tell their father that The Apache Kid had stolen their mother, and was taking her down into the Sierra Madre Mountains, and that it would be of no use to follow her.

Five months after this a prospector in another section of Arizona took a shot in the dark at two Indians who were prowling around his horse corral. He heard a scream; and in the morning when he went to look, he found the body of a dead squaw wearing a short skirt made of bird feathers. This woman was the mother of the two children.

The acquisition and disposition of squaws, however, was not the Apache Kid's sole line of activity. Between conquests he did many other things. On one occasion word was brought into Tombstone that the Kid was lurking around in a canyon above town. At that time he was a very valuable young man, as large standing rewards were offered for him, dead or alive. Preferably dead. A local constable, hearing the rumor in the local saloon, took a drink and remarked to his friends that he was going "to step out and get the Kid and pick up some easy money." He took his rifle, went over the hill and a few days later, when a searching party found his body, there were ample evidences all around it to prove the truth of the rumor. The Apache Kid had been there.

"I Had to Kill the Others"

At last the end came. For several months the Kid had not been heard from. He had invaded San Carlos and stolen another squaw. Finally, after a long interval, the squaw came back and told the story. She was the only woman of the Kid's who ever came back; and she had left him, she said, because he told her to go.

"All the other squaws I have had," he told this last squaw, "I have had to kill because they would have gone away and told my hiding places. But you have been good to me. You have taken care of me. I am sick, I am going to die, and you may take this money and the deer meat and go back to your people. It will make no difference now if you tell, because I am dying."

The Apache Kid had tuberculosis. The woman left him alone in the wilderness of the Sierra Madre Mountains; and he was never heard of again.

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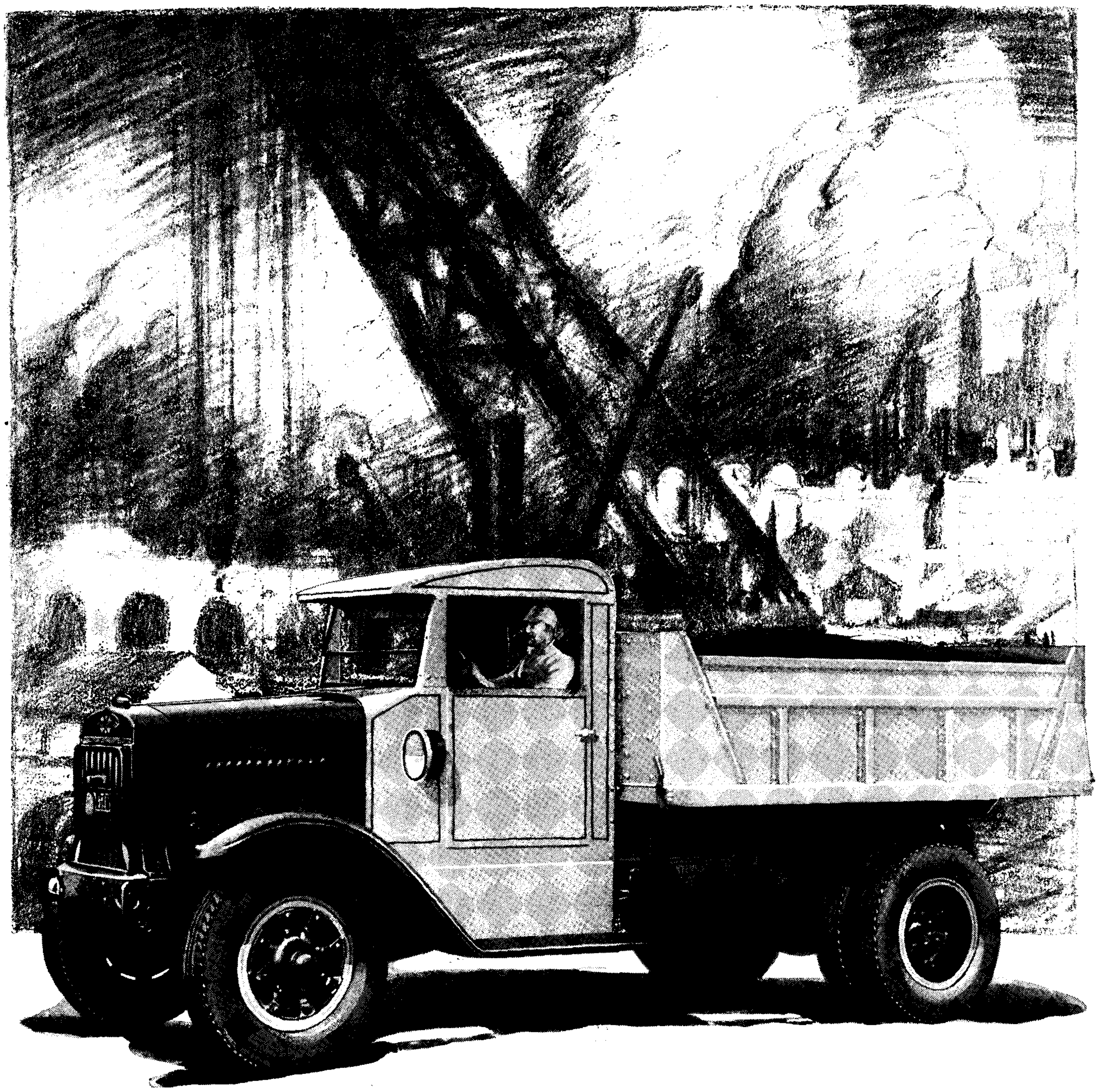

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora
Glostora

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 25

"Forgive me. And, Rose! Take my orange silk step-ins. Yes! and my Milanese slip with the lace. And that pajama suit—you know."

"That's grand of you! Hand 'em here."

Sharp greed swept into Rose's short dark face that bloomed luscious as a fruit. She seized from Ray's hands the lingerie, and tucked it into the crevices in her bursting-full bag. "Rose! Take my mesh stockings."

"The tulle mesh? The ones your ole boob gave you?"

Ray nodded, overcome with the sweet excitement of such an occasion. "Have them all."

The dozen pairs were tucked into the bag too.

"Your bag's heavy."

"My husband'll carry it."

THE word devastated Ray strangely; pierced her like a lance finding a tender spot of loneliness. "Husband." Since this morning Rose had had a husband. They must be longing to be together. At this very moment the same wonderful longing must be in both of them. And then she saw Rose's sharp, blazing eyes fixed on the bed-rail, where the fur coat hung.

"You won't be wearing that much longer this spring."

"Oh, I don't know. . . . My velour's so shabby. . . . Well, Rose, you have it."

Rose was into it. "See, Ray, it'll be absolutely the thing for a ballroom dancer on the Riviera."

"The Riviera! Europe!"

Rose heaved up her suitcase. "I expect you envy me being married and traveling and all."

Ray was silent, watching her go. In a few moments there came the very gentle slam of the street door far below. And in the morning it was as if all hell were let loose in the muddled apartment. The parents had never seemed as if they had wanted the daughters, but now that they had lost one of them so swiftly they wept and stormed. Pedro—the wop from upstairs! How a girl could so demean herself . . . and then Mrs. Bowfor whirled on Ray: "And how much did you know, you jazzbo, you? I'll say you're a coupla bum ones, you an' her! Whatever a woman like me done to be cursed with . . ."

Ray pulled on hat and coat, and ran out shakily, breakfastless. All the night what Rose had done had seemed so brave and wild and beautiful; in the morning the parents smashed the beauty violently to fragments. They knew! They *knew!* They kept reiterating: "What you fool girls don't realize is you know nuthin'! We *know!* We been through it and we *know!* . . ." She ran out, trying to look jaunty, and reached the Poinsetter house—on her way to the Forty-second Street store where she worked—as Aunty was sitting down alone to her breakfast.

"Hello, Aunty!"

"My baby! What's wrong? What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, dear. Except Rose has suddenly got married and gone to Europe, and the folks are a little bit upset and nervous about it, and I thought—I thought—they'd be best left alone."

"My! What a thing to happen. Why! I guess your mother is a bit upset! You'll take some coffee, baby, and a bit of something." And anxiously: "I hope they don't blame you for any of it?"

"Oh, no. No. They're awful—awfully sweet to me, Aunty. But . . . I'll miss Rose, of course—"

"Of course—"

"And so, don't let's talk about it just now."

"Why, no, of course not. There's a brave girl!"

Ray sat down. "Life!" she flipped. "Life," echoed Aunty brightly. And after the coffee she went to the big department store, and it was a little fun—but not much—there was a little importance—not much—in confiding: "My sister got married suddenly; eloped; 's gone to Europe."

There was not much in it, for one's heart ached so.

She did not dwell mentally, with dread, upon the home-going that evening, as an older woman might have done. Her thoughts were too young, too swift, too variable, too flexible. All day—confiding at intervals: "Yes, my sister got married"—she served exigent customers at the "Notion" counter.

But she was not in Bracey's Department Store in soul. She was out on the sea after Rose and Pedro; she was down in old Wittheimer's supper-room; she was wondering about Wednesday; she was hungering a little after her tulle mesh stockings and the fur coat—she could not help those pangs.

The only thing that she did not dwell upon, as she served her customers temptingly, was tomorrow evening—with Lord Times. That was too big, too beautiful a prospect to be considered in snatched minutes, just anywhere. That presented ecstasy so bright, difficulties so bitter, that its contemplation must be kept for a really long half hour, such as when she ate lunch at the store's cafeteria.

Then, in a corner, withdrawn to a table alone, she concentrated on the problem of tomorrow's evening. The orange silk step-ins gone; the fur coat gone; that frock of Rose's away on the Atlantic . . . what was to be done? And yet, because one was young, because, always, somehow, something had happened just at the ultimate despairing moment to turn the wheel of fortune, one trusted; a shadow never lay upon one for long; one had never yet faded into the final despair, saying, "I can't have it."

Surely because the world, at its core, was good, because Providence wasn't cruel at heart, the miracle happened. It could not have been expected that young Mr. Bracey should upset a whole bottle of what he never should have kept in his office at all, over the green velvet model which might never have been there either except for a succession of unusual circumstances. Shortly before closing time, Ray heard the rumor, and one minute after closing time she was knocking upon young Mr. Bracey's door.

"Mr. Bracey, if you please. The green velvet model . . ."

"What's your name?"

"Miss Bowfor from the 'Notions.'"

"Well, Miss Bowfor?"

HOW sharp he was! And yet . . . he might be the young boss, but he was just a man after closing time, wasn't he? And did she or did she not know men? She went on daring:

"That model is just about my size, Mr. Bracey."

"It's spoilt. We shall mark it down. Go to Miss—"

"Oh, not to buy, please. I—I couldn't buy it, Mr. Bracey, however low you mark it."

"Well, then?"

He moved nearer.

"If I could . . . might I . . . as a great favor, wear it tomorrow night, Mr. Bracey? And bring it back in the morning. It couldn't hurt."

He shut the door which she had been holding open.

The patronizing familiarity, the moment of dalliance, the fervor of the clinging kiss she gave him when indicated, were small coin to pay for an evening's wearing of the green velvet model; frock, and cloak ermine-trimmed. "I've noticed you before, kiddy," said young Mr. Bracey, "but, as you know, I can't show favors in front of other girls. I'm dated right up this week, but I might take you out somewhere on Sunday—somewhere quiet—"

With large eyes, she murmured: "Oh, Mr. Bracey! That would be just *won-'erful.*" She escaped with the green velvet folded into an office-bag he lent her. "Clothes d-d-don't take up much room now, Mr. Bracey, do they? It's all very small."

"And you'd look nicer still in something much smaller than that," said Mr. Bracey. But what did it matter what he said? Why worry? She had escaped with the green velvet model.

As she curved out through the small space which his grudging opening of the door allowed her, she noticed a framed text above it—Old Man Bracey being of a pious turn:

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Yes. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. Why think farther? She joined the great throngs of dreaming, hungering youth in the street.

WHEN he saw her walking toward him in the shrowded Poinsetter drawing-room, Times was enchanted. He had telephoned there earlier in the day, asking to be allowed to call for her instead of meeting her at the Ambassador, and Aunty had answered. Aunty had been respectfully affirmative, saying that she would inform Miss Ray—who was now out—that the gentleman would be calling. And then—what a flurry there had been, calling up "Notions" at Bracey's; important message, please, for Miss Bowfor, from her home; Miss Bowfor replying . . . and that arrangement made by which she would dress at the Fifth Avenue house. "Oh, let me, Aunty. Oh, risk it, honey. 'Cause, see, he *doesn't know.*" "What Mrs. Poinsetter would say to me. . . ." "Oh, Aunty, just this once! . . ."

And it had been wonderful; down there in the basement sitting-room, arranging all the portable mirrors one dared collect there; watching this miracle of gleaming loveliness dress for conquest. Slightly horrifying too: "But, Ray, you can't . . . not just put the dress straight over just some little lace panties like that. . . ."

"Well, Aunty, they're all I have. Rose had my other lingerie. My figure doesn't want any holding in either."

However, the result was stupefying beauty.

"It's long since my young days," said Aunty. "And when I was a girl we never. . . . Well, it's all different now."

"All better!"

"Yes! Yes! Different—and better!" Aunty cried forcibly, defendingly.

"Aunty, will there be a cocktail?"

"There will!" Aunty cried exultantly.

But Times could guess none of this when the girl walked forward to receive him, like a slender queen. Her lips were carmine, but she had not rouged her pale cheeks. They were camellia-white like her slim, child arms and shoulders; her black head was smooth as a seal's—so that was what it was like without a hat! Her eyes were of deep bright electric

(Continued on page 68)

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol makes every shave a masterpiece"

"Barbasol makes close harmony between the blade and the beard. There's a sort of magic in the way it softens the hairs and makes them come off close and clean and easy—all in quick tempo, too. Barbasol has made all the old-fashioned jazzing around with brush and rub and lather completely out of date. It's modern. That's why I use it every day."

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Barbasol
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1 Wet your face. Better yet, wash it in soap and water and *leave it wet.* **2** Spread on Barbasol. *Don't rub it in.* **3** Wet your razor and *shave!*

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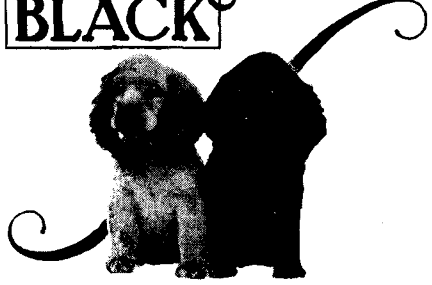

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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 66

blue. The slip of a gown said: "Paris model." Over a shrouded couch hung the most supple of cloaks. On a shrouded grand piano was a heavy silver tray with glasses and a shaker.

She was faintly smiling; her slim hand was soft as silk.

Times had a swift rush of feeling that surprised him. He had not been quite sure of her on Sunday. But tonight she seemed more safely in her right setting, and he was going to take good care of her. He said, indicating the shrouded room: "I'm afraid it is a bit of a nuisance again—my coming in."

"Oh, no—if *you* don't mind."

"But I didn't want to ask you to meet me."

"So nice of you. Will you pour out the cocktails?"

"Oh, thanks."

He handed her a glass, and they drank their cocktails down gaily.

He held her cloak. "May I remark? This is all lovely. I guess—Paris?"

"It's a *Chanel*," she said carelessly.

"Are you coming over to Europe this year?" he asked quickly.

"Not this year, as far as my plans are made."

"Where are you going for the summer, then?"

"Perhaps Newport," she said. "Perhaps I'll just be at home."

They went out, and down the wide curving stairway through the lofty hall to the car.

Times had borrowed Westward's closed car, and his chauffeur. He handed his fairy princess in. Glancing downward, she saw in one basement window a tiny chink of light where a curtain was held aside. She knew Aunty's eye to be applied devotedly to that chink. Before Times could close the door on her, she leaned out, and kissed her hand to the slit of light. "Aunty, my darling!" she explained. He said: "Aren't these old servants precious? You're right to love her." He looked at her with quick appreciation; understanding.

UNDERSTANDING? How little he understood! Even in her young-girl mind was a keen, drab sense of the irony of things; that was why she knew intuitively when Old Frank Wittheimer's lips quirked in sardonic humor, and ugly lights glowed in his old-man eyes. She could not have borne for Times ever to know about Wittheimer, and the blond-color swimming suit and all the rest of it. Sitting placidly beside Times in the car, with her ermine collar pulled up like a frame around her face, she began to imagine *his* old servants. She had read of gray castles, lakes, swans, walled gardens, retainers grown old in fond service of ancient families. That would be Lord Times' background. And—in contrast—of course there would be his gay sophisticated side; he would be thoroughly at home in the high places of foreign capitals; and in those bright Riviera places—where, too, strangely enough, Rose and Pedro were bound.

Toward all this he would be traveling again tomorrow.

"What do you do with your day," he asked, "when you are in town? I didn't see you riding in the Park."

"What time were you there?"

"At nine."

"Ah. Two hours too early for me!" she laughed.

After a pause he said: "All girls from Virginia love horses, I understand."

"Yes. I wish you could see mine at home."

"I wish I could. I wish I had met you earlier in my stay."

"Wouldn't it have been nice?" she sighed.

They entered the Ambassador Restaurant. She assimilated its dignity and its amenities with the sharp quickness of a woman on her social guard. She kept her cloak about her. Not for anything would she have missed walking into the dining-room after the head waiter—who was impressively pleased to receive Lord Times—with all that ermine heaped about her shoulders. And Times, following her, thought: "What slimness! What a childish back! What a naïve head! What a darling!"

He had evidently ordered dinner. And the head waiter said: "I have a very nice . . . fruit-cup here for you, my lord."

She knew the evening was going to be a greater, better evening than any she had heretofore experienced. She let her cloak drop into the head waiter's hands and he draped skillfully over her chair back; and rested her thin white arms on the table and smiled across at Times a dreamy smile that caught at his heart.

DANCING with Lord Times, to that inspired band, was heaven. The fruit-cup had certainly had a little fun in it. And she knew she looked beautiful. There were two or three women there—Astor-Vanderbilt sort of women—who knew Lord Times and bowed to him. A little questioningly they bowed, not sure whether to notice him at all, because—she knew this—they would be asking themselves: "But who is the girl?" With their intimate, absolute, unerring social intuition, they were probably able to say quite certainly to themselves: "Nobody." Because it was awfully hard for a woman to deceive New York's real elect as to her social credits.

Yet though they might be answering their own question with, "Nobody," they had looked at her very shrewdly. Their eyes had narrowed. For a moment she had counted with them. And she knew this, as she drifted along in Times' arms. Yes. She was as distinguished, as well-dressed as they—thanks to young Mr. Bracey's accident with his illicit bottle—and she was incomparably lovelier.

Also she was dancing with one of Britain's best.

She had her scolding; savoring and enjoying it. It thrilled her with a wild melancholy to listen to him:

" . . . I hate to think of your taking the silly risks you do."

"Why so 'silly,' Lord Times?"

"Because it is crazy for a nice well-bred girl to take risks just for the sake of risks. It isn't even as if you were some poor little thing out of a beauty parlor or an office or a department store. If they do these things, God help 'em. I understand it! I don't wonder. But, child, *you* are *you*."

He was holding her against his breast as he murmured this into her ear. They were moving as lightly as the wind, the music swaying them hither and thither. And just as he said: "*You* are *you*," the tune faded out; he led her back to their table.

She leaned her thin white arms on it, drooping toward him.

"You are you, child. Miss Beaufort of Virginia. And do your relations—those Poinsetters—know how recklessly you use that house of theirs when they're away?"

" 'Recklessly?' "

"Recklessly. You took Westward and me in that afternoon, when you were alone—"

"My old Aunty—"

"Just that old housekeeper away down in the basement."

She said: "But I knew *you* were *you*, just as you knew *I* was me."

"You mean one always knows one's own kind?"

She thrilled to the core of her, but did not show it, sitting camellia-pale, drooping toward him across the table. "To a certain extent. Yes. That is, Westward and I would know." Then he remembered Westward's dubious look, but at once discarded the memory. "We're men who've knocked about a bit. Both considerably older than you, too, little lady. We size you up easily." A pang as of tears quivered in her at this, rather than the irony of mirth. "But you—you don't know men. You take men on trust. You really and truly must promise me to be more careful."

"Why, Lord Times?" she almost whispered.

"Because I hate to think of a beautiful thing being smirched," he said, "and beauty of any kind is tarnished so easily, my dear, just because of its sheer perfection. Don't brush the bloom off your perfection, little Miss Beaufort."

She sighed quiveringly. He was afraid she was wounded and hastened:

"I'm a brute if I am hurting you!"

She looked up to see the greatest tenderness in his eyes, and lowered her own again. Usually she could look into any man's eyes unabashed and unscorched. The pang as of tears labored in her breast, and yet she was exquisitely happy.

"You're not hurting me. Only—I mean, it would be hard for you to understand how I feel about all this."

"You're very young, child," said Times, watching her, "and yet you've known what it is to feel troubled, haven't you?"

She assented slowly.

"You look light and gay as a butterfly and yet there's something—tense—about you. You're bothered? You're not happy?"

She looked at him full then.

"Yes, I'm happy!"

He saw her eyes radiant. There was no mistaking the triumph of them, and the joy.

"You're a strange child," he said. And then, as she sat wistfully composed, dreamy, before him—all her wits at work—he added abruptly:

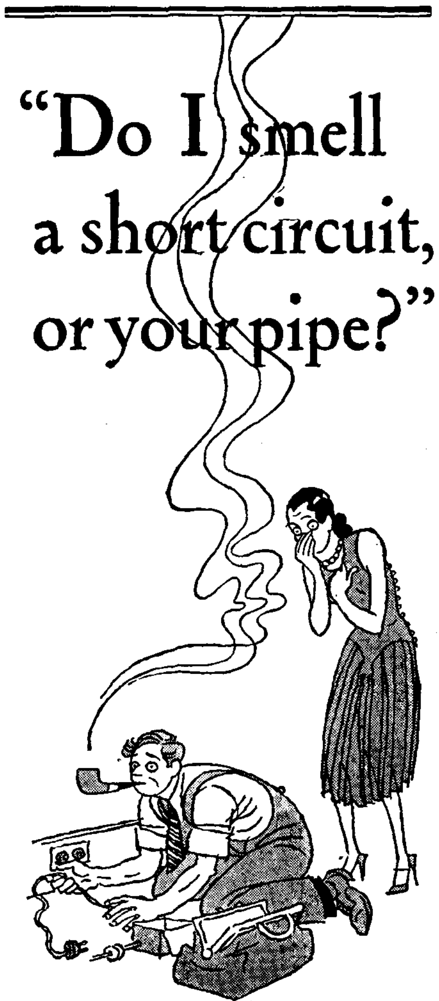
"Midnight. I'm going to take you home. I'll start your good habits for you anyway."

That moment had been brief indeed. It was over.

SHE drew the velvet cloak up about her again, with no protest. She was unused to perfection, and had the humble desire of a pupil not to mar it by any clumsiness of word or look or lingering. For the evening had been both painful and perfect. So many other evenings there had been—sweltering hot evenings at Coney Island, suffocating dim evenings in Harlem, queer dangerous evenings with Old Frank, evenings parked in automobiles in side roads scheming for escape and insisting: "You've got to take me home; no! You've got to, I tell you, or I'll never, never . . . as long as I live. . . ."

But now this evening of unimaginable sweetness and perfection! Coming out of the murk of those exciting underworld thickets of life, which both entangled one and made one ashamed, to the grace, candor and light of tonight

"Do I smell a short circuit, or your pipe?"



BUT why smoke a pipe that smells like burning insulation? . . . The poor chap probably never heard of Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. He doesn't know there's a tobacco so mild and fragrant it gets the O. K. of even the fussiest pipe-sniffer. He doesn't know that true mildness needn't sacrifice body, flavor and "kick." He doesn't know he can smoke a pipe all day long without getting himself or anybody else all hot and bothered. In other words, he hasn't met Sir Walter Raleigh. Some day he will. Let's hope it's soon.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Hint No. 4) Don't use a sharp knife to clean out the carbon. You may cut through the cake and chip the wood. A lot of little "wood spots" take away from the sweetness of a pipe. Use a dull knife or reamer. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 17.

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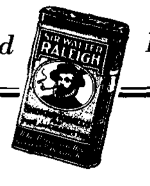


was something unforgettable. This was how those Astor-Vanderbilt women could live all the time? She hated them coldly and intensely for their immunity and blandness. Then she felt Lord Times' hand lightly under her elbow guiding her from the restaurant, and she was absorbed in the overwhelming ache of good-by.

"You've given me a charming last picture of New York, little Miss Beaufort," he told her, in the car.

"Oh . . . I am glad."

"I hope we shall meet again."

She did not answer. They would not meet again—unless. . . . "Are you often over here?" she asked presently.

"No. But is it too much to ask you to let me know when next you are in Europe?"

"I'll certainly let you know when I come to Europe." She spoke gaily and carelessly; suffering so with the ache of good-by. And it seemed such an impossibly short distance to the Poinsetter house, which of course he considered to be her New York home.

It was impossible now to say to him: "Drive me to Tenth Street."

She got out of the car, her hand in his helping one, and poised for a moment on the curb. She appeared to be rattling her vanity bag for her latchkey, but was in reality deeply considering. A sidelong glance up the avenue had shown her a policeman strolling quite near the house, twirling his nightstick in the airily menacing way those cops had. He knew the Poinsetter house; knew the family was away; knew it was after midnight; saw a limousine with a man and girl stop; would watch the front door—perhaps ask a question. She had the area latchkey. She must enter there, like a returning maid-servant—far more plausible. She said: "Well, good night, Lord Times. It's been delightful. I'm going into the basement. 'Aunty' feels safer if I come in that way late at night. She bars and chains the street door."

"Aha! Of course. I'll come down and see you in."

THEY descended below the street level. The policeman strolled near, and stood attentive. She opened the door; there was a light in the hallway, and by it she saw Times' face very set.

"If I come in for a moment—" he began.

He was in and the door was shut. She led him, on tiptoe, to the little sitting-room. It did not look so squalid in the electric light, its red curtains drawn, and the rag rug patchily bright before the still-hot fire. A pot of chocolate was left on the hearth for her, because Aunty had known she would be coming back to discard that finery. She sank to her knees on the rug and began rumpling its surface with a hand while Times stood above her.

"When I was a very little girl I helped 'Aunty' to make this. It seemed to me the most lovely sort of carpet—"

"You are quite a little girl now."

"I wish I were!"

"Why?"

"Because it—it's hard—for a woman to know—what to do about life."

"Promise me," said Times in a restless, urgent voice, "to take care of yourself."

She sat back on her heels and looked up at him.

"I feel I've been awfully rough on you!" he said, trying to smile, looking down into those startlingly blue eyes. "I've said too much, perhaps. But you've puzzled me. And you've alarmed me. Now you look—wistful. Tell me, I haven't said anything to make you unhappy?"

"Unhappy! Everything you said has made me so happy—"

"Forgiving child!"

"There's nothing to forgive." She spoke dreamily and passionately. "I loved your reminding me that—I am I—that I must remember I'm Miss Beaufort of Virginia—that—that it's different for me than it would be if I were a stenographer or a girl in a department store or something—"

"Because, don't forget, child, we owe something to our own class."

"Oh! Oh! Oh! I love your telling me that." She clasped her little pale hands on her breast till the knuckles strained—the amazing, emotional child! "I love it! I love you reminding me of—all those things I like to hear—I mean, things that I don't want to forget—"

HER voice gasped and broke. If she cried? He mustn't make her cry, here alone with her, after midnight. He was desperately moved; more moved than he liked to be. He cleared his throat, hesitating. And, leaning down, he took both the small pale hands from her breast, noticing, as he had noticed before, that they were soft as silk.

"Then I'm forgiven. And you'll behave. And some day we'll meet again." He kissed her hands, one after the other, unhurrying, very courtly.

"Good night, my dear; and thank you for your charming company." He was making her a little bow from the door, and she still sat on the rug, looking after him.

"Promise," he said imperatively, pausing, "you'll never take those silly risks again."

"I'll never—"

She stopped. There rushed on her the memory of Old Frank and tomorrow night. She could not lie to Times, and yet . . .

Almost she promised. But tomorrow night Times would be gone forever; the world would be lonely; life would be hard; a girl would certainly—fall for it.

But lie to Times she could not. There was a silence between them for a moment. Her blue eyes spoke for her. He flashed her a queer little smile, half contemptuous, half impatient. The silence hung between them, and she wished sorrowfully that she could say: "I promise."

"Good night," he said formally, and was gone.

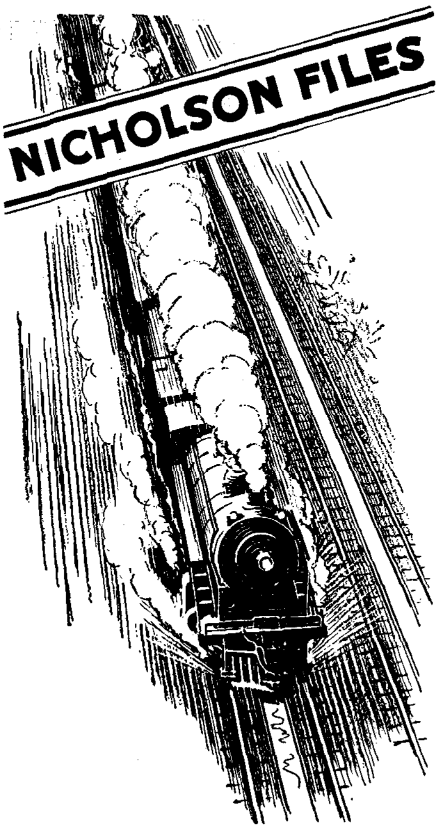
She jumped up as if shot when she heard the soft closing of the street door. She heard his feet ascending the stone steps to the curb. "Good-by!" she cried piercingly and with tears. She began to wrench off the green cloak and gown because life must proceed, must proceed instantly, or at home they would raise hell. She would deserve hell; had deserved it before; would deserve it again and again.

"Good-by!" she cried. "Good-by! Good-by!" She heard the car rush away. He had gone—this man who had not kissed her; the only man she had ever wanted to kiss with love. She had waited there on the rag rug, aching, expecting, and he had not kissed her.

Well, wasn't it glorious—that he thought thus of her? That he thought her thus proud and thus unassailable, Miss Beaufort from Virginia? It was glorious! It was just what she would have him think! Her undressing and redressing could hardly be accomplished for the tornado of her weeping.

SHE was at Wittheimer's house at nine o'clock just as she had feared she would be. All day she had thought: "I'll telephone and say I won't," because she cherished briefly a high aspiration to live worthily of that beautiful dream which had begun on the Storm King Highway and ended in Aunty's little room last night. But it had ended; why grieve and pine? Life was

(*Continued on page 70*)



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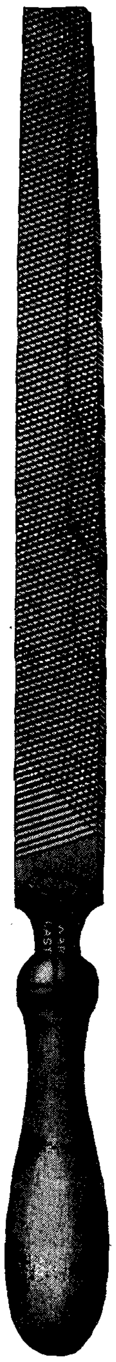

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Name..

Present Position..

Address..

(*Continued from page 69*)

not short as old people said; it was very, very long. It had to be lived, the millions and millions of minutes turned to as much profit as might be.

Right up till she had left Bracey's, till she had reached home, the high resolve was with her. But her family changed all that. She had been out darned late last night; where, and with whom? Because they weren't going to have another Rose and Pedro affair if they knew it. This began, and it rose, and raged, the Bowfors raging against each other, and then combining against this prodigal daughter; there were so many tears, so many curses, such ferocity, such threats, that all a girl of spirit could do—particularly with an old Wittheimer behind her—was to paint her face, pull on again the little felt skull-cap she had taken off, put a spot of perfume behind each ear, and declare herself, as a paying contributor to the home, free to do as she liked.

She walked out. The man and woman she left raging at each other in the frowzy apartment did not guess how her limbs shook, her heart shook, her very soul shook with the agony of it all. All they saw was a hard-boiled minx of twenty-one, who looked at them fiercely and said, cold and quiet: "I dare you to touch me!" And they dared not touch. There had been times . . . but not now.

"You're too big to wallop," Bowfor fretted, the veins on his temples corded with rage. "Why your mother can't bring her daughter up better—"

"My daughter! Huh! I like that!"

"Shut up."

On this Ray had run out, pulsing with pity for her mother, for that tired virago, never contented and never at rest. Well, she and Rose had been . . . hard-boiled, she supposed. Pretty . . . tough. Yes. But, oh, that home! Oh! all such homes! Why could not home be sweet and quiet, merry and gentle? Why were homes—such homes—full of hate? There were her father—an unsuccessful drummer; stupid, arrogant, ignorant, loud, afraid; hating her mother because of his unsuccess, charging it, somehow, to her; and her mother, an old woman at forty-five and charging the father with the responsibility for it. Home was stupid, cruel, crude. Was it any wonder that handsome Rose ran from it with Pedro, and that she herself fled from it to Old Frank, and practiced the Poinsetter poise and voice frantically and diligently before her mirror; rounding her lips, making the long vowels, trying for a superiority that should lift her some day . . . somewhere?

BUT she could weep for her mother and father; and sometimes she did; in bed at nights; after scenes and recriminations; only they never knew it. They never knew her sorrow. She wished that she were really hard like Rose so that she would not feel such sorrow. She wished that she never saw the despair under the anger in their eyes; or the girlish longings that lay under their mother's incessant complaints; or their inarticulate fear of their own ugliness. As her thoughts stumbled amid this familiar chaos she was on the Wittheimer doorstep; Oscar was opening the door, that homely comprehending smile on his face; she was absorbed into the comfort and warmth of the house. She peeled off her old coat and handed it to Oscar.

She entered the gilded lift and was carried downstairs.

(*To be continued next week*)

King's Up

Continued from page 23

up the less expensive sport of tiddledywinks.

When the ponies line up at the barrier, I feel the same old thrill, though. Nine entries of the prettiest thoroughbred horseflesh you ever did see.

Eddie King has the rail position on You All, a chestnut filly, and his brother, Willie, is next to him. I notice Willie doesn't look at his distinguished brother and he appears about as calm as a husband finding cracker crumbs in the bed. I give the program the O. O. and find the nag's name is Bowling Ball. What a handle for a good Presbyterian horse!

Bowling Ball is nervous and Willie has his mitts full just keeping her on four feet and headed the right way. Alex has induced me to slap a century on B. B.'s nose so's I can worry in earnest.

AS SOON as the barrier snaps, I start doing just that little thing. Bowling Ball is left standing flat-footed! Not for long, but long enough, I thinks.

As the field spreads out, Willie and B. B. are in last place with me taking my century out in yelling advice. Willie don't use his whip. He rides close to the horse—so close that he looks like part of the nag—and he pats her neck.

And then—and it's a good thing the Greens ain't took with heart trouble—Bowling Ball starts gaining on the field. Eighth—seventh—sixth—fifth—second! Holy mackerel, what a ride that boy took! The stands are wild—you can't even hear yourself gulp.

And then—that noise that stirs the blood of any racing bozo—the pounding of hoofs down the stretch. Willie and Eddie are even money for the finish. Willie sweeps across the finish line, winner by an eyelash!

The three bundles of nerves with Alex and me has got me pounded and pinched black and blue. Alex hurries us to the stables, but not before I cashed my bet. Six hundred Gazotskys!—the first dough ever received from that brother-in-law of mine, direct or indirect.

I'm following the Great Man across the park grounds when he suddenly stops dead and I bury my nose in his shoulder blade. Before I can squawk, he says, "I've got the title for the talkie!"

The girls just can't wait.

"King's Up," says Alex, smiling like a toothpaste ad.

I just rub my nose while he collects the praise.

"Joe," he says, "I've got another great idea!"

"I don't see how you do it," I mutters.

"How about writing the Wildcats into King's Up? It's great stuff for a talkie. The crowds yelling—the crack of the bat as a homer is pounded out. What do you say?"

I'm not even surprised by this cuckoo any more.

"In the first place," I says, "the crowds at our games don't yell. They boo! And in the second place, you're thinking of another ball club when you yip about homers. Anyhow, who told you the Wildcats was movie actors?"

"I'm just taking a chance," he counters, sweetly. "They're not ball players, are they?"

Well, subscribers, we're in the movies now. Tsk! Tsk!

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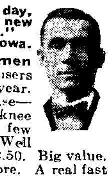

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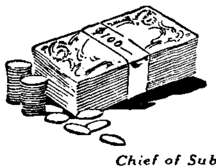

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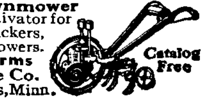

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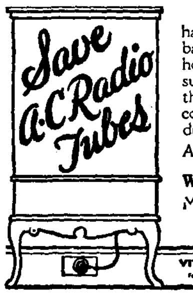

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"Old Town Canoes"

Figgerin' Fools

Continued from page 16

below cost? How can I get a better price?"

Fair enough questions, the Figgerin' Fool allowed. What were the facts? Here, in substance, was what the coal man told him: Buyers made contracts each April 1st for the year's needs; the power company was the biggest buyer; the price it paid averaged, roughly, a dollar a ton. And what it bought was practically coal dust, what was left after all the lumps, big and little, had been screened out.

Also another essential fact: all the coal mines produced slack coal, whether they wanted it or not. They had to; it was essentially part of the job of producing coal, and so much of the output was slack that it was a glut on the market.

Charting the Future

The Figgerin' Fool tackled the problem by counting the coal cars coming into Chicago. He dug up the record for previous years. He delved into the city's requirements. He found that during February and March the city received, say, seven per cent more slack coal than it could use. Then he worked out a mathematical table. Obviously, the price would rise if that seven per cent were kept off the market; if eight per cent were withheld, it would rise higher; and still higher if the percentage were nine, or ten. How much would it rise? He worked that out, too, point by point. Then he went to his employer with a question:

"What do you think you ought to get for your slack coal?"

"Oh, say a dollar and thirty cents," the coal man answered.

The Figgerin' Fool looked at his charts and diagrams. "O. K.," he replied. "Keep eight and four-tenths per cent of the present supply off the market."

"How do you mean?" asked the coal man.

"That's for you to work out. But if you keep that percentage off the market in February and March the price will rise to one-thirty."

"All right," replied the coal man. "Thanks."

"My fee, please," said the Figgerin' Fool.

It wasn't little, that fee, but the Figgerin' Fool got it and the coal man got busy. He sent his agents out and contracted for the required percentage of February and March slack. That in itself was no little job; it meant covering a lot of territory and buying five cars a week here, ten there and twenty-five farther down the line. But in the end it was done, and the coal was ordered shipped to the coal man at Chicago.

Then the coal man bought an abandoned rock quarry, a nice, spacious hole in the ground. To this hole he ran a spur track. February and March rolled around and the usual glut of slack coal rolled into the Chicago yards. But the excess was all consigned to one man and he dumped it; the city got just about enough to meet its needs.

The price didn't fall that year. It remained firm throughout February. Early in March it began to rise. By the middle of the month it had risen twenty cents a ton. And on April 1st the enterprising coal man made contracts with his customers, including the power company, at approximately one dollar and thirty cents a ton.

The war mobilized the Figgerin' Fools. There was so much to be learned and so little to go on.

Down at Washington one Herbert Hoover, first-aiding the moribund Department of Commerce, shot statistics into its hardening arteries. Of the ten thousand newly spawned trade associations many helped him out with their own fresh figures. Overnight, and for the first time in history, American Industry generally charted its location and course accurately—as accurately as the young engineer, Hoover, had laid his lines in Arkansas twenty-five years before.

Extra clerks, more adding machines, paper by the ton and lead pencils by the hundred gross poured into the Department of Commerce. And guided largely by Uncle Sam's Figgerin' Fools, American industry swept aggressively into foreign marts chock-ablock with full, complete, concise, fresh and workable information.

Inevitably, industry followed for itself the way thus blazed. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance; it had always gone along more or less with the idea, and now it went the whole hog. In 1923 it adopted a highly effective budget system and the Figgerin' Fool rode over its rails from farthest East to farthest West.

Nowadays when the Pennsylvania comes to the eighth or ninth of the month it can tell pretty accurately just how much income it will have that month and what expenses will run to. The records of performances are only four days old now. If the first few days disclose light business, there is time to cut the expenses to correspond. Orders go out over the line to go easy on this, that and the other spending; expenses are brought well within income. A few years ago this method was unheard of.

A railroad man from the antipodes dropped in at the Pennsylvania's budget office last year and wanted to know something about the road's way of doing things. He was given a batch of sizzling-fresh data. A foolish look spread over his face.

"You don't mean that these figures are four days old," he gasped. "Why, man, they cover the entire system."

"Sure, why not?" was the matter-of-fact reply. "Four days old is right; we can't get 'em any faster yet."

The visitor looked at his watch and glanced toward the door. Then, with an I-think-you've-gone-goofy expression on his face:

Calling the Turn

"Excuse me," he said, handing the papers back. "I find I've overlooked a most important appointment."

He whisked out of the office, muttering thanks to heaven for his safe getaway. And he never came back to what he plainly regarded as the foolish house. Down where he came from they'd be lucky to have the dope in three months.

The system has been worked out so scientifically by the Pennsylvania during the past seven years that its Figgerin' Fools can hit the nail squarely on the head almost every time. Last year, for instance, they made their 1929 estimates in March.

"Our gross business in 1929," they said, "will amount to six hundred and ninety-two million dollars."

At the end of the year the actual figures were $694,700,000.

"Our expenses this year," they said, "will run to four hundred and ninety-five millions."

The balance sheet on December 31st showed $500,000,000.

(Continued on page 72)

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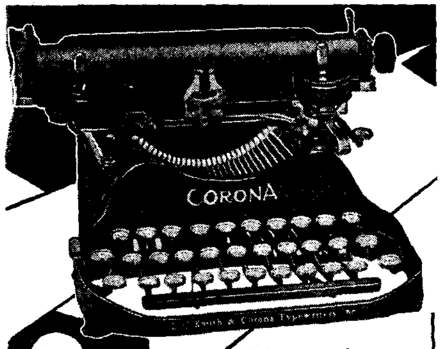

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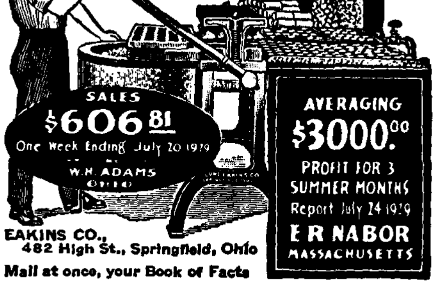

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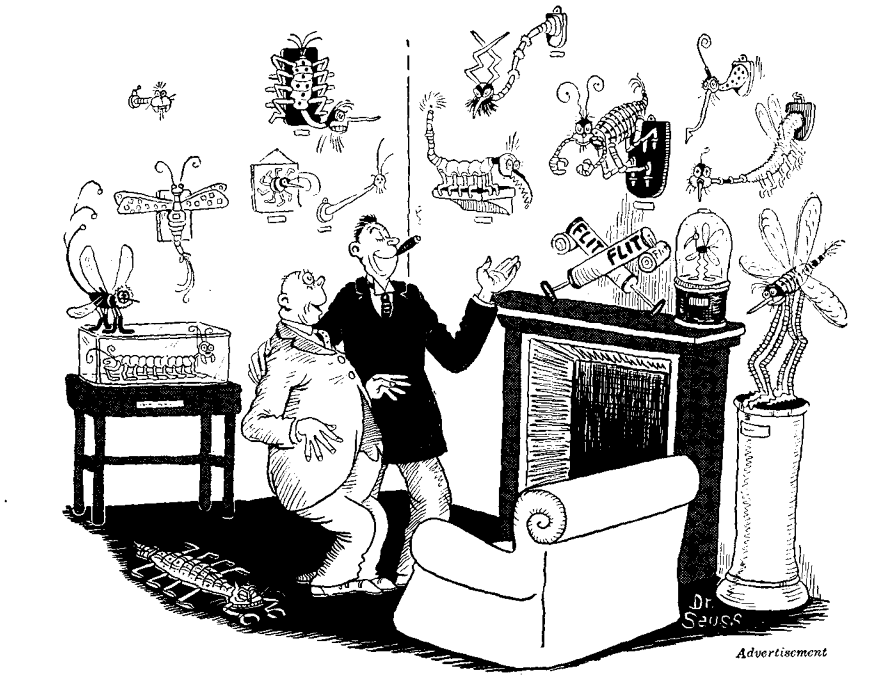


Advertisement

"The Big Game Hunter"

(*Continued from page 71*)

Thanks to the Figgerin' Fool, the Pennsylvania will complete its mammoth electrification project from New York to Washington—225 miles—in about five years with predetermined facts and figures mathematically worked out on paper, checked, proved and confirmed beyond all likelihood of error. A sixty-million-dollar project that, with the Figgerin' Fool and his stubby pencil guiding capital and labor alike, unerringly, along every foot of the right-of-way.

Another mammoth road planning electrification over a long stretch for the near future is relying almost wholly on its statisticians. Its surveys cover the field like a blanket, including all salient facts such as population, industry, trends, shiftings, present and future requirements of the communities it serves. It delved into available electric power, broke down the figures by months, weeks, days and, finally, by hours of each day.

A Business Compass

Power, it finds, will be most abundant between eleven P. M. and dawn. That, of course, was to be expected; but how much power will be available then? At what cost? How much at other hours? At what cost then? How about the seasons? Sundays?

The Figgerin' Fools answered a mile-long questionnaire—or so it seemed—for this road. Because of their answers, the road will change its entire time table. Its heavy freight and passenger trains will be run at night, where possible, during the time of cheap power in abundance; and millions will be saved for the stockholders.

Here, again, is a great public utility, furnishing gas and electric power to millions of men and women and thousands of industrial plants over a considerable area. Charts, diagrams and prints roll from its Figgerin' Fools like Niagara's cascade. Here are charts showing population, past and present, with a curve shooting into the future; there are charts and diagrams showing real and projected consumption in vast detail; and over there similar data for gas.

"What do you want all that dope for?" I asked the president.

"That," he smiled tolerantly, "is our compass. Without it, we should be wholly lost. It takes us, for instance, three years to build a big power plant. We can tell five years ahead when we are going to need it anywhere in the territory we serve. That gives us two years to prepare for it. Two years to draw plans, make contracts, and, most important of all, to arrange for the capital to build it. Our charts tell us with fair accuracy just where we will be in 1935. Soon we'll be projecting them ten years ahead."

"How do the figures for 1929 check up with the 1929 forecast made in 1924?" I asked.

He reached into a desk drawer and produced another set of charts. The five-year-old forecast and its fulfillment ran so closely together that the lines seem to lie on top of each other.

A Middle Western city is using so many gallons of water a year. Hundreds of miles away in New York City a little group of Figgerin' Fools is watching that city's chart of water consumption. Watching, too, its population chart and curves, its industrial growth, its development, its building activities. And a group of men goes out of a fine morning to the near-by mountains; before the growing city knows anything about it ten thousand or twenty-five thousand or fifty thousand acres are added to its watershed. The Figgerin' Fool figgers on even the little drops of water from heaven.

Sometimes it works the other way. Four or five years ago a big town upstate in New York drew perilously near the danger line in its water supply. Capacity supply was ten million gallons a day. Consumption crept up to within a hundred thousand gallons of capacity. The safety margin was an uncomfortable one per cent.

"Build a new reservoir at once," ordered the president of the water company.

"Wait a minute," said the Figgerin' Fool. "Let's figger."

He figured fast and he reached the conclusion that consumption was abnormal and would recede soon. One of the big consumers was a manufacturing concern making a novelty then high in popular favor. The Figgerin' Fool charted the market for the novelty and foresaw rapidly diminishing sales.

"We won't have to start work on that new reservoir for three years," was his verdict. "And we'll have to start then only because normal demand will require more water two years thereafter."

With some misgiving, the president capitulated. The Figgerin' Fool was right. The new reservoir would have cost one million dollars, and the Figgerin' Fool saved interest on that sum, or about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, by postponing the work.

Several years ago the telephone companies adopted a new method of long-distance telephoning. Under the old method, the subscriber put in his call and hung up the receiver. Central called him back when she made the connection. Under the new method, he puts in his call and waits for the connection with the receiver at his ear. Between New York and Chicago, for instance, the service is rapid; the average connection is made in about thirty seconds.

That change wasn't prompted primarily by a desire for speed for speed's sweet sake alone. Under the old system the companies were doing a volume of business nearing line capacity. New lines, costing many dollars, appeared in near prospect.

Entered the statistician. Into his notebook went an item: average time required for making a long-distance connection, seven minutes. He began an experiment and soon another item went into the notebook: make 'em hold the line and do it in fifty-five seconds.

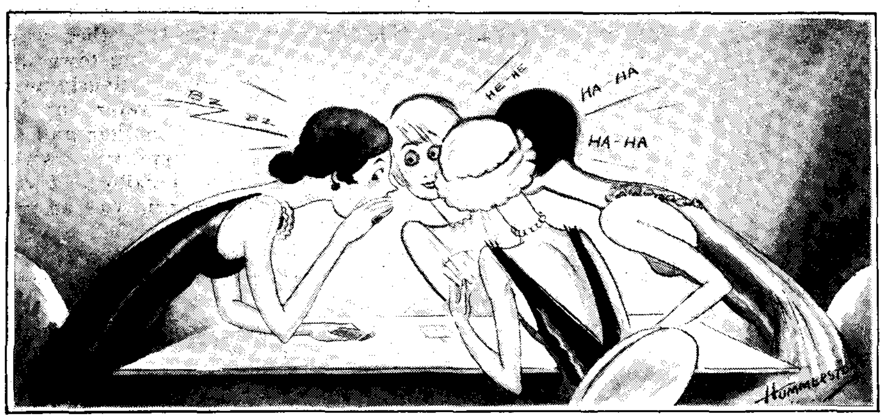
The subscribers were tickled, the line capacity was increased, and the additional plant investment was postponed. The way, as someone has so truly said, of a man with a charming figure.

Unnecessary and Dangerous

In the realm of accidents the Figgerin' Fool has been at home a long time. He is bigger there than any police force in the Union. One of the big insurance companies put its pencil brigade to work on occupational accidents several years ago. Premiums were high, accidents numerous. The Figgerin' Fool soon found an unsuspected twinship between accidents and unnecessary motion. That was his open sesame to solution.

Every three hundred and thirty unnecessary motions in certain shops, he found, spelled one major accident and twenty-nine minor accidents. That was the dish employers could expect; how would they have it served?

And so they started in to teach every workman to recognize an unnecessary motion a block away and to avoid it. They taught so well that accidents were reduced by a full, fine, fat fifty per cent. So were premiums. And that was that; and the Figgerin' Fool moved on.



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 7-5-3-2
H. 10-2
D. K-Q-8-4-2
C. 10-9

West
S. A-Q
H. Q-9-8-5
D. 10-9-5-3
C. Q-J-4

East
S. 8-6-4
H. J-7-6
D. 7-6
C. 8-7-6-3-2

South
S. K-J-10-9
H. A-K-4-3
D. A-J
C. A-K-5

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played recently in a Duplicate Contract tournament. At all the tables South bid three No Trumps, which was followed by three passes.

Had the hand been played at Auction Bridge, the sound bidding would have been: one No Trump by South, passed by the other three players. If West saw fit to double, it would be immaterial, as the No Trump contract would be reached anyway. The double hardly would be sound because, to justify an informatory double of one No Trump, even when sitting over the No Trumper, the hand should contain five high cards that probably will take tricks. West has four such cards—two in Spades, one in Hearts and one in Clubs—but lacks the fifth, as the Ten of Diamonds cannot be included either in the high-card or the trick-taking category; nor can Queen-Jack with one other Club be counted upon for more than one trick.

If West doubled and North bid two Diamonds, South would bid two No Trumps. If North passed the double (and whether he should bid Diamonds on the first round is quite questionable), East would bid two Clubs. Then what South should do would be problematical. It would be dangerous for him to double with North apparently too weak to bid; so his choice would seem to be a pass, two No Trumps or two Hearts.

The Play

At every table West opened by leading the Five of Hearts, and dummy's Ten was played so that three Heart tricks would be secured if the lead had been *from* Queen-Jack; but when the Ten was covered by East's Jack, this hope faded and South took the trick with one of his honors.

In the actual play it was remarkable how many Declarers were obsessed with the idea (ordinarily a sound one) that they must lead toward and not away from South's King-Jack-Ten Spade combination, and failed to see that they could lose two Spades and still make game by winning the other two (which were sure) together with two Hearts, three Diamonds and two Clubs. It must have been that either so unusual a development as leading from a King-Jack suit did not occur to them, or they thoughtlessly assumed that if the adversaries were allowed to take two Spades, they also might take three Hearts; so these Declarers concluded that an effort to run five Diamonds should be made.

At most of the tables South led the Ace and Jack of Diamonds to tricks 2 and 3; and seeing no entry in dummy to run the Diamonds that would be established there if dummy played small on South's Jack, the Declarer overtook with dummy's Queen and led the King for a third round, hoping that the adverse Diamonds were divided 3-3 and consequently that five Diamond tricks could be made. When East refused to the third round of Diamonds, this hope disappeared; and the next effort of the various Declarers who had tried to establish the Diamonds was to lead a Spade from dummy for the finesse. Once again the break was against these unfortunate Declarers. West's Spade Queen won, he established his Hearts and eventually saved game by winning two Spades, two Hearts and one Diamond, South being obliged to discard a good Spade or Club.

Every Declarer who followed the good old rule of "stop, look and reason" as soon as the blind lead is made, could have seen that it would be impossible for East and West to take more than two Heart tricks. West had led the Five, which was his fourth best and also his lowest, as North and South held the Deuce, Trey and Four. If West had held more than four Hearts, his fourth best would not have been his lowest. Consequently it was not a time for Declarer to take risks of any sort; it was his business to establish his two Spade tricks, and concede two to the adversaries, thereby making game by winning two Spades, two Hearts, three Diamonds and two Clubs.

This hand is one in which the Declarer derives all the benefit from the information given to both partner and Declarer by an original fourth-best lead; and such situations sometimes are cited as an argument against using that lead. But in these days practically all experts start by leading their fourth best, it being generally conceded that in the long run the information conveyed by it will prove of greater value to the partner than to the Declarer.

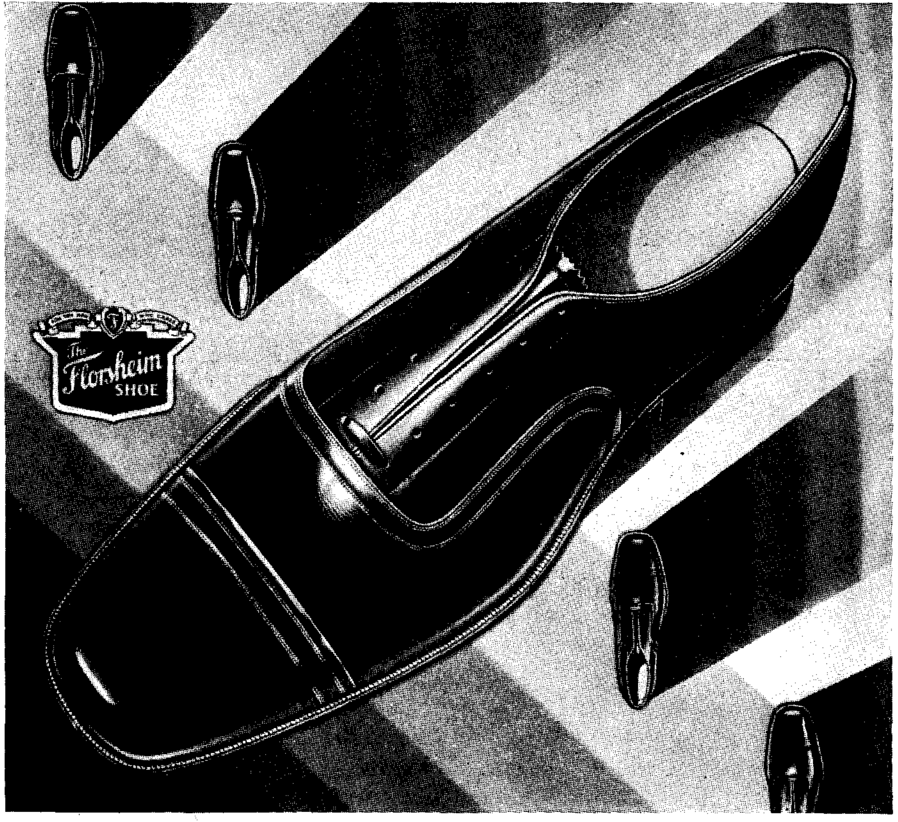
Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 8-7-3-2
H. 7-6
D. 10-9-2
C. 7-5-4-2

East
S. K-4
H. A-8-3
D. A-6-5-4
C. Q-J-10-3

West
S. A-6
H. Q-J-10-9-4-2
D. 8-7-3
C. K-6

South
S. Q-J-10-9-5
H. K-5
D. K-Q-J
C. A-9-8



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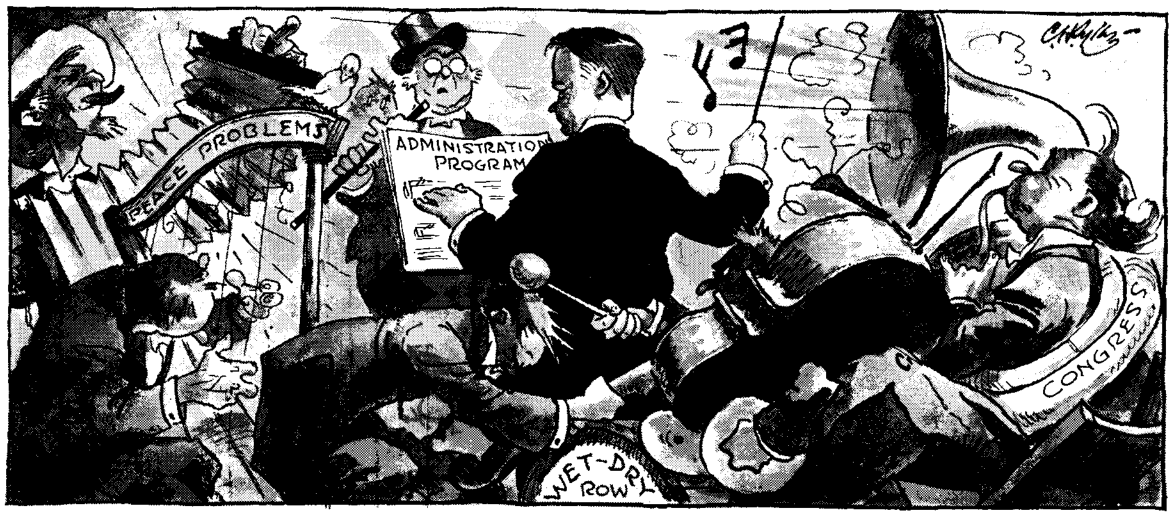
HOSIERY PAJAMAS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Born to Trouble



ANY President elected to succeed Calvin Coolidge was destined for trouble. No man, however gifted, not even a Washington or a Lincoln, could have hoped to escape the storms which were gathering just beyond the horizon.

Mr. Coolidge was fortunate in the time of his retirement, as well as in other matters. When he walked down the steps of the White House, stock prices were booming and millions were still expecting riches without work.

The farm quarrel was smoldering but it could still be postponed. Prohibition enforcement was a half-averted scandal. At home and abroad issues, inherently complex, some impossible of quick solution, were dormant but all too ready to plague the next man who took up the reins of government.

After a little more than a year the honeymoon feeling has passed and increasing acerbity marks the relationship between the White House and the Capitol. Factional quarrels in the Republican party are more acute. Public comment has a harsher quality.

Almost every man who has served two terms as President has had increasing difficulty during the last years of his administration but usually it doesn't come quite so quickly as this year. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson all went out of office in the midst of fierce controversies. The presidency is no refuge for a sensitive man.

The problems which were left to Mr. Coolidge's successor all demanded policies very different from those which made Coolidge popular. Ability to say "No" or to await circumstance was a great asset five years ago. Positive administration is now essential.

Mr. Hoover demanded two things of Congress at the first extraordinary session—farm relief and limited tariff changes. He got farm relief. His measure represented the best judgment of the conservatives, yet now it has provoked a furious conflict.

The agricultural coöperatives developed under Federal patronage are threatening the trade of long-established business houses dealing in wheat, cotton and other commodities. We may hear a lot of this controversy before it is finished.

The administration could hardly have conceded less to the farmers. Yet, having given only what conservative opinion approved in principle, Mr. Hoover hears his agricultural policy denounced as bolshevistic as soon as it is applied. Not much chance there for a peace-loving President.

The tariff has been even more provocative. Mr. Hoover asked for limited changes. Congress had its own notions of limits and when the House bill reached the Senate a tremendous quarrel was inevitable.

The President refused to interfere and the fights in the Senate over tariff changes became a national scandal. A dictator might have driven an impotent Congress to do his will. A President could not even admonish an insurgent Senate.

Naval reduction, also close to Mr. Hoover's heart, is equally charged with trouble. Here, not only a cantankerous Senate, but half a dozen other governments, each inordinately desirous of enhancing national prestige, block the way. Everybody wants peace and the lower taxes which come from naval limitation, but everybody, including ourselves, also wants to be as powerful as any conceivable rival. So the naval conference has proceeded through murky waters.

Angry Opposition

Then there is prohibition. Mr. Hoover seemed to put this in the lap of the Commission on Law Enforcement and the commission has seemed to side-step what is admittedly the angriest issue we have faced in decades.

The President meanwhile in other ways has effectually aligned himself with the drys and still neither wets nor drys are satisfied. That controversy grows more acute and because of it many influential wet Republicans are acidly critical of the President.

No man who was elected President in 1928 could have avoided these situations. If ours were a wholly reasonable world Mr. Hoover's method of attacking his problems through commissions might have been more favorably received. In politics, however, the appointment of a commission has been as frequently a device for delaying action as for discovering the wisest course.

There is unpleasantly jocular talk of "The Commission-a-Month Club" and in other ways the course of the President is made hard.

It may be fortunate for Mr. Hoover that his troubles have come so fast. He has three years more in which to win favor. His method of inquiry by its very nature takes time. Commissions are essentially slow moving.

But most of the trouble lies outside the President and his commissions. His course is hard because we are not all of one mind upon these vitally important subjects. Republicans are divided among themselves on the tariff, prohibition, naval reduction and farm relief—to go no farther. Democrats, also, are of many minds.

Before Mr. Hoover or anyone else finds smooth sailing these profound differences of opinion have somehow to be reconciled.

In his capacity to reconcile a now divided party and an equally divided country, Mr. Hoover will be tested. If out of these confusing situations he is able to present policies so clear and so appealing that action is inevitable, he will not have to worry about his critics in Congress or outside.

But he must have action if he is to succeed. An engineer President is going to be measured by engineering standards and results only will count.

These results can be obtained only by bringing together minds now angrily opposed. Mr. Hoover will have scope for all the patience, imagination and eloquence he can summon. Yet because the difficulty is so great the reward in public appreciation will be large. Whoever composes the quarrels now faced by Herbert Hoover will have done well by the American people.

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